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T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

☞ The gentleman, referred to in the ninth number of the Messenger, as filling its editorial chair, retired thence with the eleventh number; and the intellectual department of the paper is now under the conduct of the Proprietor, assisted by a gentleman of distinguished literary talents. Thus seconded, he is sanguine in the hope of rendering the second volume which the present number commences, *at least* as deserving of support as the former was: nay, if he reads aright the tokens which are given him of the future, it teems with even richer banquets for his readers, than they have hitherto enjoyed at his board.

Some of the contributors, whose effusions have received the largest share of praise from critics, and (what is better still) have been read with most pleasure by that larger, unsophisticated class, whom Sterne loved for reading, and being pleased "they knew not why, and care not wherefore"—may be expected to continue their favors. Among these, we hope to be pardoned for singling out the name of Mr. EDGAR A. POE; not with design to make any invidious distinction, but because such a mention of him finds numberless precedents in the journals on every side, which have rung the praises of his uniquely original vein of imagination, and of humorous, delicate satire. We wish that decorum did not forbid our specifying other names also, which would afford ample guarantee for the fulfilment of larger promises than ours: but it may not be; and of our other contributors, all we can say is—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

It is a part of our present plan, to insert *all original communications* as editorial; that is, simply to omit the words "For the Southern Literary Messenger" at the head of such articles:—unless the contributor shall especially desire to have that caption prefixed, or there be something which requires it in the nature of the article itself. *Selected articles*, of course, will bear some appropriate token of their origin.

With this brief salutation to patrons and readers, we gird up ourselves for entering upon the work of another year, with zeal and energy increased, by the recollection of kindness, and by the hopes of still greater success.

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## SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

### AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. IX.—(Continued.)

About this period commenced those differences between France and the Algerine Government, which led to the overthrow of the latter, and the establishment of the French in Northern Africa; the circumstances which occasioned the dispute were however of much older date.

Between 1793 and 1798 the French Government on several occasions obtained from the Dey and merchants of Algiers, large quantities of grain on credit, for the subsistence of its armies in Italy, and the supply of the Southern Department where a great scarcity then prevailed. The creditors endeavored to have their claims on this account satisfied by the Directory, but that incapable and rapacious Government had neither the principle to admit, nor the ability to discharge such demands; every species of chicanery was in consequence employed by it in evading them, until the rupture with Turkey produced by the expedition to Egypt placing the Barbary States either really or apparently at war with the French Republic, a pretext was thus afforded for deferring their settlement indefinitely. Under the Consular *regime* however, a treaty of peace was concluded with Algiers on the 17th of December 1801, by the thirteenth article of which, the Government of each State engaged to cause payment to be made of all debts due by itself or its subjects to the Government or subjects of the other; the former political and commercial relations between the two countries were re-established, and the Dey restored to France the territories and privileges called the *African Concessions*, which had been seized by him on the breaking out of the war. This treaty was ratified by the Dey on the 5th of April 1802, and after examination of the claims on both sides, the French Government acknowledged itself debtor for a large amount to the Jewish mercantile house of Bacri and Busnach of Algiers, as representing the African creditors. Of the sum thus acknowledged to be due, only a very small portion was paid, and the Dey Hadji Ali seeing no other means of obtaining the remainder, in 1809 seized upon the *Concessions;* they were however of little value to France at that time, when her flag was never seen in the Mediterranean, and their confiscation merely served as a pretext for withholding farther payment. In 1813, when the star of Napoleon began to wane, and he found it necessary to assume at least the appearance of honesty, he declared that measures would be taken for the adjustment of the Algerine claims; but he fell without redeeming his promise, and on the distribution of his spoils, the Jewish merchants had not interest enough to obtain their rightful portion, which amounted to fourteen millions of francs.

Upon the return of the Bourbons to the throne of France, the government of that country became desirous to renew its former intercourse with the Barbary States, and to regain its ancient establishments and privileges in their territories, which were considered important from political as well as commercial motives. For this purpose, M. Deval a person who was educated in the East and had been long attached to the French Embassy at Constantinople, was appointed Consul General of France in Barbary, and sent to Algiers with powers to negotiate. The first result of this mission, was a convention which has never been officially published; however in consequence of it the *African Concessions* were restored to France, together with the exclusive right of fishing for coral on the coasts in their vicinity

and various commercial privileges; in return for which the French were to pay annually to Algiers, the sum of sixty thousand francs. It appears also to have been understood between the parties, that no fortifications were to be erected within the ceded territories in addition to those already standing, and that arrangements should be speedily made for the examination and settlement of all their claims on both sides, not only of those for which provision was made in the treaty of 1801, but also of such as were founded on subsequent occurrences; after this mutual adjustment the treaty of 1801 confirming all former treaties was to be in force.

The annual sum required by Omar for the *Concessions*, was much greater than any which had been previously paid for them by France; Hussein however immediately on his elevation to the throne, raised it to two hundred thousand francs, and he moreover declared, that the debt acknowledged to be due to his subjects must be paid, before any notice were taken of claims which were still liable to be contested. In opposition to these demands, the French endeavored to prove their right to the territories of Calle and Bastion de France by reference to ancient treaties both with Algiers and the Porte, in which no mention is made of payment for them; with regard to the claims, they insisted that the only just mode of settlement, was by admitting into one statement all the demands which could be established on either side, and then balancing the account. The Dey however remained firm in his resolution, and exhibited signs of preparation to expel the French from the *Concessions*, when their government yielded the point concerning the amount to be annually paid.

A compromise was made respecting the claims between the French Government and the Agents of the Algerines, on the 28th of October, 1819; as the articles of this agreement have never been published, its terms are only to be gathered from the declarations of the French Ministers in the Legislative Chambers, and the semi-official communications in the *Moniteur* the organ of the Government. From these it appears that the French Government acknowledged itself indebted for the sum of seven millions of francs, to Messrs. Bacri and Busnach, which was to be received by them in full discharge of claims on the part of Algiers, under the thirteenth article of the treaty of 1801; from this sum however was to be retained a sufficiency to cover the demands of French subjects against Algiers under the same article, which demands were to be substantiated by the Courts of Law of France; finally, each party was to settle the claims of its own subjects against the other, founded on occurrences subsequent to the conclusion of the said treaty. The French historical writers affect to consider this arrangement entirely as a private affair between their Government and the Jewish merchants, and indeed the Ministry endeavored at first to represent it in that light to the Legislature; but they were forced to abandon this ground when they communicated its stipulations, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared in the Chamber of Deputies, that the Dey had formally accepted it on the 12th of April 1820, and had admitted that the treaty of 1801 was thereby fully executed.

In order to comply with this arrangement, a bill requiring an appropriation of seven millions of francs was in June, 1820, submitted by the French Ministry to the Legislative Chambers, in both of which its adoption was resisted by the small minority then opposed to the Government. The debates on this occasion are worthy of notice, as many of the arguments advanced against the appropriation, have been since employed to defeat the bill for executing the treaty of 1831 by which the United States were to be indemnified for the injuries inflicted on their commerce by Napoleon. The claims against France were in both cases pronounced *antiquated* and *obsolete* [*vieilles reclamations, créances dechues*] and the fact that they had long remained unsettled, was thus deemed sufficient to authorize their indefinite postponement. The great diminution to which the creditors had assented, was considered as affording strong presumption that their demands were destitute of foundation; and the probability that many of the claims, had been purchased at a low price by the actual holders, from the persons with whom the contracts were originally made, was gravely alleged as a reason for not satisfying them. The advantages secured to France by each Convention were examined in detail, and compared with the sums required for extinguishing the debts; and the Ministry were in both cases censured for not having obtained more in return for their payment. It is not surprising to hear such sentiments avowed by men educated in the service of Napoleon, but it is painful to find them supported by others distinguished for their literary merits, and for their exertions in the cause of liberty.

The bill for the appropriation of the seven millions of francs, was passed by a large majority in both Chambers, the influence of the Crown being at that period overwhelming. Four millions and a half were in consequence paid within the ensuing three years to the Jewish merchants, who having thus received the whole amount of their own demands retired to Italy; the remaining two and a half millions were retained by the Government of France in order to secure the discharge of the claims of its subjects, under the treaty of 1801, which were yet pending in the Courts of the Kingdom. At the retention of this sum, the Dey was, or affected to be at first much surprised, and he insisted that the Government should hasten the decisions of the Courts; however as years passed by without any signs of approach to a definitive settlement, his impatience became uncontrollable. Moreover in addition to the annoyance occasioned by this constant postponement, he was much dissatisfied, on account of the fortifications which the French were erecting at Calle, contrary as he insisted to the understanding between the parties at the time of its cession. To his observations and inquiries on both these subjects he received answers from the French Consul which were generally evasive and often insulting, until at length wearied by delays and having strong reason to believe that M. Deval had a personal interest in creating obstacles to an adjustment of the difficulties, he determined to address the French Government directly. Accordingly in 1826 he wrote a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of that country, in which after indignantly expressing his sense of the conduct of the French Government, in the retention of this large sum and the erection of fortresses in the *Concessions*, he required that the remainder of the seven millions should be immediately paid into his own hands,

and that the French claimants should then submit their demands to him for adjustment.

No notice having been taken of the Dey's letter, the Algerine cruisers began to search French vessels in a manner contrary to the terms of existing treaties, and to plunder those of the Papal States which were by a Convention to be respected as French. Besides these acts of violence the Dey shortly after issued a proclamation declaring that all nations would be permitted on the same terms to fish for coral near the coasts of his Regency. M. Deval complained of these proceedings at a public audience on the 27th of April, 1827; Hussein in reply haughtily declared that he had been provoked to them by the bad faith of the French, and that he should no longer allow them to have a cannon in his territories, nor to enjoy a single peculiar privilege; he then demanded why his letter to the French Ministry had not been answered, and when M. Deval stated that his Government could only communicate with that of Algiers through himself, he was so much enraged that he seized a large fan from one of the attendants, with which he struck the representative of France several times before he could leave the apartment.

As soon as the French Government was informed of this outrage, a schooner was despatched to Algiers with orders to M. Deval to quit the place instantly; a squadron was also sent in the same direction, under the command of Commodore Collet who was charged to require satisfaction from the Dey. The schooner arrived in Algiers on the 11th of June, and M. Deval embarked in her on the same day, together with the other French subjects resident in the place, leaving the affairs of his office under the care of the Sardinian Consul. At the entrance of the bay the schooner met the French squadron, consisting of a ship of the line, two frigates and a corvette; M. Deval then joined the Commodore, and after consultation between them as to the nature and mode of the reparation to be demanded, the schooner was sent back to Algiers with a note containing what was declared to be the *ultimatum* of the French Government. This note was presented to Hussein on the 14th; in it the Dey was required to apologize for the offence committed against the dignity of France, by the insult to its representative; and in order to make the apology the more striking and complete, it was to be delivered on board the Commodore's ship, by the Minister of Marine, in the presence of M. Deval, and of all the foreign Consuls resident in Algiers, whose attendance was to be requested; the French flag was then to be displayed on the Casauba and principal forts, and M. Deval was to receive a salute of one hundred and ten guns.

The policy as well as the generosity of requiring such humiliating concessions from the Government of any country, may be questioned, but it is certainly hazardous to make the demand unless it be accompanied by the display of a force calculated to insure immediate compliance. Decatur indeed with a force perhaps inferior to that of Collet, propounded terms to Omar Dey in 1815, which were really much more onerous to Algiers than those offered on the present occasion by the French; they were accepted, and it is therefore needless to inquire what would have been his course in the other alternative. Collet was not so fortunate; his demands were rejected with scorn and defiance by Hussein, who added that if the Commodore did not within twenty-four hours land and treat with him on the subjects in dispute between the two nations, he should consider himself at war with France. The French Commander did not think proper to comply with this invitation, and declared the place in a state of blockade, under the expectation probably that the distress produced by such a measure, might occasion discontent and commotions which would either oblige the Dey to lower his tone, or lead to the destruction of so refractory an enemy. Recollecting however what had occurred at Bona in May 1816, he adopted the precaution of sending vessels to the various establishments in the *Concessions*, in order to bring away the Europeans who were there, under the protection of the French flag; these vessels succeeded in rescuing the people, who were transported to Corsica, but their dwellings and magazines were rifled by the Bey of the Province, who had just received orders to that effect, and the fortifications at Calle were entirely destroyed.

The preceding account of the circumstances which led to the war between France and Algiers, will be found by comparison to vary considerably from those given by the French historical writers, and to be defective and unsatisfactory with regard to several important particulars, which are stated by them with great apparent clearness and confidence. To these objections, only general replies can be made; this account has been drawn entirely from original sources, and where they failed to supply the requisite information, silence has been preferred to the introduction of statements on doubtful authority. The only publications on the subject which may be termed official, are the declarations of the French Ministers contained in the Reports of the Debates in the Legislative Chambers, and the articles on the subject in question inserted from time to time in the *Moniteur*, the avowed organ of the Government. From the Algerines we have nothing. The conventions of which the alleged non-fulfilment occasioned this rupture have been withheld by the French Ministry; no account has been given of the claims against Algiers brought before the French Courts, of the causes which retarded the decisions respecting them, of the amount demanded or awarded; without precise information as to these particulars, it is impossible to form a correct judgment of the case. This silence and the vagueness and reserve so apparent in the communications of the French Government, on the subject, are certainly calculated to create suspicions, as to its sincerity in maintaining its engagements, and these suspicions are increased by an examination of its conduct throughout the whole affair.

It would be incompatible with the character or plan of these Sketches, to give a review of the proceedings of the French Government; the impression produced on the mind of the author, by a diligent study of the case, is that the parties in the dispute mistrusted the intentions of each other. The French were anxious to make permanent establishments on the coast of Northern Africa, which Hussein who had much more definite ideas of policy than perhaps any of his predecessors, determined from the commencement of his reign to oppose; before resorting to violent measures however, he wished to secure the payment of the large debt

due to himself and his subjects. The French having good reason from his conduct, to apprehend that as soon as he had received the whole of the sum, which they had engaged to pay, he would find some pretext to expel them from his dominions, may have had recourse to the old expedient of withholding a part, in order that he might be restrained from aggressions by the fear of losing it. We have no means of ascertaining the share which M. Deval may have had in producing or increasing the difficulties, but there is reason to believe that it was not inconsiderable; his conduct is admitted to have been highly imprudent and indeed improper, even by the best French authorities, and it was condemned as dishonorable by the Dey, as well as by the most respectable portion of the Consular body at Algiers.

Before entering upon the events of this war it will be proper to advert to the situation of the other Barbary States, and to notice the principal occurrences which transpired in them about this period.

It would be uninteresting to recount all the attempts made by the inferior powers of Europe to preserve peace with the Barbary Regencies; sufficient has been said to demonstrate the vainness of the expectation that the rulers of those states would be restrained from any course which promised to be immediately beneficial to their interests, by regard for engagements however solemnly taken. The King of the Netherlands by a judicious display of firmness in 1824, succeeded in preventing his country from being rendered tributary to Algiers; but he, as well as the sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, continued to pay large annual sums to Tunis and Tripoli.

In Tunis, no events of much importance transpired during the reign of Mahmoud, which have not been already mentioned. The Regency continued at peace with foreign nations, and its situation was in general prosperous, notwithstanding the desolation produced by a plague in 1818, an extensive conspiracy headed by the Prime Minister in 1820, and the frequent contests between the adherents of Hassan and Mustapha the two sons of the Bey. Mahmoud at length died quietly on the 28th of March 1824, and Hassan succeeded without opposition.

A short time previous to the death of Mahmoud, some alterations not very material indeed, yet favorable on the whole to the United States, were made in the treaty concluded between their Government and that of Tunis in 1797. One of the amended articles provides—that no American merchant vessel shall be detained against the will of her captain in a Tunisian port, unless such port be closed for vessels of all nations, and that no American vessel of war should be so detained under any circumstances. This was considered by the British Government at variance with the terms of the engagement made with Admiral Freemantle in 1812, by which the armed vessels of nations at war with Great Britain were not to be suffered to leave a Tunisian port within twenty-four hours after the sailing of a British vessel; and the Consul was directed to ask for explanations on the subject from the Bey. Hassan who had by this time succeeded to the throne replied positively, that there was nothing contradictory in the two stipulations, and that this agreement had been made with the United States, merely in order to place them on a level with other nations. As the British Government had thought proper to make the inquiry, it is strange that it should have been satisfied with such an answer; however, under the condition of things then existing and the probabilities with respect to the future, it was certainly not worth while to press the matter further.

The Pasha of Tripoli, notwithstanding the treaties made with Lord Exmouth in behalf of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies in 1816, and his protestations to the English and French Admirals three years after, sent out armed vessels to cruise against the commerce of the Italian States. When complaint was made of these depredations, Yusuf replied that the treaties were no longer binding, and that if those nations wished to remain at peace with him, they must pay him an annual tribute. To this insolent and unreasonable pretension, the King of Sardinia replied by fitting out a squadron composed of two frigates, a corvette and a brig, which sailed from Genoa in September 1825, and arrived before Tripoli on the 25th of that month.

Before relating the proceedings of this expedition it will be proper to give some account of the place against which it was sent.

The town of Tripoli stands on a rocky point of land projecting northwardly into the Mediterranean; it is surrounded by a high and thick wall, forming an unequal pentagon or figure of five sides of different lengths, of which the two northern are washed by the sea, the other three looking upon a sandy plain but partially cultivated. The circumference of the place is about three miles, and the area enclosed within the wall does not exceed one thousand yards square.

The shore on the north-western side of the town is bordered by rocky islets, which render it almost unapproachable by vessels; but in order to secure the place effectually from attack on that quarter, a battery has been erected on one of the islets called the French fort. The harbor is on the north-eastern side; it is about two miles in length and a mile in width, and is partially enclosed by a reef of rocks extending for some distance into the sea; on these rocks are situated the principal fortifications, and by filling up the space between them, which could be done with but little labor, the reef might be converted into a continued mole. The depth of water in the harbor no where exceeds six fathoms, and great care must be taken by vessels to avoid the numerous shoals and hidden dangers which beset the entrance; the frigate Philadelphia struck in fourteen feet water on one of these shoals distant three miles and a half northeast of Tripoli, and one mile north of Kaliusa Point at the eastern extremity of the harbor.

The fortifications of Tripoli on the land side are of no value, and could not for an instant withstand an attack from a well appointed force; the wall, said to have been built by Dragut, is of great height and thickness, and provided with a rampart on which are mounted some guns, but these pieces are generally useless from rust and want of carriages. Towards the harbor the defences are more respectable, and have on many occasions as already shown, preserved the place from capture or destruction. On the shore forming the south-eastern side of the harbor, are two forts called the Dutch and English forts, and opposite them on the reef of rocks are two others, much larger and stronger,

called the New and English forts; these have been all constructed by European engineers, and are kept in tolerable order.

There is but little appearance of wealth in Tripoli; the Moorish population amounting to about fourteen thousand are in general very poor, the trade being almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews, whose number is about two thousand. The palace contains some apartments possessing a certain degree of grandeur and furnished in a costly manner principally with French articles; in the town there are a few good stone buildings, with courts and arcades in the Italian style; these are however chiefly occupied by the foreign Consuls and merchants, the greater part of the inhabitants dwelling in mere hovels of mud but one story high. The roofs of the houses are all flat, and great care is taken to have the rain conveyed from them into cisterns, as there is not a well or spring of fresh water in the place.

A triumphant arch, the inscription on which denotes that it was erected in honor of the Roman Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, is the only remarkable monument of antiquity in the place. It is much defaced, nearly buried in the ground and encumbered with mean houses; but as far as can be ascertained, it exceeds in beauty of design, proportion and parts, any other similar relique of Roman art.

The immediate environs of Tripoli are desert; about two or three miles to the eastward is a rich and highly cultivated plain called the Messrah where the Foreign Consuls and the wealthy inhabitants of the town have their villas.

As soon as the Sardinian squadron arrived before Tripoli, the Cavaliere Sivori who commanded it immediately landed with some of his officers on the guaranty of the British Consul, and had an audience with the Pasha. Yusuf at first assured him that every thing would be accommodated, but on the day succeeding he presented a note in which his demand for tribute was unequivocally stated, accompanied by other proposals equally insulting. The Cavaliere on this took his leave, and having recommended the subjects and interests of his master to the care of the British Consul, he retired to his ships determined to assert the rights of his country by force. The sea was too rough at the time to permit the approach of the ships to the town, without danger of their being stranded; but Sivori wished to lose no time, and to effect if possible immediately the destruction of the Pasha's shipping; he accordingly manned a number of boats which entered the harbor at midnight in three divisions, commanded by Lieutenant Mamelli. The expedition was perfectly successful; a brig of twelve guns and two schooners of six guns each were boarded and set on fire, during a heavy cannonade from all the surrounding batteries; the men then landed from the boats, and endeavored to force the gates of the dock-yard and custom house, but this being found impracticable, they retreated in good order to their ships. The next day the weather proving more favorable, preparations were made for an attack on the town; but Yusuf finding that he had mistaken the character of his assailants, and not wishing to subject himself to further loss, agreed to an adjustment, and signed a convention renewing the engagements made to Lord Exmouth in 1816.

The King of the Two Sicilies was less fortunate in his attempt to bring the Pasha of Tripoli to reasonable terms. Yusuf had suspended his demands on Naples for some time after the attack made on him by the Sardinians, and it was supposed that he had abandoned them; however in the beginning of 1828, he suddenly required from His Sicilian Majesty payment of one hundred thousand dollars immediately, and an annual tribute of five thousand more, as the price of continuance of peace. King Francis considered the honor of his country too precious, or the sums demanded by the Pasha too great, for he refused to pay either present or tribute and even sent a squadron to Tripoli to bear his reply. The Sicilian force consisted of a ship of the line, two frigates, two corvettes, a brig, a schooner, and twelve gun and mortar boats, and arrived off Tripoli on the 22d of August, 1828, under the command of Baron Alphonso Sosi de Caraffa, who was authorized to treat with the Pasha respecting the future relations between the two countries. The Commander instantly landed under proper assurance of safety, and held a conference with the Pasha, in which he endeavored to induce him to adhere to the treaty of 1815; Yusuf however remained firm to his purpose, and rejected all propositions of adjustment on other terms than those he had already offered. The Sicilian flag was in consequence taken down from the Consulate, and the Consul retired with the Baron on board the squadron.

The next morning the 23d, the Sicilian squadron sailed into the harbor, and commenced an attack on the Tripoline vessels of war, twenty in number, which were drawn up in front of the reef of rocks, under the guns of the New and Spanish forts. The large ships of the squadron kept aloof from the batteries and only a few of the gun and mortar boats approached near enough to produce any effect by their fires. The injury sustained by either party was thus very slight, and a storm coming up, after a desultory contest of three hours, Caraffa thought proper to withdraw his forces, and put to sea. The storm continued for the two succeeding days; on the 26th the attack was resumed, but in the same inefficient manner; it was renewed on the 27th and 28th, during which the Sicilians expended a great deal of ammunition, but to very little purpose on account of the great distance at which their ships remained from the object of attack. At length on the 29th, the Commodore concluded that his attempts were likely to prove fruitless, and therefore resolved to return to Naples.

The Tripolines behaved with great gallantry throughout the affair, their own boats advancing frequently towards the enemy; their loss was trifling, and only two or three shots from the Sicilians reached the town, where they caused no damage. Immediately on the retreat of the squadron, Yusuf sent out his cruisers which took several Sicilian vessels, but the French Government interfered, and its Consul at Tripoli was ordered to negotiate in favor of Naples. The Pasha could not refuse such a mediation, and a Convention was in consequence signed on the 28th of October, by which the former treaty was renewed, the King of Naples however engaging to pay immediately twenty thousand dollars to Tripoli as indemnification for the expenses occasioned by the war.

Yusuf had by this time become an old man, and the decay of his body was accompanied by corresponding

changes in his character and mental faculties. The firmness which had so long sustained him under the pressure of heavy difficulties, gave place to a disposition to temporize, inclining him to sacrifice prospects of future advantage, in order to avert a present evil; the energy which had caused him to be viewed with a certain degree of respect, notwithstanding his repeated acts of treachery and violence, now exhibited itself in undignified bursts of passion, and an insatiable desire to increase his treasures was the only remnant of his former ambition. The condition of the Regency had indeed been improved in many respects during his reign; its productiveness was increased, the communications were more easy and secure, and the affairs of internal administration, as well as the intercourse with foreign nations, were conducted with greater regularity and precision than before his accession. These reforms however served as they were intended, only to advance the personal interests of the sovereign; and the people became more wretched as the means of oppression were thus rendered more effectual by system. To obtain money had become the sole object of Yusuf's plans: if he repressed the ravages of the wandering tribes, it was only that he might levy greater contributions himself; and if the caravans traversed his dominions with unwonted security, this advantage was more than counterbalanced by the augmentation of duties on their merchandize. In imitation of the Viceroy of Egypt, whom he seems to have adopted as his model, he likewise engaged in commercial speculations, which were productive of serious evils to his subjects. These enterprises were generally carried on by the Pasha in conjunction with foreigners resident in Tripoli, or through their agency; and in order to affect the value in the market of articles which he might wish to buy or sell, the duties on their export or import were on several occasions suddenly raised or lowered, to the ruin of regular merchants. Notwithstanding these arbitrary measures, or perhaps in consequence of them, the speculations were generally unsuccessful, and the Pasha became indebted on account of their failure for immense sums, principally to subjects of France and England; these creditors, when unable to obtain settlement of their claims in any other way, were in the habit of applying to their own Governments for relief, and the unfortunate Pasha after having been long dunned by an overbearing Consul, was occasionally obliged to open his treasury on the summons of an Admiral.

These and other troubles affected the Pasha the more deeply as he could place little confidence in those who surrounded him. Mohammed D'Ghies whose kindness and integrity were worthy of being employed in a better cause, still lived and bore the title of Chief Minister, but age and blindness had long rendered him incapable of attending to business, and the duties of his office were performed by his eldest son Hassuna, of whom more will be said hereafter. The other ministers and agents of the Pasha, were persons of whose unscrupulous character he must have received too many evidences, to have supposed them attached to him by any other ties than their interests.

In the members of his own family Yusuf could place but little reliance; he whose youth had been signalized by the murder of his brother and rebellion against his father, could with an ill grace recommend fraternal affection among his children, or require of them obedience to his own authority. The attempt made by his eldest son Mohammed in 1816 to obtain possession of the throne has been already noticed; this wretch continued for ten years after his pardon in a species of exile, as Governor of Derne, while his next brother Ahmed enjoyed the title of Bey of the Regency, and was regarded as the probable successor to the crown. Ahmed however dying suddenly, Mohammed organized another conspiracy in his province, with a view to the overthrow of his father, which attempt proving like the former one unsuccessful, he again fled to Egypt where he died in 1829. Mohammed left in Tripoli a son named Emhammed who would have been the regular heir to the crown according to the customs of succession in Europe; but primogeniture is for various reasons little regarded in Oriental countries, and the reigning sovereign usually favors the pretensions of the son to whom he is the most attached, or whom he considers most capable of maintaining possession of the inheritance. For one or both of these reasons, Yusuf thought proper to set aside Emhammed, and to designate his own next surviving son Ali as the future Pasha of Tripoli; this prince was accordingly on the death of Ahmed, invested with the title of Bey, which gave him command of the troops, and in order to increase his wealth and influence, he was married to the daughter of the Chief Minister D'Ghies. These marks of favor only served to render Ali more impatient to enjoy the prize which they were intended to insure to him, and while waiting an opportunity to seize it, he gratified his own avarice by extorting as much money as he could from the people, through the aid of his myrmidons. The inhabitants thus suffering from the violent and arbitrary exactions of the Bey, in addition to the taxes and duties imposed on them by the Pasha, were frequently driven into rebellions, the suppressions of which by increasing the public expenses increased the miseries of the country.

In addition to these difficulties, Yusuf was tormented by the quarrels and jealousies of the Foreign Consuls residing in his capital, and by their interference in the affairs of his Government. Quarrels and jealousies are naturally to be expected among the members of a diplomatic corps, particularly of one in which all bear the same title and are nominally equal, while the influence possessed by each is generally commensurate with the power of the country which he represents. Thus the Consuls of France and England in Barbary have ever considered themselves superior to the representatives of other states, and have ever been rivals, each demanding the precedence on public occasions, and claiming a host of exclusive privileges either on the strength of treaties, or of custom. Their claims to superiority both in rank and privileges have been generally allowed by their European colleagues who according to circumstances range themselves under the banner of one or the other of these potentates; the Consuls of the United States have however uniformly refused to admit any inferiority on their own part, demanding for themselves the enjoyment of every substantial right granted to the representative of any other power, and abstaining from appearance on occasions of ceremony, in which a preference unfavorable to themselves may be manifested.

In Algiers and Tunis, these disputes seldom attracted the notice of the Government, and the influence which a Consul could exercise in either of those Regencies, was scarcely worth the sums which must be paid for it. In Tripoli however, and especially since 1815, the agents of Great Britain and France have each endeavored to obtain a degree of control in the affairs of the state. Colonel Warrington who has represented Great Britain during that period, is well calculated by his general intelligence and the inflexible resolution of his character to acquire this superiority; and having been always supported by his Government, many of his demands have been instantly complied with, which would otherwise have been regarded merely as the ebullitions of arrogance and presumption. On the slightest resistance to his wishes, the ships of war of his nation appeared in the harbor, the Minister who offended him sat uneasy in his place, and every aggression committed by a Tripoline upon the honor or interests of Great Britain, was speedily and severely punished.

The possession of such powers by the representative of Great Britain, would certainly not be regarded with indifference by France; as it is not so convenient however, to send squadrons on all occasions to the aid of the Consul, he is obliged to rely the more on his own resources. The French Consuls in Barbary and the East are generally persons who have been educated for the purpose, either in the embassy at Constantinople, or at some consulate in those countries. With regard to the propriety of such selections, experience seems to have shown that the advantages of acquaintance with the customs and languages of the Eastern nations, are more than counterbalanced by the loss of honorable feelings, and the disregard of moral restraints which frequently result from this mode of acquiring them. Whether Baron Rousseau who was for many years Consul of France in Tripoli, was trained in one of these schools, it is needless to inquire, but he appears to have displayed during his residence in that Regency, a talent and a disposition for intrigue, which would have done honor to the most accomplished drogaman of Pera. Between him and Warrington there was a constant struggle for influence, and the Pasha was alternately annoyed by the overbearing dictation of the British Consul, and the wily manœuvres of Rousseau.

One of the most frequent causes of difficulties between the Governments of Barbary and the Consuls of Foreign Powers, is the right claimed by the latter to protect all persons within the walls of their residence. In those countries it is absolutely requisite for the security of the Consul and for the discharge of his duties, that the persons in his employ should not be subjected to the despotism of the Government, nor to the doubtful decisions of the tribunals; and provisions to that effect are generally inserted in the treaties between Christian nations and those of Barbary. The Consuls however insist that the privilege should extend to the protection not only of their families, servants and countrymen, but also of all other persons under their roof; and the most abandoned criminals having entered such a sanctuary, are thus frequently screened from punishment. This privilege is productive of inconvenience not only to the Government but also to the Consuls whom it frequently involves in difficulties; the representatives of the inferior powers therefore seldom attempt to maintain it, but generally surrender the fugitive, if a native of the country, to the Government, or oblige him to quit their dwelling, rather than subject themselves to the hazard of having it invaded by force; those of Great Britain and France on the contrary, make it a point of honor not to yield, except in cases where the fugitive has injured some one of their colleagues or his guilt is clearly proved; and even then they have frequently required assurances that he should be pardoned, or that his punishment should be mitigated. A circumstance of this nature occurred in 1829 which brought these two parties in direct and open collision, and for a time involved the Consul of the United States in difficulties with the Government of Tripoli; the affair was originally of a private nature, but has ultimately produced the most serious changes in the situation of the Regency.

It is well known that many efforts have been made during the last forty years, by individuals and by some European Governments, to obtain information respecting the interior of the African Continent; we are all familiar with the names and adventures of Ledyard, Parke, Burckhardt, Denham, Clapperton, Laing, Lander and others, whose labors have been important from the light thrown by them on the subject of their researches, and still more so as exhibiting instances of perseverance and moral courage with which the annals of warfare offer few parallels. Several of these heroic travellers took their departure from Tripoli, as the communications between that place and the regions which they desired to explore are comparatively easy and safe; and the Pasha, whether actuated by the expectation of obtaining some advantage from their discoveries, or by more laudable motives, appears from their accounts to have used every exertion to facilitate their movements. They likewise concur in expressing their gratitude and respect for Mohammed D'Ghies, who entertained them all hospitably in Tripoli and furnished them with letters of credit and introduction, which, says Denham, "were always duly honored throughout Northern Africa."

Hassuna and Mohammed D'Ghies the two sons of this respectable person, are also mentioned in terms of high commendation by many who visited Tripoli. Hassuna the elder was educated in France, and afterwards spent some time in England where he was much noticed in high circles, notwithstanding the assertion of the Quarterly Review to the contrary; on his return to his native country, he for some time conducted the affairs of his father's commercial house, and afterwards those of his ministerial office, in which he was distinguished for his attention to business and his apparent desire to advance the welfare of his country. Mohammed the younger son was brought up under the eye of his father at home; Captain Beechy of the British Navy who spent some time at Tripoli in 1822 while employed in surveying the adjacent coast, describes him as "an excellent young man," and as "an admirable example of true devotion to the religion of his country, united with the more extended and liberal feelings of Europeans. He daily visits the public school where young boys are taught to read the Koran, and superintends the charitable distribution of food which the bounty of his father provides for the poor who daily present themselves at his gate. Besides his acquaint-

ance with English and French he is able to converse with the slaves of the family in several languages of the interior of Africa," &c. He was subsequently employed also in public affairs, and became the intimate confident of his brother-in-law the Bey Ali.

On the 17th of July 1825, Major Gordon Laing of the British Army a son-in-law of Consul Warrington, quitted Tripoli with the intention of penetrating if possible directly to Tombuctoo, and thence descending the river which is said to flow near that city, to its termination. He was amply supplied with letters by the D'Ghies family; and orders were sent to the governors and chiefs of places on his route, which were subject to the Pasha to aid him by every means in the prosecution of his journey, and to forward his letters and journals to Tripoli. For some time after his departure his communications were regularly received and bills drawn by him at various places were presented at Tripoli for payment. From these accounts it appears, that taking a south-western course he arrived on the 13th of September at Ghadamis a town of considerable trade situated in an oasis about five hundred miles from Tripoli; thence he passed to Ensalah in the country of the Tuaricks (a fierce race of wanderers) which he reached on the 3d of December and left on the 10th of January 1826. His journals up to this date were regularly received; from his few subsequent letters we learn that during the month of February, the caravan with which he travelled was suddenly attacked in the night by a band of Tuaricks, who had for some days accompanied them; many persons of the caravan were killed and the Major was dreadfully wounded, but he escaped and arrived at Tombuctoo on the 18th of August. At this place he had remained five weeks when Boulokar the Governor of the town who had previously treated him with favor, suddenly urged him to depart immediately, stating that he had received a letter from Bello the Sultan of the Foulahs a Prince of great power in the vicinity of Tombuctoo, expressing the strongest hostility to the stranger; Laing accordingly quitted Tombuctoo on the 22d of September, in company with Barbushi an Arab Sheik who had engaged to conduct him in safety to Arouan, distant about three hundred miles to the northward.

After this date nothing further was heard from the traveller, no more of his bills were presented for payment at Tripoli, and Mr. Warrington becoming uneasy prevailed on the Pasha to have inquiries made respecting him. Messengers were accordingly despatched southward in various directions, one of whom on his return in the spring of 1827 brought an account that the Christian had been murdered soon after leaving Tombuctoo, by a party despatched from that place for the purpose. This statement was confirmed by all the other messengers on their return, and it was confidently repeated in a long article on the subject published in a Paris Journal, which gave the Prime Minister of Tripoli as authority. The other caravans and travellers however from the South contradicted these reports, and Hassuna D'Ghies on being questioned respecting the account given in the Paris Journal, denied that he had supplied such information and asserted his total disbelief of the story. These and other circumstances induced Mr. Warrington to suspect that the Pasha or his Minister had for some interested motive suppressed Laing's communications; at his request therefore, the Commander of the British squadron in the Mediterranean sent a ship of war to Tripoli to give Yusuf notice that as the traveller had proceeded to the interior under his protection, he should hold him responsible for his safety, or at least for the delivery of his property and papers. This intimation was certainly of a most unreasonable character; the Pasha however could only exert himself to avert the threatened evil, by endeavoring to discover the traveller and at all events to disprove any unfair dealings or bad intentions on his own part with regard to him.

All doubts respecting the fate of the British traveller were however dispelled by the return to Tripoli of the servant who had accompanied him; from the statements of this man it was clearly ascertained, that the unfortunate Laing had been murdered in his sleep by his Arab conductor Barbushi on the third night after their departure from Tombuctoo, that is on the 25th of September 1826.

Some time after receiving this melancholy news, the British Consul was induced to believe that papers which were sent by his son-in-law from Tombuctoo, had actually arrived in Tripoli; and in the course of the investigations which he made in consequence, a suspicion was awakened in his mind that they had been secreted by Hassuna D'Ghies, in order to conceal some gross treachery or misconduct on his part. Under this impression Mr. Warrington urged the Pasha to have the papers secured, and not being satisfied with the means used for the purpose, he finally struck his flag, and declared that all official intercourse between himself and the Government of Tripoli, would be suspended until they were produced.

To avert the evils which might result from this measure, Yusuf labored diligently, and in the spring of 1829 he intercepted some letters sent from Ghadamis to Hassuna, which indicated a means of unravelling the mystery. Pursuing his inquiries farther, he became fully convinced of the perfidy of his Minister, and at length he declared to a friend of the British Consul, that two sealed packages sent by Laing from Tombuctoo, had been received by Hassuna and delivered by him to the French Consul in consideration of the abatement of forty per cent. in the amount of a large debt due by him to some French subjects. The fact of the receipt of the papers by Hassuna was to be proved by the evidence of the Courier who brought them from Ghadamis, and of other persons daily expected in Tripoli; the remainder of the Pasha's strange statement appears to have been founded entirely on a written deposition to that effect, of Mohammed D'Ghies the younger brother of the accused Minister, which was said to have been made in the presence of the Bey Ali and of Hadji Massen the Governor of the city.

On the strength of this declaration, Mr. Warrington insisted on the immediate apprehension of Hassuna, but he having received timely warning fled for refuge on the 20th of July, to the house of Mr. Coxe the American Consul; and immediately after to the surprise of all concerned, it was found that his brother Mohammed had likewise sought an asylum under the roof of Baron Rousseau.

## OCTOBER.

October in New England is perhaps the most beautiful—certainly the most magnificent month in the year. The peculiar brilliancy of the skies and purity of the atmosphere,—the rich and variegated colors of the forest trees, and the deep, bright dyes of the flowers, are unequalled by any thing in the other seasons of the year; but the ruin wrought among the flowers by one night of those severe frosts which occur at the latter end of the month, after a day of cloudless and intense sunshine, can scarcely be imagined by one not familiar with the scene.

Thou'rt here again, October, with that queenly look of thine—
All gorgeous thine apparel and all golden thy sunshine—
So brilliant and so beautiful—'tis like a fairy show—
The earth in such a splendid garb, the heav'ns in such a glow.

'Tis not the loveliness of Spring—the roses and the birds,
Nor Summer's soft luxuriance and her lightsome laughing words;
Yet not the fresh Spring's loveliness, nor Summer's mellow glee
Come o'er my spirit like the charm that's spread abroad by thee.

The gaily-mottled woods that shine—all crimson, drab, and gold,
With fascination strong the mind in pensive musings hold,
And the rays of glorious sunshine there in saddening lustre fall—
'Tis the funeral pageant of a king with his gold and crimson pall.

Thou'rt like the Indian matron, who adorns her baby fair,
E'er she gives it to the Ganges' flood, all bright, to perish there;
Thou callest out the trusting buds with the lustre of thy sky,
And clothest them in hues of Heaven all gloriously—to die.

Thou'rt like the tyrant lover, wooing soft his gentle bride—
Anon the fit of passion comes—and her smitten heart hath died;
The tyrant's smile may come again, and thy cheering noonday skies,
But smitten hearts and flowers are woo'd, in vain, again to rise.

* * * * * *

Thy reign was short, thou Beautiful, but they were despot's hours—
The gold leaves met the forest ground, and fallen are the flowers;
Ah, 'tis the bitterness of earth, that fairest, goodliest show,
Comes to the heart deceitfully, and leaves the deeper wo.

*Maine.* ELIZA.

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

Where, mother, where have the fire-flies been
All the day long, that their light was not seen?

MOTHER.

They've been 'mong the flowers and flown through the air,
But could not be seen—for the sunshine was there.
And thus, little girl, in thy morning's first light,
There are many things hid from thy mind's dazzled sight,
Which the ev'ning of life will too clearly reveal,
And teach thee to see—or, it may be, to feel.

CHILD.

Where, mother, where will the fire-flies go
When the chilling snows fall and the winter winds blow?

MOTHER.

The tempest o'ercomes them, but cannot destroy:
For the spring time awakes them to sunshine and joy.
And thus, little girl, when life's seasons are o'er,
And thy joys and thy hopes and thy griefs are no more,
May'st thou rise from death's slumbers to high worlds of light,
Where all things are joyous, and all things are bright.

IMOGENE.

## LINES

Written on one of the blank leaves of a book sent to a friend in England.

As he who sails afar on southern seas,
Catches rich odor on the evening breeze,
Turns to the shore whence comes the perfum'd air,
And knows, though all unseen, some flower is there—
Thus, when o'er ocean's wave these pages greet
Thine eye, with many a line from minstrel sweet,
Think of Virginia's clime far off and fair,
And know, though all unseen, a friend is there.

IMOGENE.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

. . . . . The morning dew-drop,
With all its pearliness and diamond form
Vanisheth.

* * * * * *

. . . . She turned her from the gate, and walked
As quietly into her father's hall,
As though her lover had been true. No trace
Of disappointment or of hate was found
Upon the maiden's brow: but settled calm,
And dignity unequalled. And they spoke
To her, and she did mildly answer them
And smiled: and smiling, seem'd so like an angel,
That you would think the man who could desert
A form so lovely, after he had won
Her warm affections, must be more than demon.

And though she shrunk not from the love of those
Who were around her, and was never found
In fretful mood—yet did they soon discover
The rosy tinge upon her youthful cheek
Concentrate all its radiance into one
Untimely spot, and her too delicate frame
Wither away beneath the false one's power.
But lovelier yet, and brighter still she grew
Though Death was near at hand—as the moon looks
Most lovely as she sinks within the sea.
Her fond devoted parents watch with care
The fatal enemy: friends and physicians
Exert their skill most faithfully. Alas!
Could Love or Friendship bind a broken heart,
The fading flower might be recalled to life.

* * * * * *

She's gone, where she will chant the melody
Of Seraphim *and live*—beyond the power
Of the base. Then weep not, childless parents, weep not,—
But think to meet her soon. Her smile is yet
More lovely now than when a child of earth:
For she has caught the ray of dazzling glory
And sweet divinity, that beams all bright
Upon her Saviour's face; and waits to cast
That smile on thee.

*Richmond, Va.* ELIZA.

## HALLEY'S COMET—1760.

BY MISS E. DRAPER.

Good George the Third was sitting on his throne—
His limbs were healthy, and his wits were sound;
In gorgeous state St. James's palace shone—
And bending courtiers gather'd thick around
The new made monarch and his German bride,
Who sat in royal splendor side by side.

Pitt was haranguing in the House of Lords—
Blair in the Pulpit—Blackstone at the Bar—
Garrick and Foote upon the Thespian boards—

And pious Whitfield in the open air—
While nervous Cowper, shunning public cares,
Sat in his study, fattening up his hares.

Sterne was correcting proof-sheets—Edmund Burke
Planning a register—Goldsmith and Hume
Scribbling their histories—and hard at work
Was honest Johnson; close at hand were some
Impatient creditors, to urge the sale
Of his new book, the Abyssinian tale.

Italia smiled beneath her sunny skies—
Her matchless works were in her classic walls;
They had not gone to feast the Frenchman's eyes—
They had not gone to fill Parisian halls:
The Swiss was in his native Canton free,
And Francis mildly ruled in Germany.

Adolphus reigned in Sweden; the renown
Of Denmark's Frederic overawed her foes;
A gentle Empress wore the Russian crown;
Amid the gilded domes of Moscow rose
The ancient palace of her mighty Czars,
Adorn'd with trophies of their glorious wars.

Altho' the glory of the Pole was stain'd,
Still Warsaw glitter'd with a courtly train,
And o'er her land Augustus Frederic reign'd;
Joseph in Portugal, and Charles in Spain—
Louis in France, while in imperial state
O'er Prussia's realm ruled Frederic the Great.

In gloomy grandeur, on the Ottoman throne
Sat proud Mustapha. Kerim Khan was great
Amid fair Persia's sons; his sword was one
That served a friend, but crush'd a rival's hate:
O'er ancient China, and her countless throng,
Reign'd the bold Tartar mighty Kian Long.

America then held a common horde
Of strange adventurers; with bloody blade
The Frenchman ruled—the Englishman was lord—
The haughty Spaniard, o'er his conquests sway'd—
While the wild Indian, driven from his home,
Ranged far and lawless, in the forest's gloom.

Thus was the world when last yon Comet blazed
Above our earth. On its celestial light
Proudly the free American may gaze:
Nations that last beheld its rapid flight
Are fading fast; the rest no more are known,
While his has risen to a mighty one.

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## EXTRACTS FROM MY MEXICAN JOURNAL.

Mexico—Procession of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios—Visit to the Country—Society and Manners in Mexico—Climate.

20th June, 1825. Since our arrival on the 25th May, my occupations have been such as to prevent my seeing many of the *lions* of Mexico. I have, however, walked through the principal streets, and visited most of the churches, of which some are very rich and splendid—some are ancient and venerable—others are fine and gaudy—while a few of the more modern are extremely neat and handsome. The churches are numerous: these, with the convents, occupy almost every alternate square of the city; but with all this show of religion, there is a proportionate degree of vice among its population.

The city is, indeed, magnificent; many of the buildings are spacious. The streets are not wide, but well paved—clean in the most frequented, but excessively filthy in the more remote parts, and thronged with dirty, diseased, deformed, and half naked creatures. Disgusting sights every moment present themselves. At the corners of every street—each square is called a street, and bears a distinct name,—at the doors of the churches which you must be passing constantly in your walks—and sometimes in the areas of the private residences, you are importuned by miserable beggars, some of whom, not satisfied with a modest refusal, chase you into charity, which you are not assured is well bestowed.

We meet in the streets very few well dressed people; the ladies seldom walk, except to mass early in the morning, when some pretty faces are seen.

Such is the character of the street-population of Mexico. So much filth, so much vice, so much ignorance are rarely found elsewhere combined. Those who have seen the lazzaroni of Naples, may form a faint idea of the *leperos* of Mexico.

The *leperos* are most dexterous thieves—none can be more expert in relieving you of your pocket handkerchief; it is unsafe to trust them within your doors. I knew an American who had his hat stolen from under the bench on which he was seated in the Cathedral listening to a sermon!*

They are superstitious, too, almost to idolatry. I may here include with them the better class of people also. The recent reception of the image of *Nuestra Senora de los Remedios*, (Our Lady of Remedies,) I give as evidence of the justice of this remark. Her history is briefly this. She is a deity of Spanish origin—the more highly esteemed Lady of *Guadalupe*—the patron saint of Mexico, is indigenous. She accompanied the conquerors to the city of *Muteczuma*†—was lost in their disastrous retreat on the celebrated *noche triste*—was found some years afterwards, in 1540, seated in a *maguey*, by an Indian, *Juan de Aguila*, who carried her to his dwelling, and fed her with *tortillas*, (Indian corncakes,) which were regularly deposited in the chest where she was kept. Suddenly she fled, and was discovered on the spot where her temple now stands—the place to which Cortés retreated on the night of his flight from the city. It is an eminence to the west of Mexico, distant about five miles.

This identical image, they say, still exists—it is about eight inches in height—it is richly decorated. It is believed to possess the power of bringing rain, and of staying the ravages of disease.

* A very ingenious theft by one of this class was mentioned to me by an American who was present when it took place. At a fair in the interior of the country, two Americans were seated on a bench engaged in conversation, one of them having his hat by his side with his hand upon it for its protection. Talking earnestly he occasionally uplifted his hand from the hat. On his rising from his seat, he was surprised to find in his hand not his own beaver, but an inferior one which had been substituted for it. At an incautious moment he had ceased to guard it; a hat was there when he put down his hand—but it was not his own.

† Cortés, in his Letters, writes the name of the Emperor of Mexico, *Muteczuma*. Humboldt says, I know not on what authority, that *Moteuczoma* was his name. The English historians always call him Montezuma.

For many days previous to her entrance into the city, great preparations had been made. On the 11th inst. she was conveyed from her sanctuary in the President's coach, which was driven by a nobleman of the old regime, the *Marques de Salvatierra*, bare headed, and attended by a large number of coaches, and crowds of people on foot, to the *parroquia de Santa Vera Cruz*, a church just within the limits of the city. Here, as is usual, she was to rest one night, and on the following evening to proceed to the Cathedral. Before the appointed time, the streets leading to it were covered with canopies of canvass; draperies were suspended from every balcony, and strings of shawls and handkerchiefs stretched across, were seen fluttering in the wind. A regiment of troops marched out to form her escort, and thousands flocked to join her train. But a heavy rain began to fall, and the procession was necessarily postponed, the populace being delighted to find that the intercession of Our Lady was of so much avail, and their faith strengthened at the trifling expense of wet jackets. The procession was now appointed for an early hour the next *morning*, (a *prudent* arrangement, for it rains, in course, every evening, the rainy season having commenced,) and preparations were again made with increased zeal, proportionate with the gratitude felt at so prompt a dispensation of her Ladyship's favors. Two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry now composed the escort. The concourse of people was immense. Wax tapers, lanterns, candle-boxes, flags, and all the frippery of the churches were carried to grace the occasion; children dressed fantastically, with wings, and gay decorations upon their heads, but barefooted, with tapers in their hands, were led by their parents or nurses to take part in the pageant.

After the procession was formed, a discharge of artillery announced the departure of the holy image from the church, in which she had until now rested. The advance was a corps of cavalry, followed by flocks of ragged Indians, by respectable citizens and the civil authorities, all bearing lighted wax tapers; then followed the numerous religious orders, each order preceded by an Indian carrying on his back a huge mahogany candle-box; the higher dignitaries of the order, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, each attended by two assistants, bringing up the rear of Carmelites, Augustines, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Mercedarians; next these were other Indians, followed by the *angelic* little children, who strew roses before the object of their adoration, *La Santa Virgen de los Remedios*, who stands majestically under a canopy, richly clothed, and surrounded by gilded ornaments, supported by four men. As she passed, the people who crowded the streets, and all who fill the windows under which she is carried, knelt, and roses are showered upon her from the roofs of the houses. Next her was another canopy, under which the Host was carried, to which the people also knelt. The troops brought up the rear, escorting Our Lady to the Cathedral, where she remains nine days. If it rain during this time, it is ascribed to her influence. If rain precede her entrance, it is because she was to be brought into the city; and if it follow her departure, it is the consequence of her late presence. The miracle, of course, never fails. After the rainy season has set in, she is introduced annually for the idolatrous worship of this ignorant, superstitious people—not only the *canaille*, but also the most respectable portion of the community.

14th August, 1825. I returned to the city yesterday after an excursion of a week in the vicinity of *Chalco*, about twenty-five or thirty miles distant. We were invited by an acquaintance to his *hacienda*, where he promised fine sport with our guns. Not content with abundance of deer, we were to return with the spoils of sundry wild animals, such as wild-cats, bears, panthers, wolves and tigers. Prepared for ferocious contests, we set out with all the eagerness of huntsmen who feast in their imagintion on their slaughtered prey. But in fact, though to hunt was our ostensible object, from which we expected little, although entertained by our friend with extravagant hopes, we left the city chiefly for the purpose of exercise, of viewing the country, and avoiding the water, which, at this season of the year, impregnated with the soda which the heavy rains disengage from the soil, deals sadly with strangers.

A ride of five or six hours brought us to the *hacienda*. This, I have elsewhere said, is a country seat, generally of large extent, with a chapel forming a part of the building, and surrounded by the reed or mud huts of the Indians, who are the laborers, or, as it were, vassals of the estate. A plain, thickly strewed with these *haciendas*, presents the appearance of numerous villages, each with its steeple and bell. The buildings are hollow squares, extensive and commodious, and embracing in their several ranges the usual conveniences of a farm, such as stables, and yards for poultry, sheep and cattle. They all have a look of antiquity, of strength and durability, which, at a distance, is imposing; but on nearer view, they are commonly found dilapidated, and devoid of neatness, and destitute of the garden and the orchard, which give so much the appearance of comfort to the country houses of the United States.

This is their general character, as far as I have seen them, and such was the commodious dwelling to which we were now hospitably invited. It bore the air of tattered grandeur—in its dimensions and in its ruined state showing marks of pristine elegance. It was partially fortified, as were most of them, during the revolution, for protection from lawless depredation, and from the numerous bands of banditti who then roamed through the country, and were royalists or republicans, as was most expedient to accomplish their designs. Even at this time, these defences are esteemed necessary to ensure safety from the robbers who have escaped the vigilance of government by concealing themselves in the adjacent mountains.

On the day of our arrival nothing occurred particularly to attract our notice, except that, after the conclusion of dinner, the tall Indian waiter fell upon his knees in the middle of the room and gave thanks—a custom common, I am told, in the country. To our surprise, this was not repeated. He was either told that we were heretics, (as all foreigners are designated) or was deterred because some of our Catholic friends were less devout on the occasion than was to be expected from them.

It may not be amiss here to mention, that the dinner table of the Mexicans is of indefinite length, always standing in the eating room. One end only is com-

monly used. The seat of honor is at the head, where the most distinguished and most honored guest is always placed; the rest arrange themselves according to their rank and consequence; the dependants occupying the lowest seats.

After a cup of chocolate at six o'clock the next morning, we went in pursuit of game, and roamed through the hills and mountains which are contiguous, meeting with very little success. At about twelve we partook of our breakfast, which was brought to us more than two leagues from the *hacienda*—after which we prosecuted our hunt. Our sole reward was a heavy shower of rain—and between four and five we returned to the *hacienda*, well wearied, having walked at least twelve miles over steep mountains.

On the following day we set out with our mules, &c. to try our fortune higher up the mountains, and after a ride of between three and four hours, reached a herdsman's hut, where we were to lodge at night. We were unsuccessful in finding game in the evening, and after a laborious search for deer, sought our hut—a log building, about fifteen feet square, in which twelve of us, men, women and children, stowed ourselves. Annoyed by fleas, and almost frozen by the chill mountain air, within two leagues of the snow-crowned *Iztaccihuatl*, we passed a sleepless night.

Early next morning, whilst others of the party engaged in hunting for deer, with two companions I ascended the highest peak of this range, (except those covered with snow,) with great labor and fatigue; but we were compensated amply by the grand view beneath and around us. The adjoining peak to the south of us was the *Iztaccihuatl*, about a league distant. We felt very sensibly the influence of its snow. Beyond this, the *Popocatepetl* raised its lofty cone, while far in the southeast appeared *Orizaba*, around whose crest the clouds were just then gathering. The plains of *Puebla* and *Mexico* are on opposite sides of this seemingly interminable ridge on which we stood. From the latter, the clouds, which we had been long admiring far beneath us, hiding the world from our view, were gradually curling, and disclosed the distant capital with its adjoining lakes and isolated hills. The chilling wind drove us from our height, but in descending we often rested to enjoy a scene which the eyes never tire in beholding.

In the evening, we left the mountain for the *hacienda*, where we spent another day. Our friends were extremely kind to us, and regretted more than ourselves our ill success in quest of game. Being little of a sportsman, to me it was a trifling disappointment. I enjoyed abundant gratification in seeing the country, its people and manner of living. Whatever may be said of the bad blood of the Mexicans, I cannot but view them as a mild and amiable people—nature has bestowed her bounties liberally upon them: for their state of degradation and ignorance they are indebted not to any natural deficiencies of their own, but to the miserable and timid policy of their former Spanish masters. They are superstitious, but this arises from their education; they are jealous of strangers—the policy of Spain made them so; and they are ignorant, for in ignorance alone could they be retained in blind subjection to the mother country. If they are vicious, their vices arise from their ignorance of what is virtuous—of what is ennobling. They are indolent because they are not permitted to enjoy the fruits of industry, and nature supplies their wants so bountifully, they are compelled to exert themselves but little.

These are in fact serious defects, but the improvement of the Mexican people is daily taking place. They are beginning to be enlightened with the rays of the rising sun of liberty; and after the present generation has passed away, the succeeding one will exhibit those political and moral virtues, which are the offspring of freedom. The effects of a daily increasing intercourse with foreigners are even now perceptible, and lead me to believe, that, before many years roll over, a wonderful change must take place. Society, too, will improve: ladies will no longer gormandize or smoke—will discover that it is vulgar to attend cock-fights, and will bestow, with increased regard for their personal appearance, greater attention upon the cultivation of their minds.

In Mexico, there are few parties, either at dinner, or in the evening. None will suit but great balls, and these must occur seldom, else none but the wealthy can attend them, so expensive are the decorations and dresses of the ladies. They esteem it extremely vulgar to wear the same ball-dress more than once. Society is cut up into small *tertulias* or parties of intimate acquaintances, who meet invariably at the same house, and talk, play the piano, sing, dance, and smoke at their ease and pleasure.

Sometimes I attend the Theatre. This is divided into boxes, which families hire for a year. If the play be uninteresting, they visit each other's box, and pass the evening in conversation. It is diverting to observe the gentlemen take from their pockets a flint and steel for the purpose of lighting their cigars, and then to extend the favor of a light to the ladies; and sometimes the whole theatre seems as if filled with fire-flies.

Immediately on rising, a Mexican takes a small cup of chocolate with a little bread and a glass of water. At ten, they take what they call breakfast—it is in fact equivalent to a dinner, consisting not of tea or coffee, but of meats, sweetmeats and wine. At about three, dinner is served. At six or seven, they again take chocolate; and at ten, an enormous supper is laid of hot meats, &c. equal to a third dinner. At these meals, three or four dishes of meats, with very few vegetables, are brought on in various courses—the *olla podrida*, a mixture of meats, fruits, and vegetables boiled together—always constitutes a part of the first course—*frijoles*—beans boiled—invariably precede the sweetmeats, of which the Mexicans are extremely fond. Perhaps this is the reason why good teeth are seldom seen in Mexico.

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23d November, 1825. I have stated that few parties are given in Mexico. Balls are sometimes held by the American and English Legations. If, on these occasions, fifty ladies attend, it is considered a prodigious number to assemble together. The expenses of preparation which they incur are enormous, and deter many, however devoted they may be to pleasure, from partaking in frequent diversions of this kind. Society, too, has not acquired that equilibrium which the democratical institutions of the country must produce eventually. A powerful aristocracy, as may reasonably be supposed, still exists in the capital—time alone will level this—it will die with the present generation, taking for granted

that the republicanism of Mexico will be permanent. Aristocracy, of course, reduces the highest class of society to a limited number, so that a large assemblage of ladies here would be thought small in the United States.

At whatever hour you invite company, it will not collect before nine, and the most fashionable appear between ten and eleven. The music soon invites them to the waltz, or to the Spanish country-dance, both of which are graceful, and perhaps voluptuous, when danced, as in Mexico, to the music of guitars or of bandolines. They dance upon brick floors—there are none other in Mexican houses—generally bare, but foreigners have introduced the more comfortable fashion of covering them with canvass; and as the steps are simple, without the hopping and restlessness of our cotillons or quadrilles, it is not so unpleasant as would be supposed; they glide over the pavement without much exertion. The dancing continues, not uninterruptedly as with us, but at intervals, until twelve o'clock, when the ladies are conducted to the supper table, which must be loaded with substantial as well as sweet things. After supper, dancing is continued, and the company begins to disperse between one and two in the morning, and sometimes not until near daybreak.

None of the wealthy families have followed the example set them by foreigners. They give no balls or dinners. Although I have now been here six months, I have never dined in a Mexican house in the city. Their hospitality consists in this: they place their houses and all they possess at your disposal, and are the better pleased the oftener you visit them, but they rarely, if ever, offer you refreshments of any kind. It is said that they are gratified if you will dine with them unceremoniously, but they never invite you.

31st December, 1825. I can scarcely persuade myself that to-morrow will be New-Year's day. The weather is most delightful. We are now sitting with our windows open—at night too. About a fortnight ago the mornings were uncomfortably cool; but the sun at mid-day is always hot. What a delightful climate! And we are now eating the fruits of a northern midsummer. We have always had fresh oranges since our arrival. A week since we had green peas; and to-day five different kinds of fruit appeared upon our table—oranges, apples, walnuts, *granadites de China*, and *chirimoyas*—the last, *la reina de los frutos*, (the queen of fruit,) tasting like strawberries and cream. The markets contain numerous other sorts. Our friends at home are now gathering around the glowing coals, or treading the snow without. We see the former in the kitchen only—the latter on the valcanoes which tower in the distance. * * * * *

7th December, 1827. A letter from home affords me the satisfaction of knowing that our friends generally continue to enjoy good health, and are subject to none other than the ordinary ills of life, such as cut-throat weather, squalling brats, or a twinge or two of gout or rheumatism. These are evils which humanity is decreed to suffer throughout the world; but in Mexico we are more exempt from most of them than elsewhere. The sun now *shines* twelve hours of every day, and either the moon or stars give light to the other twelve. Such will the weather continue to be until May or June, when the rains fall with such regularity and certainty, that very slight observation enables us to know when to go out, or to shelter ourselves. The mornings now are only a little cool, although we are in mid-winter; and our tables are supplied with fruit as bountifully as in the months of July and August. Our other ills are in like manner trivial. We are sometimes *ennuyés* for want of society, but books, and sometimes a game of chess, enable us to live without being driven to the commission of suicide. And as a *dernier ressort*, we throw ourselves into the arms of Morpheus, this being the peculiar delightful climate for sleep—no mosquitos, nor extremes of heat or cold. The thermometer ordinarily ranges at about 70° of Fahrenheit.

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## SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA,

BY EDGAR A. POE.

### I.

ROME. A Lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. Lalage, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the back ground Jacinta (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

*Lalage.* Jacinta! is it thou?

*Jacinta* (*pertly.*) Yes, Ma'am, I'm here.

*Lalage.* I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.
Sit down!—let not my presence trouble you—
Sit down!—for I am humble, most humble.

*Jacinta* (*aside.*) 'Tis time.

(*Jacinta seats herself in a side-long manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.*)

*Lalage.* "It in another climate, so he said,
"Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil!"
(*pauses—turns over some leaves, and resumes.*)
"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower—
"But Ocean ever to refresh mankind
"Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."
Oh, beautiful!—most beautiful!—how like
To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!
O happy land! (*pauses.*) She died!—the maiden died!
O still more happy maiden who could'st die!
Jacinta!
(*Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.*)
Again!—a similar tale
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—
"She died full young"—one Bossola answers him—
"I think not so!—her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many"—Ah luckless lady!
Jacinta! (*still no answer.*)
Here's a far sterner story
But like—oh! very like in its despair—
Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily
A thousand hearts—losing at length her own.
She died. Thus endeth the history—and her maids
Lean over her and weep—two gentle maids
With gentle names—Eiros and Charmion!
Rainbow and Dove!——Jacinta!

*Jacinta* (*pettishly.*) Madam, what *is* it?

*Lalage.* Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind
As go down in the library and bring me
The Holy Evangelists.

*Jacinta.* Pshaw! (*exit.*)

*Lalage.* If there be balm
For the wounded spirit in Gilead it is there!

Dew in the night time of my bitter trouble
Will there be found—"dew sweeter far than that
Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill."
*(re-enter Jacinta, and throws a volume on the table.)*
There, ma'am's, the book. Indeed she is very trouble-
some. *(aside.)*
*Lalage (astonished.)* What didst thou say Jacinta?
Have I done aught
To grieve thee or to vex thee?—I am sorry.
For thou hast served me long and ever been
Trust-worthy and respectful. *(resumes her reading)*
*Jacinta.* I can't believe
She has any more jewels—no—no—she gave me all.
*(aside.)*
*Lalage.* What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I be-
think me
Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fares good Ugo?—and when is it to be?
Can I do aught?—is there no farther aid
Thou needest, Jacinta?
*Jacinta.* Is there no *farther* aid?
That's meant for me. *(aside)* I'm sure, Madam, you
need not
Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.
*Lalage.* Jewels! Jacinta,—now indeed, Jacinta,
I thought not of the jewels.
*Jacinta.* Oh! perhaps not!
But then I might have sworn it. After all,
There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you;
And at the best I'm certain, Madam, you cannot
Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have sworn it.
*(exit.)*
*(Lalage bursts into tears and leans her head
upon the table—after a short pause raises it.)*
*Lalage.* Poor Lalage!—and is it come to this?
Thy servant maid!—but courage!—'tis but a viper
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!
*(taking up the mirror.)*
Ha! here at least's a friend—too much a friend
In earlier days—a friend will not deceive thee.
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
And Beauty long deceased—remembers me
Of Joy departed—Hope, the Seraph Hope,
Inurned and entombed!—now, in a tone
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
For ruin'd maid. Fair mirror and true!—thou liest not!
*Thou* hast no end to gain—no heart to break—
Castiglione lied who said he loved——
Thou true—he false!—false!—false!
*(while she speaks a monk enters her apartment,
and approaches unobserved.)*
*Monk.* Refuge thou hast
Sweet daughter! in Heaven. Think of eternal things!
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!
*Lalage (arising hurriedly.)* I *cannot* pray!—My soul
is at war with God!
The frightful sounds of merriment below
Disturb my senses—go! I cannot pray—
The sweet airs from the garden worry me!
Thy presence grieves me—go!—thy priestly raiment
Fills me with dread—thy ebony crucifix
With horror and awe!
*Monk.* Think of thy precious soul!
*Lalage.* Think of my early days!—think of my father
And mother in Heaven! think of our quiet home,
And the rivulet that ran before the door!
Think of my little sisters!—think of them!
And think of me!—think of my trusting love
And confidence—his vows—my ruin—think! think!
Of my unspeakable misery!——begone!
Yet stay! yet stay!—what was it thou saidst of prayer
And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith
And vows before the throne?
*Monk.* I did.
*Lalage.* 'Tis well.
There *is* a vow were fitting should be made—
A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent,
A solemn vow!
*Monk.* Daughter, this zeal is well!
*Lalage.* Father, this zeal is any thing but well!
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?
A crucifix whereon to register
A vow—a vow. *(he hands her his own.)*
Not that—Oh! no!—no!—no! *(Shuddering.)*
Not that! Not that!—I tell thee, holy man,
Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me!
Stand back! I have a crucifix myself,—
*I* have a crucifix! Methinks 'twere fitting
The deed—the vow—the symbol of the deed—
And the deed's register should tally, father!
*(draws a cross-handled dagger and raises it on high.)*
Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine
Is written in Heaven!
*Monk.* Thy words are madness, daughter!
And speak a purpose unholy—thy lips are livid—
Thine eyes are wild—tempt not the wrath divine—
Pause ere too late!—oh be not—be not rash!
Swear not the oath—oh swear it not!
*Lalage.* 'Tis sworn!

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## II.

ROME. An apartment in a palace. Politian and Baldazzar, his friend.

*Baldazzar.*———Arouse thee now, Politian!
Thou must not—nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not
Give way unto these humors. Be thyself!
Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,
And live, for now thou diest!
*Politian.* Not so, Baldazzar,
I live—I live.
*Baldazzar.* Politian, it doth grieve me
To see thee thus.
*Politian.* Baldazzar, it doth grieve me
To give thee cause for grief, my honored friend.
Command me, sir, what wouldst thou have me do?
At thy behest I will shake off that nature
Which from my forefathers I did inherit,
Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,
And be no more Politian, but some other.
Command me, sir.
*Baldazzar.* To the field then—to the field,
To the senate or the field.
*Politian.* Alas! Alas!

There is an imp would follow me even there!
There is an imp *hath* followed me even there!
There is——what voice was that?
*Baldazzar.* I heard it not.
I heard not any voice except thine own,
And the echo of thine own.
*Politian.* Then I but dreamed.
*Baldazzar.* Give not thy soul to dreams: the camp—
the court
Befit thee—Fame awaits thee—Glory calls—
And her the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear
In hearkening to imaginary sounds
And phantom voices.
*Politian.* It *is* a phantom voice,
Didst thou not hear it *then*?
*Baldazzar.* I heard it not.
*Politian.* Thou heardst it not!——Baldazzar, speak
no more
To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.
Oh! I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,
Of the hollow and high sounding vanities
Of the populous Earth! Bear with me yet awhile!
We have been boys together—school-fellows—
And now are friends—yet shall not be so long.
For in the eternal city thou shalt do me
A kind and gentle office, and a Power—
A Power august, benignant, and supreme—
Shall then absolve thee of all farther duties
Unto thy friend.
*Baldazzar.* Thou speakest a fearful riddle
I *will* not understand.
*Politian.* Yet now as Fate
Approaches, and the hours are breathing low,
The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas! Alas!
I *cannot* die, having within my heart
So keen a relish for the beautiful
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air
Is balmier now than it was wont to be—
Rich melodies are floating in the winds—
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth—
And with a holier lustre the quiet moon
Sitteth in Heaven.—Hist! hist! thou canst not say
Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar!
*Baldazzar.* Indeed I hear not.
*Politian.* Not hear it!—listen now,—listen!—the
faintest sound
And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard!
A lady's voice!—and sorrow in the tone!
Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell!
Again!—again!—how solemnly it falls
Into my heart of hearts! that voice—that voice
I surely never heard—yet it were well
Had I but heard it with its thrilling tones
In earlier days!
*Baldazzar.* I myself hear it now.
Be still!—the voice, if I mistake not greatly,
Proceeds from yonder lattice—which you may see
Very plainly through the window—that lattice belongs,
Does it not? unto this palace of the Duke.
The singer is undoubtedly beneath
The roof of his Excellency—and perhaps
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke
As the betrothed of Castiglione,
His son and heir.
*Politian.* Be still!—it comes again!
*Voice* (*very faintly.*) And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus
Who hath loved thee so long
In wealth and wo among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay—say nay!
*Baldazzar.* The song is English, and I oft have heard it
In merry England—never so plaintively—
Hist—hist! it comes again!
*Voice* (*more loudly.*) Is it so strong
As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long
In wealth and wo among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay—say nay!
*Baldazzar.* Tis hush'd and all is still!
*Politian.* All *is not* still.
*Baldazzar.* Let us go down.
*Politian.* Go down, Baldazzar! go!
*Baldazzar.* The hour is growing late—the Duke
awaits us,—
Thy presence is expected in the hall
Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian?
*Voice* (*distinctly.*) Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and wo among,
And is thy heart so strong?
Say nay!—say nay!
*Baldazzar.* Let us descend!—'tis time. Politian, give
These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,
Your bearing lately savored much of rudeness
Unto the Duke. Arouse thee! and remember!
*Politian.* Remember? I do. Lead on! I *do* remember.
(*going.*)
Let us descend. Baldazzar! Oh I would give,
Freely would give the broad lands of my earldom
To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice,
To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear
Once more that silent tongue.
*Baldazzar.* Let me beg you, sir,
Descend with me—the Duke may be offended.
Let us go down I pray you.
(*Voice loudly.*) Say nay!—say nay!
*Politian* (*aside.*) 'Tis strange!—'tis very strange—me-
thought the voice
Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay!
(*approaching the window.*)
Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay.
Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,
Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make
Apology unto the Duke for me,
I go not down to night.
*Baldazzar.* Your lordship's pleasure
Shall be attended to. Good night, Politian.
*Politian.* Good night, my friend, good night.

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## III.

The Gardens of a Palace—Moonlight. Lalage and Politian.

*Lalage.* And dost thou speak of love
To *me*, Politian?—dost thou speak of love
To Lalage?—ah wo—ah wo is me!
This mockery is most cruel—most cruel indeed!

*Politian.* Weep not! oh, weep not thus—thy bitter tears
Will madden me. Oh weep not, Lalage—
Be comforted. I know—I know it all,
And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,
And beautiful Lalage, and listen to *me*!
Thou askest me if I could speak of love,
Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.
Thou askest me that—and thus I answer thee—
Thus on my bended knee I answer thee. (*kneeling.*)
Sweet Lalage, I love thee—love thee—love thee;
Thro' good and ill—thro' weal and wo I love thee.
Not mother, with her first born on her knee,
Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.
Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
Within my spirit for thee. And do I love? (*arising.*)
Even for thy woes I love thee—even for thy woes--
Thy beauty and thy woes.

*Lalage.* Alas, proud Earl,
Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!
How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
Could the dishonored Lalage abide?
Thy wife, and with a tainted memory—
My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
With the ancestral honors of thy house,
And with thy glory?

*Politian.* Speak not—speak not of glory!
I hate—I loathe the name; I do abhor
The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
Art thou not Lalage and I Politian?
Do I not love—art thou not beautiful—
What need we more? Ha! glory!—now speak not of it!
By all I hold most sacred and most solemn—
By all my wishes now—my fears hereafter—
By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven—
There is no deed I would more glory in,
Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory
And trample it under foot. What matters it—
What matters it, my fairest, and my best,
That we go down unhonored and forgotten
Into the dust—so we descend together.
Descend together—and then—and then perchance——

*Lalage.* Why dost thou pause, Politian?

*Politian.* And then perchance
Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,
And still——

*Lalage.* Why dost thou pause, Politian?

*Politian.* And still together—together.

*Lalage.* Now Earl of Leicester!
Thou *lovest* me, and in my heart of hearts
I feel thou lovest me truly.

*Politian.* Oh, Lalage! (*throwing himself upon his knee*)
And lovest thou *me*?

*Lalage.* Hist!—hush! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure past—
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless—
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noiseless.
(*walks across and returns.*)
I was mistaken—'twas but a giant bough
Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

*Politian.* My Lalage—my love! why art thou moved?
Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience' self,
Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind
Is chilly—and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom.

*Lalage.* Politian!
Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy—a land new found—
Miraculously found by one of Genoa—
A thousand leagues within the golden west;
A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,
And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,
And mountains, around whose towering summits the winds
Of Heaven untrammelled flow—which air to breathe
Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter
In days that are to come?

*Politian.* O, wilt thou—wilt thou
Fly to that Paradise—my Lalage, wilt thou
Fly thither with me? There Care shall be forgotten,
And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.
And life shall then be mine, for I will live
For thee, and in thine eyes—and thou shalt be
No more a mourner—but the radiant Joys
Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope
Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee,
And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,
My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
My all;—oh, wilt thou—wilt thou, Lalage,
Fly thither with me?

*Lalage.* A deed is to be done—
Castiglione lives!

*Politian.* And he shall die! (*exit.*)

*Lalage,* (*after a pause.*) And—he—shall—die!——— alas!
Castiglione die? Who spoke the words?
Where am I?—what was it he said?—Politian!
Thou *art* not gone—thou art not *gone*, Politian!
I *feel* thou art not gone—yet dare not look,
Lest I behold thee not; thou *couldst* not go
With those words upon thy lips—O, speak to me!
And let me hear thy voice—one word—one word,
To say thou art not gone,—one little sentence,
To say how thou dost scorn—how thou dost hate
My womanly weakness. Ha! ha! thou *art* not gone—
O speak to me! I *knew* thou wouldst not go!
I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, durst not go.
Villain, thou *art* not gone—thou mockest me!
And thus I clutch thee—thus!———He is gone, he is gone—
Gone—gone. Where am I?——'tis well—'tis very well!
So that the blade be keen—the blow be sure,
'Tis well, 'tis very well—alas! alas! (*exit.*)

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## LOGIC.

Among ridiculous conceits may be selected *par excellence*, the thought of a celebrated Abbé—"that the heart of man being triangular, and the world spherical in form, it was evident that all worldly greatness could not fill the heart of man." The same person concluded, "that since among the Hebrews the same word expresses death and life, (a point only making the difference,) it was therefore plain that there was little difference between life and death." The chief objection to this is, that *no* one Hebrew word signifies life and death.

# AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION,

AS CONNECTED WITH THE PERMANENCE OF OUR REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Delivered before the Institute of Education of Hampden Sidney College, at its Anniversary Meeting, September the 24th, 1835, on the invitation of that body,—by Lucian Minor, Esq. of Louisa.

[*Published by request of the Institute.*]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Institute:

I am to offer you, and this large assembly, some thoughts upon EDUCATION, *as a means of preserving the Republican Institutions of our country.*

The sentiment of the Roman Senate, who, upon their general's return with the shattered remains of a great army from an almost annihilating defeat, thanked and applauded him for *not despairing of the Republic*, has, in later times, been moulded into an apothegm of political morality; and few sayings, of equal dignity, are now more hackneyed, than that "A good citizen will *never* despair of the commonwealth."

I shall hope to escape the anathema, and the charge of disloyalty to our popular institutions, implied in the terms of this apothegm, if I doubt, somewhat, its unqualified truth; when you consider how frequently omens of ruin, overclouding the sky of our country, have constrained the most unquestionable republican patriot's heart to quiver with alarm, if not to sink in despair.

'When a factious minority, too strong to be punished as traitors, treasonably refuse to rally under their country's flag, in defence of her rights and in obedience to her laws; when a factious majority, by partial legislation, pervert the government to the ends of self-aggrandizement or tyranny; when mobs dethrone justice, by assuming to be her ministers, and rush madly to the destruction of property or of life; when artful demagogues, playing upon the credulity or the bad passions of a confiding multitude, sway them to measures the most adverse to the public good; or when a popular chief (though he were a Washington) contrives so far to plant his will in the place of law and of policy, that the people approve or condemn both measures and men, mainly if not solely, by his judgment or caprice; and when all history shews these identical causes (the offspring of ignorance and vice) to have overthrown every proud republic of former times;—then, surely, a Marcus Brutus or an Algernon Sidney,—the man whose heart is the most irrevocably sworn to liberty, and whose life, if required, would be a willing sacrifice upon her altars—must find the most gloomy forebodings often haunting his thoughts, and darkening his hopes.'*

Indeed, at the best, it is no trivial task, to conduct the affairs of a great people. Even in the tiny republics of antiquity, some twenty of which were crowded into a space less than two-thirds of Virginia,—government was no such *simple machine*, as some fond enthusiasts would have us believe it might be. The only very simple form of government, is despotism. There, every question of policy, every complicated problem of state economy, every knotty dispute respecting the rights or interests of individuals or of provinces, is at once solved by the intelligible and irreversible *sic volo* of a Nicholas or a Mohammed. But in republics, there are passions to soothe; clashing interests to reconcile; jarring opinions to mould into one result, for the general weal. To effect this, requires extensive and accurate knowledge, supported by all the powers of reasoning and persuasion, in discussing not only *systems* of measures, but their minutest details, year after year, before successive councils, in successive generations: and supposing the *machinery* of *Legislative*, *Executive*, and *Judiciary* to be so simple or so happily adjusted, that an idiot might propel it, and a school-lad with the first four rules of arithmetic—or even "a negro boy with his knife and tally stick"*—might regulate its movements and record their results; still, those other objects demand all the comprehension and energies of no contracted or feeble mind. Nor are these qualities needful only to the actual administrators of the government. Its proprietors, the people, must look both vigilantly and intelligently to its administration: for so liable is power to continual abuse; so perpetually is it tending to steal from them to their steward or their agent; that if they either want the requisite sagacity to judge of his acts, or substitute a blind confidence in him for that wise distrust, which all experience proves indispensable to the preservation of power in the people,—it will soon be *their* power no longer. A tame surrender of it to him is inevitable, unless they comprehend the subjects of his action well enough to judge the character of his acts: unless they know something of that vast and diversified field of policy, of duty, and of right, in which they have set him to labor. Yes—in its least perplexed form, on its most diminutive scale, the task of self-government is a perilously difficult one; difficult, in proportion to its nobleness: calling for the highest attributes of the human character. What, then, must it be, in a system so complex as ours? Two sets of public functionaries, to appoint and superintend: two sets of machinery to watch, and keep in order: each of them not only complicated within itself, but constantly tending to clash with the other. Viewing the State government alone, how many fearful dissensions have arisen, as to the extent of its powers, and the propriety of its acts! Turning then to the Federal government, how much more awful and numerous controversies, respecting both the constitutionality and expediency of its measures, have, within half a century, convulsed the whole Union! No less than three conjunctures within that time, threatening us with disunion and civil war; not to mention the troubles of the elder Adams' administration, the conspiracy of Burr, the Missouri dispute, or the cloud (now, I trust, about to disperse) which has just been lowering in our northern sky. To the complexity of our two governments, separately considered, add the delicate problems daily springing from their relations with one another, and from the mutual relations of the twenty-four states—disputes concerning territory; claims urged by citizens of one, against another state; or wrongs done to some states, by citizens and residents of others—all these, and innumerable other questions, involving each innumerable ramifications, continually starting up to try the wisdom and temper, if not to mar the peace, of our country;—and say, if there are words forcible and emphatic enough to express the need, that the POPULAR WILL, which supremely controls this labyrinthine complication of difficulties, should be enlightened by knowledge, tempered by kindness, and ruled by justice?

* Mr. Randolph's Speech in the Virginia Convention, November, 1829.

Gentlemen, when such dangers hedge our political edifice; when we recollect the storms which have already burst upon it, and that, although it has survived them, we have no guarantee for its withstanding even less furious ones hereafter—as a ship may ride out many a tempest safely, and yet be so racked in her joints as to go down at last under a capful of wind; above all, when we reflect that the same cankers which have destroyed all former commonwealths, are now at work within our own;—it would betoken, to my view, more of irrational credulity than of patriotism, to feel that sanguine, unconditional confidence in the durableness of our institutions, which those profess, who are perpetually making it the test of good citizenship "*never* to despair of the republic."

But is it ever to be thus? Were then the visions of liberty for centuries on centuries, which our fathers so fondly cherished, all deceitful? Were the toil, and treasure, and blood they lavished as that liberty's price, all lavished in vain? Is there no deliverance for man, from the doom of subjection which kings and their minions pronounce against him? No remedy for the diseases which, in freedom's apparently most healthful state, menace her with death?

If it is not ever to be thus; if the anticipations of our revolutionary patriots were not all delusive dreams, and their blood fell not in vain to the ground; if man's general doom is not subjection, and the examples of his freedom are not mere deceitful glimmerings up of happiness above the fixed darkness which enwraps him, designed but to amuse his fancy and to cheat his hopes; if there is a remedy for the diseases that poison the health of liberty;—the reason—that remedy—can be found only in one short precept—ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE!

Nothing—I scruple not to avow—it has been my thought for years—nothing but my reliance on the efficacy of this precept, prevents my being, at this instant, *a monarchist.* Did I not, with burning confidence, believe that the people can be enlightened, and that they may so escape the dangers which encompass them, I should be for consigning them at once to the calm of hereditary monarchy. But this confidence makes me no monarchist: makes me, I trust, a true *whig;* not in the party acceptation of the day, but in the sense, employed by Jefferson, of one who *trusts and cherishes the people.** Throughout his life, we find that great statesman insisting upon *popular instruction* as an inseparable requisite to his belief in the permanency of any popular government: "Ignorance and bigotry," said he, "like other insanities, are incapable of self-government." His authority might be fortified by those of Sidney, Montesquieu, and of all who have written extensively or luminously upon free government: but this is no time for elaborate quotations; and indeed why cite authorities, to prove what is palpable to the glance?

Immense is the chasm to be filled, immeasurable the space to be traversed, between the present condition of mental culture in Virginia, and that which can be safely relied upon, to save her from the dangers that hem round a democracy, unsupported by popular knowledge and virtue. Cyrus the Great, when a boy, among his play fellows, avoided contests with his inferiors in strength and swiftness; always challenging to the race or the wrestling match, those fleeter and stronger than himself: by which means, observes Xenophon, he soon excelled them. Imitating this wise magnanimity of Cyrus, let us, in looking around to find how we may attain an excellence, worthy of Virginia's early and long illustrious but now paling fame, compare ourselves not with States that have been as neglectful as we, of popular education, but with some which have outstript us in that march of true glory.*

The *Common-school* system of New York, which has been in operation since the year 1816, is in substance this: The counties having been already laid off into tracts of five or six miles square, called *townships,*—each of these, upon raising one half the sum needed there for teachers' wages, is entitled to have the other half furnished from the state treasury: and each *neighborhood* in the township, before it can receive any part of this joint sum, must organize itself as a *school district,* build and furnish a school house, and cause a school to be taught there for at least three months, by a teacher who has been examined and found duly qualified, by a standing committee, appointed for that purpose. To the schools thus established, all children, rich and poor alike, are admitted without charge. Mark the fruits of this system. In 1832, there were in the state 508,878 children; of whom 494,959 were *regular pupils at the common-schools:* leaving fewer than 14,000 for private or other instruction, and reducing the number who are unschooled, to an inappreciable point. In Massachusetts, the townships are compelled by law to defray nearly the whole expense of their schools; and the organization is in other respects less perfect than in New York. In each, however, about ONE-FOURTH *of the whole population* is receiving instruction for a considerable part of the year; and in Massachusetts, in 1832, there were *but* TEN *persons between the ages of* 14 *and* 21, *who could not read and write.*

Connecticut, with a school fund yielding 180,000 dollars annually, and with common schools established by law in every township, finds their efficacy in a great degree marred by a single error in her plan. This error is, that *the whole expense is defrayed by the state.* In consequence of this, the people take little interest in the schools; and the children are sent so irregularly, as to derive a very insignificant amount of beneficial instruction: so clearly is it shewn, that a *gratuity,* or *what seems* to be one, is but lightly valued. The statesmen of Connecticut, convinced that the only method of rousing the people from their indifference, is to make them contribute something for the schools in their own immediate neighborhood, and so become solicitous to *get the worth of their money,* are meditating the adoption of a plan like that of New York.

Even in Europe, we may find admirable, nay wonderful examples, for our imitation.

* "The parties of Whig and Tory are those of nature. They exist in all countries, whether called by these names, or by those of Aristocrats and Democrats—*Côté droite* and *côté gauche*—Ultras and Radicals—Serviles and Liberals. The sickly, weakly, timid man, fears the people, and is a tory by nature. The healthy, strong, and bold, cherishes them, and is a whig by nature." *Jefferson.*

* Montesquieu, mentioning the adoption, by the Romans, of an improved *buckler* from a conquered nation, remarks, that the chief secret of Roman greatness was, *their renouncing any usage of their own, the moment they found a better one.* ["Ils ont toujours renoncé à leurs usages, sitot qu'ils en ont trouvé de meilleurs."] *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains—Chap.* 1.

PRUSSIA has a system, strikingly analogous to that of New York; and in some respects, superior to it. As in New York, the superintendence of popular education is entrusted to a distinct branch of the government; to a gradation of salaried officers, whose whole time is employed in regulating the courses of study, compiling or selecting books, examining teachers, and inspecting the schools. At suitable intervals, are schools expressly *for the instruction of teachers:* of which, in 1831, there existed thirty-three—supplying a stock of instructors, accomplished in all the various knowledge taught in the Prussian schools. In no country on earth—little as we might imagine it—is there probably so well taught a population as in Prussia. Witness the fact, that in 1831, out of 2,043,000 children in the kingdom, 2,021,000 regularly attended the common schools: leaving but 22,000 to be taught at their homes or in private academies.* France, in 1833, adopted the Prussian plan, with effects already visible in the habits and employments of her people; and similar systems have long existed in Germany, and even in Austria. The schools for training teachers (called, in France and Germany, *normal* schools) pervade all these countries.

In England, government has yet done little towards educating the common people: but Scotland has long† enjoyed *parish schools* equalled only by those of Prussia, Germany, and some of our own states, in creating a virtuous and intelligent yeomanry. Throughout Great Britain, voluntary associations for the diffusion of useful knowledge, in which are enrolled some of the most illustrious minds not only of the British empire but of this age, have been for years in active and salutary operation; and, by publishing cheap and simple tracts upon useful and entertaining subjects, and by sending over the country competent persons to deliver plain and popular lectures, illustrated by suitable apparatus, they have, as the North American Review expresses it, "poured floods of intellectual light upon the lower ranks of society."

From a comparison with no one of the eight American and European states that I have mentioned, can Virginia find, in what she has done towards enlightening her people, the slightest warrant for that pre-eminent self-esteem, which, in some other respects, she is so well entitled to indulge. Except England, she is far behind them all: and even England (if her Societies for diffusing knowledge have not already placed her before us) is now preparing, by wise and beneficent legislation, to lead away with the rest.

Let me not be deemed unfilial or irreverent, if I expose, somewhat freely, the deficiences of our venerable commonwealth in this one particular. It is done in a dutiful spirit, with a view purely to their amendment: and may not children, in such a spirit and with such a view, commune frankly with one another?

A great and obvious difference between our primary school system, and the *common*-school systems of the northern states, is, that *they* take in ALL children: while we aim to instruct only the children of the *poor; literary paupers.* We thus at once create two causes of failure: first, *the slight value which men set upon what costs them nothing,* as was evinced in the case of Connecticut; second, *the mortification to pride* (an honest though mistaken pride,) in being singled out as an object of charity.* As if these fatal errors had not sufficiently ensured the impotence of the scheme, the schools themselves are the least efficient that could be devised. Instead of teachers retained expressly for the purpose,—selected, after strict examination into their capacities, and vigilantly superintended afterwards, by competent judges—the poor children are *entered* by the neighboring commissioner (often himself entirely unqualified either to teach or to direct teaching,) in the private school which chance, or the teacher's unfitness for any other employment, combined always with cheapness of price, may have already established nearest at hand. There, the little *protegé* of the commonwealth is thrown amongst pupils, whose parents pay for them and give some heed to their progress; and having no friend to see that he is properly instructed—mortified by the humiliating name of *poor scholar*—neglected by the teacher—and not rigorously urged to school by any one—he learns nothing, slackens his attendance, and soon quits the temple of science in rooted disgust.

Observe now, I pray you, how precisely the results agree with what might have been foretold, of such a system. In 1833, nearly 33,000 *poor children* (literary paupers) were found in 100 counties of Virginia; of whom but 17,081 *attended school at all: and these* 17,081 *attended on an average, but* SIXTY-FIVE DAYS OF THE YEAR, EACH! The average of *learning* acquired by each, during those 65 days, would be a curious subject of contemplation: but I know of no arithmetical rule, by which it could be ascertained. That it bears a much less proportion to the *reasonable* attainments of a full scholastic year, than 65 bears to the number of days in that year, there can be no doubt.

Ranging, out of the schools, through the general walks of society, we find among our poorer classes, and not seldom in the middling, an ignorance equally deplorable and mortifying. Judging by the number met with in *business* transactions, who cannot write their names or read, and considering how many there are whose poverty or sex debars them from such transactions, and lessens their chances of scholarship; we should scarcely exceed the truth, in estimating the *white adults of Virginia who cannot read or write, at twenty or thirty thousand.*

* The enumeration in Prussia, is of children between 7 and 14 years of age; in New York, of those between 5 and 16. In Prussia, the sending of all children to school is ensured by legal penalties upon parents, guardians, and masters, who fail to send. New York approximates remarkably to the same result, by simply enlisting the *interest* of her people in their schools.

† Ever since 1646, except 36 years, embracing the tyrannical and worthless reigns of Charles II and James II.

* "What you say here, is verified" (said a venerable friend to me, on reading these sheets as they were preparing for the press—a friend who at the age of 72, has taken upon him to teach 12 or 14 boys; more than half of them without compensation—) "what you say here, is verified in my school. Those who do not pay, attend hardly half their time; and one, who is anxious to learn, and would learn if he came regularly, is kept by his father to work at home, and has not *been to school* now for more than a fortnight. And it was just so," continued he, "when I managed the W. trust fund for a charity school, 20 odd years ago. The parents could not be induced to send their children. Sometimes they were wanted at home: sometimes they were too ragged to go abroad: sometimes they had no victuals to carry to school. And when we offered to furnish them provisions if they would attend, the parents said 'no, *that* was being too dependent.' In short, the school produced not half the good it might have done. There was the most striking difference between the charity scholars, and those who paid." Similar testimony as to such schools may be obtained of hundreds.

And of many who can read, how contracted the range of intellect! The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, all unexplored, though presented hourly to the eye; the glorious heavens, their grandeur, their distances, and the laws of their motion, unthought of; man himself—his structure, so fearful and so wonderful!—those traits in his bodily and mental frame, attention to which would the most essentially conduce to bodily and mental health—all unnoted; History, Geography, *tabulæ rasæ* to them! And for political knowledge, upon which we of Virginia mainly pride ourselves—choose, at random, a man from the throng in any court-house yard, and question him touching the division of power between our two governments, and its distribution among the departments of each: the probabilities are ten to one, that he will not solve one in ten of your questions—even of those which are to be answered from the mere faces of the two constitutions. Take him then into that wild, where *construction* has been wont to expatiate, and you will find him just able to declare *for* or *against* this or that controverted power or measure: not because his reason has discerned it to be constitutional or otherwise, but because it is approved or disapproved by a chief of his own party, or by the leader of a hostile one. And the aggregate of opinions thus caught by accident, is the basis of the *popular will:* and it is the voice prompted by this will, that is called "*The voice of God!*"

Do not misapprehend me. Never would I have the voice of the people other than "the voice of God"—other than all-powerful—within its appropriate sphere. I am as loyal to their sovereignty as the most devout of their flatterers can be: and it is from my desire to see it perpetuated, that I speak out these unpalatable truths. Some roughness of handling is often necessary to heal a wound. The people, like other sovereigns, are sometimes misled by flattery: they should imitate also the wisdom of those monarchs we occasionally meet with in history, who can hear unwelcome truths, and let the speaker live; nay, hearken kindly to his discourse, and let it weigh upon their future conduct. Do I overrate the portion of the people I now address, in classing them with such monarchs?

Sagacious men have not been wanting among us, to see the radical defects of our primary school system: and in 1829, the late Mr. Fitzhugh* of Fairfax, stimulated the Legislature to a feeble effort towards correcting them, by *empowering* the school commissioners of any county to lay it off into districts of not less than three nor more than seven miles square; and to pay, out of the public fund, *two-fifths* of the sum requisite for building a school house, and half a teacher's salary, for any one of those districts, whenever its inhabitants, by *voluntary subscription*, should raise the residue necessary for these purposes: and the schools thus established were to be open, gratuitously, alike to rich and poor. But the *permissive* phraseology of this statute completely neutralized its effect. It might have been foreseen, and it *was* foreseen, that *empowering* the commissioners to act, and leaving the rest to *voluntary contributions*, would be unavailing, where the workings of the school system had so long been regarded with apathy. The statute has been acted upon, so far as I have learned, in but *three* counties of the State; remaining, as to the other 107, a dead letter. I have the strongest warrant—that of *actual experiment*, in New York and in Massachusetts—for saying, that had the law *commanded* the commissioners to lay off districts in all counties where the census shewed a sufficiently dense white population; and had it then organized in the districts some local authorities, whose *duty* it should be to levy the needful amount upon their people;—I should have been saved the ungracious task of reproaching my country with her want of parental care; and Virginia would now be striding onward, speedily to recover the ground she has lost in the career of true greatness.

If a sense of interest, and of duty, do not prompt her people, and her legislature, immediately, to supply defects so obvious, to correct evils so glaring; surely, very shame at the contemplation of her inferiority to those, above whom she once vaunted herself so highly, will induce measures which cannot be much longer deferred without disgrace as well as danger.

In addition to *normal schools* (for training teachers,) an able writer in the Edinburgh Review (to which* I owe the particulars of the Prussian, German, and French school systems) suggests, in my opinion very judiciously, the attaching of a Professorship to Colleges, for lecturing upon the *art of instruction;* to be called the professorship of *Didactics.* Such a chair, ably filled, would be invaluable for multiplying enlightened teachers, and for enhancing the dignity of that under-estimated pursuit. Conjointly with the normal schools, it would soon ensure an abundant supply of instructors for all the common schools.

*The kinds of knowledge* which should be studied in the schools, and diffused by books, tracts, and oral lectures, among the people, form an important topic of consideration. It is not for me, at least now and here, to obtrude an inventory of my favorite subjects, or favorite books: but the claims of a few subjects upon our regard are so overshadowing, as to make dissent scarcely possible, and their omission wholly unpardonable, in any extensive view of the connexion between *popular education*, and popular *government.*

Foremost of these, is the subject of Constitutional Law, and Political Right: something of which might be taught, even in childhood. If the children of Rome were obliged, at school, to lay up in memory the laws of the Twelve Tables, with all their ferocious absurdities; how much more should the children of our country learn those fundamental laws, which guarantee to them the noble inheritance of a rational and virtuous freedom! Even to very young minds, the structure and powers of our two governments may be rendered intelligible by familiar and impartial treatises, with clear oral explanations. The merit of impartiality in these political lessons, is illustrated by the odiousness of a departure from it, which startled me the other day, in reading the THIRTY-FIFTH EDITION of a popular and in other respects an excellent History of the United States,† de-

* William H. Fitzhugh—whose death cannot yet cease to be deplored as a public calamity; cutting short, as it did, a career, which his extraordinary means and his devoted will alike bade fair to make a career of distinguished usefulness.

* Nos. 116, 117—July and October, 1833—reviewing several works of *M. Cousin*, who went as commissioner from France, to explore and report upon the Prussian and German systems of public instruction.

† By Charles A. Goodrich. The abstract of the Constitution is

signed for schools; where that section* of the Federal Constitution which declares the powers of Congress, is presented thus: "The Congress of the United States shall have power to make and enforce *all laws which are necessary to* THE GENERAL WELFARE—AS to lay and collect taxes," &c.—going on to enumerate the specified powers, as *mere examples* of Congressional omnipotence! And the myriads of tender minds, which probably already owe all their knowledge of the Constitution to the abstract where this precious morsel of political doctrine occurs, can hardly fail to carry through life the impression, that the powers of Congress are virtually as unbounded as those of the British Parliament. Now, to make patriots, and not partisans—upholders of vital faith, not of sectarian doctrine--treatises for the political instruction of youth should quote the *letter* of every such controverted passage, with a brief and fair statement of the opinions and reasonings on both sides. The course of political study would be very incomplete, without the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address: and occasion might readily be found to correct or guard against some fallacies, afloat among mankind, and often mischievously used as axioms. "That the majority should govern," is an instance of them: a saying, which, by being taken unqualifiedly as at all times placing *the majority* above the Constitution and Laws, has repeatedly caused both to be outraged. Witness the "New Court Law" of Kentucky, in 1825; and a very similar act passed by Congress, in 1801. The prevalent opinions, that parties, and party spirit, are salutary in a republic; that every citizen is in duty bound to join one or the other party; and that he ought to *go with his party*, in all measures, whether they be intrinsically proper or otherwise; if not fallacies so monstrous as to make their currency wonderful, are at least propositions so questionable and so important, as to make them worthy of long and thorough investigation before they be adopted as truths.

Without expending a word upon that trite theme, the *utility of history* to all who have any concern in government, I may be allowed to remark, that works for historical instruction, instead of being filled with sieges and battles, should unfold, as much as possible, those occult and less imposing circumstances, which often so materially influence the destinies of nations: the well-timed flattery—the lap-dog saved—the favorite's intrigue—the priest's resentment or ambition—to which field marshals owe their rise, cabinets their dissolution, massacres their carnage, or empires their overthrow. Yet the reader need not be denied the glow he will experience at the story of Thermopylæ, Marathon, Leuctra, or Bunker Hill. All those incidents, too, whether grand or minute, which may serve as warnings or as encouragements to posterity, should be placed in bold relief, and their influence on the current of events, clearly displayed. Numberless opportunities will occur, for impressing upon the minds of young republicans, truths which deeply concern the responsibilities involved in that name: the artifices of demagogues—the danger, in a democracy, of *trusting* implicitly to the honesty and skill of public agents—the worthlessness of popularity, unless it be "the popularity which *follows*, not that which *is run after*"*—the importance of learning to resist the erring impulses of a misguided multitude, not less than the unrighteous mandates of a frowning tyrant†—the ease, so often exemplified, with which a people may be duped by the *forms* of freedom, long after the substance is gone—the incredible aptitude of *example* to become *precedent*, and of *precedent* to ripen into *law*, until usurpation is established upon the ruins of liberty--and the difference between *true* and *false* GREATNESS, so little appreciated by the mass of mankind. This last point could not be better illustrated, than by a fair comparison of Washington with Bonaparte: a task which Dr. Channing, of Boston, has executed, in an essay among the most elegant and powerful in the English or any other language.

To render *Political Economy* intelligible to a moderate capacity, dissertations sufficiently plain and full might easily be extracted from the writings of Smith and Say, and from the many luminous discussions, oral and written, which it has undergone in our own country. Miss Martineau has shewn how well its truths may be set forth in the captivating form of tales: and the writings of Mr. Condy Raguet teem with felicitous illustrations.

*Practical Morals*—I mean that department, which teaches, and *habituates* us, to behave justly and kindly to our fellow creatures—will ever be poorly taught by dry precepts and formal essays. No vehicle of moral instruction is comparable to the striking narrative. How is it possible for any school-boy to rob an orchard, after having read Miss Edgeworth's "Tarlton?"—or to practise unfairness in any bargain, when he has glowed at the integrity of Francisco, in purposely shewing the *bruised side* of his melon to a purchaser? or not to loathe party spirit, when he has been early imbued with the rational sentiments contained in the "Barring Out?" In short, to be familiar with the mass of that lady's incomparable writings for youth, and not have the principles and feelings of economy, industry, courage, honor, filial and fraternal love, engrained into his very soul? Or how can he fail to find, in "Sandford and Merton," for the daily occasions of life, the happiest lessons of duty and humanity, and for those great conjunctures which never occur in many a life time, the most resistless incentives to a more than Roman heroism?

Other branches of knowledge are desirable for the republican citizen, less from any peculiar appositeness to his character as such, than from their tendency to enlarge his mind; and especially because, by affording exhaustless stores of refined and innocent pleasure, they win him away from the haunts of sensuality. "I should not think the most exalted faculties a gift worthy of heaven," says Junius, "nor any assistance in their improvement a subject of gratitude to man, if I were not satisfied, that *to inform the understanding, corrects and enlarges the heart.*" Felix Neff, the Alpine pastor, whose ardent, untiring benevolence, ten years ago, wrought what the indolent would deem miracles, in diffusing knowledge, and a love of knowledge, amongst an untutored peasantry, found their indifference towards *foreign missions* immovable, until they had learned something of *geography:* but so soon as they had read the

taken, he says, from "Webster's Elements of General Knowledge."

* Article 1 § 8.

* Lord Mansfield.

† The "*ardor civium prava jubentium*," not less than the "*vultus instantis tyranni.*"

description of distant countries, and seen them upon the map, they conceived an interest in the people who dwelt there; and entered warmly into the scheme of beneficence, which before had solicited their attention in vain. "Their new acquirements," observes Neff, "enlarged their spirit, and made new creatures of them; seeming to triple their very existence." Geometry, he remarked, also "produced a happy moral development:" doubtless by the beauty of its unerring march to truth. Arithmetic it is superfluous to recommend: but its adjunct, Algebra, deserves cultivation as an exercise to the analyzing faculties; as an implement, indispensable to the prosecution of several other studies; and as opening a unique and curious field of knowledge to the view.

The *physical sciences*, shewing the composition and defects of soils, and the modes of remedying those defects—the natures and properties of minerals and vegetables—the modes in which different bodies affect each other—the mechanical powers—the structure of man's own frame, and the causes which benefit or injure it—the utility of these cannot escape any mind.

For *books*, and *tracts*, and *oral lectures for the people*, there will be no want of materials or models, or even of the actual fabrics themselves. The publications of the British and American Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge, are mines, in which selection, compilation, and imitation, may work with the richest results to this great cause. Many of these productions, and still more eminently, the scientific writings of Dr. Franklin, afford most happy specimens of the style, suited to treatises for popular use: no parade of learning; no long word, where a short will serve the turn; no Latin or Greek derivative, where an Anglo-Saxon is at hand; no technical term, where a popular one can be used. By presenting, in a form thus brief, simple, and attractive, subjects which in their accustomed guise of learned and costly quartos or octavos, frighten away the common gaze, as from a Gorgon upon which none might look, and live, you may insinuate them into every dwelling, and every mind: the school urchin may find them neither incomprehensible, nor wearisome; and the laboring man be detained from the tippling house, and even for an hour, after the day's toil is over, from his pillow, to snatch a few morsels from the banquet of instruction.

Many will cavil at the attempt to disseminate generally, so extended a round of knowledge: and if, to escape the charge of *impracticability*, we say, that our aim is to impart merely a slight and general acquaintance with the proposed subjects,—then, *sciolism*, and *smattering*, will be imputed to the plan; and Pope's clever lines, so often misapplied, about the *intoxicating effect of shallow draughts from the Pierian Spring*, will be quoted upon us. Come the objection in prose or in verse, it is entirely fallacious.

Learning, either superficial or profound, intoxicates with vanity, only when it is confined to a few. It is by seeing or fancying himself wiser than those around him, that the pedant is puffed up. But now, all the community, male and female, are proposed to be made partakers of knowledge; and cannot be vain, of what all equally possess. Besides—the sort of knowledge that naturally engenders conceit and leads to error, is the *partial* knowledge of *details;* not a comprehensive acquaintance with *outlines*, and *general principles*. A quack can use the lancet, and knows it to have been successfully employed for severe contusions and excessive heat; but does not know the *general* fact, that under extreme exhaustion, indicated by a suspended pulse, stimulants, and not depletives, are proper. Seeing a man just fallen from a scaffold, or exhausted with heat and fatigue in the harvest field—his pulse gone—the quack bleeds him, and the patient dies. Again—a lounger at judicial trials, having picked up a few legal doctrines and phrases—perhaps being master of a "Hening's Justice"—conceives himself a profound jurisprudent; and besides tiring the ears of all his acquaintance with technical pedantry, he persuades a credulous neighbor, or plunges himself, into a long, expensive, and ruinous law-suit. The worthy Mr. Saddletree, and Poor Peter Peebles,* are masterly pictures of such a personage: pictures, of which few experienced lawyers have not seen originals. The storm so lately (and perhaps even yet) impending from the north, and several other conspicuous ebullitions of fanaticism, are clearly traceable to the perversion of a text† in our Declaration of Independence and Bills of Rights, detached from its natural connexion with kindred and qualifying truths, by minds uninstructed in the *general principles* of civil and political right. The mind which has been accustomed only to a microscopic observation of one subject, or one set of subjects, is necessarily contracted, fanatical, and intolerant: as the wrinkled crone, who, during a long life, has never passed the hills environing her cabin, or heard of any land besides her own province, believes her native hamlet the choicest abode of wisdom and goodness, and its humble church the grandest specimen of architectural magnificence, in the world; and hears with incredulity or horror, of distant countries, containing mountains, rivers, climates, and cities, such as her thoughts never conceived, and people with complexions, customs, language, and religion, different from all that she has ever known. But the intellect, that has surveyed the outlines and observed the relations of many various subjects (even though not thoroughly familiar with any,) resembles the man who by travelling, or even on a map, has traced the boundaries and marked the relative positions of different countries. Knowing that *they exist*, and *are peopled*, he readily forms distinct ideas of their surfaces, and their moral traits: their mountains, rivers, and cities, their arts, commerce, manners, institutions, and wars, rise before his imagination, or are grasped by his knowledge: and whatever he hears, he is prepared rationally to credit or reject, to approve or censure, as it comports well or ill with probability and with reason. Now, to counteract the one, and to promote the other, of these two conditions of mind, are precisely what is proposed by the advocates of popular instruction. They propose to teach *outlines;* and carefully to impress the fact, that *only outlines are taught:* so as to shew the learner, plainly, the precise extent of his knowledge, and (what is yet more important) of his *ignorance*. It is thus, that, being not "proud that he hath learned so much," but rather "humble that he knows no more," vanity and self-conceit will be most certainly prevented:

* In "The Heart of Mid Lothian," and "Redgauntlet."

† "All men are created equal," &c. This principle is, in substance, asserted in the Bill of Rights or Constitution of almost every State in the Union.

that a wise doubt of his own infallibility will make him tolerant of dissent from his opinions: that he will be prepared at all times to extend his acquisitions easily and judiciously, and to connect them well with previous acquisitions—proving how truly Blackstone has said, in paraphrase of Cicero,* "the sciences are *social*, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other:" in short, that he will approach most nearly to that "healthful, well proportioned" expansion of intellect and liberality of character, which Locke† terms a *large, sound, roundabout sense.* In this point of view, it will be found that "a little learning is" *not* "a dangerous thing."

I am deeply sensible, that I have left untouched many topics, even more important and more pertinent to the main theme of my remarks, than some which I have discussed. Indeed, so wide and so varied is that main theme, that I have found myself greatly embarrassed in selecting from the numerous particulars which solicited my regard on every hand. I have not presumed to offer any fully rounded plan, of that legislative action which is so imperiously demanded by the public weal, and soon will be, I trust, by the public voice. A few hints, are all that seemed to become me, or indeed that could well be crowded into my brief share of this day's time. For a plan, both in outline and in detail, I point to our sister states and to the European countries, that have taken the lead of us: and to the virtues and wisdom, by which our statesmen will be able to supply the defects, avoid the errors, and even, I trust, surpass the excellences, of those states and countries. That the Legislature may be wrought up to act, individual influence, and the more powerful influence of associations for the purpose—of whom I deem you, gentlemen, the chief, because the first—must be exerted. You must draw the minds of the constituent body forcibly to the subject. It must be held up in every light; supported by every argument; until the people shall be persuaded but to *consider* it. Then, half the work will have been done. And in its further progress towards consummation—when the illuminating process shall have fairly begun—still it will be for you, gentlemen, and for those whom your example shall call into this field of usefulness with and after you, to exert, with no slumbering energy, the endowments wherewith you and they, are entrusted. You, and they, must become authors, and the prompters of authors. Books, for use in the schools, and cheap, simplifying tracts as well as books for circulation among the people, must be composed, compiled, and selected. Lectures, plain and cheap, and suitably illustrated, must be delivered through town and country. After the example of the good Watts, and of our own many illustrious contemporaries in Britain and America, learned men must oblige Science to lay aside the starched dignity and grand attire, by which hitherto she has awed away the vulgar; and to render herself universally amiable, by being humbly useful: as the wisest‡ of heathens is said to have "brought Philosophy down from the skies, placed her in human haunts, and made her discourse on the daily concerns of human life."

In this whole enterprise, its undertakers should resolve to be convinced by no sneers, daunted by no difficulties, arrested by no obstacles. Difficulties and obstacles enough, indeed, will present themselves to the timid or superficial glance; but they will vanish, before calm scrutiny and brave determination. Even where the means of solving or removing them may not occur before hand to the mind, what was lately said in a worse cause, will prove to be true: "Where there is a WILL, there is a WAY." In such a cause as ours, and in reference to the epithets of "visionary," "impracticable," "chimerical," "Quixotic," and all the other imaginary lions which will be discovered in our path, well may we say, with the generous confidence of Lord Chatham, that we "*trample upon impossibilities.*"

Has not our success, indeed, been already demonstrated? Demonstrated, in the first place, by unnumbered instances of parallel, and more stupendous enterprises, accomplished under circumstances less favorable than those which attend our undertaking? Such enterprises as the Reformation of Luther—the settlement of America—her deliverance from a foreign yoke—the teaching of the blind and the dumb* to read and to write? Demonstrated, again, by actual *experiment*, that sovereign test of practicability—experiment, seven times repeated, with extensive, if not complete success—in New York, in Connecticut, in Massachusetts, in Austria, in Germany, in Prussia, in Scotland? Yes—it is no untried path we are called to tread: scarcely a step of the way, but has been explored and smoothed before us. All that we have to do, is to look around—see what others have done—correct our own procedure by what we perceive defective in theirs—and forthwith open the floodgates of light, and bid the torrent pour.

Young gentlemen, foster-sons of the venerable institution near us! Some, if not all of you, are destined by your opportunities, and by bosoms glowing with honorable ambition, and beating high with the consciousness of talent, for a conspicuous part in the drama of life. Your eyes, doubtless, have already often glanced around, to see in what field you shall reap the harvest of wealth, respect, and fame, which hope represents as awaiting you. The buzz of notoriety, the palm of eloquence, the gorgeousness of office—those glittering bribes, which have lured onward their tens of thousands to mere splendid misery or to a shameful end after all—have, no doubt, displayed their attractions to you: but permit me to suggest, that if you will devote the powers with which nature and education have gifted you, to the patriot task of purifying and expanding the minds of your countrymen—besides enjoying in your latter days that sweetest of earthly thoughts, the thought of a life spent in usefulness—you may have gathered laurels of glory, compared with which, all the chaplets ever won in the tilt-yard of vulgar ambition are paltry weeds.

My wealthy fellow citizens! remember, that where

* ——"omnes artes, quae ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter sese continentur." *Orat. pro Arch. Poet.*

† Conduct of the Understanding.

‡ Socrates. "Primus ille Philosophiam devocavit e cœlo, et in urbibus collocavit, et in domus introduxit; et coegit de vita et moribus, rebusque bonis et malis quærere." *Cic. Tuscul. 5.*

* Dr. Johnson, after having witnessed the surprising performances of the pupils in a College for the deaf and dumb at Edinburgh in 1773, concluded that such a triumph over an infirmity apparently irremediable, left nothing hopeless to human resolution. "After having seen the deaf taught arithmetic," says he, "who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?" *Journey to the Western Islands.*

suffrage is nearly universal and the majority rules, if the great body of the people be ignorant or immoral, property is never secure from assaults, under the disguise of law: either agrarian schemes, or oppressive protecting systems, or advantages to certain classes, or some form of unequal taxation; all, the result of ill-informed minds, or of depraved dispositions. And if lawlessness assume not the garb of legislation, still it is always banded with ignorance in the firing of barns, the destruction of labor-saving machinery,* conspiracies to raise wages, and all the terrific outrages that spring from the fury of mobs. Thus, by a wise Providence, are you, who are the most *able* to promote the education of the people, also by far the most *interested* in doing so. If there can be a case, in which a judicious liberality is the truest economy, that case is now yours: and never may the *ill husbandry of niggardliness* be more awfully exemplified, than by your grudging a small particle of your wealth, to place the remainder beyond the reach of this peril.

My fellow citizens (if any such are before me) who do not possess wealth, and who have scarcely tasted of the cup of knowledge! You surely need no exhortation to quaff freely of that cup, when it shall come within your grasp: but I do exhort you to employ your influence as men, and your constitutional power as voters, in persuading your fellow citizens, and in prompting your public agents, to adopt the requisite measures for dispelling, now and forever, the clouds and darkness in which republican freedom can never long live.

And if, at the remotest point of future time, to which we may look forward as witnessing the existence of human government any where, our democratic forms shall still retain, unimpaired, even their present purity, and present fertility of substantial freedom and happiness; much more, if they shall have waxed purer, and stronger, and more fruitful of good, with each revolving century,—defying the power or conciliating the love of foreign states—maintaining domestic harmony—oppressing none, protecting all—and so fully realizing the fondest hopes of the most sanguine statesman, that no "despair of the republic" can trouble the faintest heart:—all will be owing (under Providence,) to the hearkening of this generation and the succeeding ones, to that voice—not loud, but solemn and earnest—which, from the shrine of Reason and the tombs of buried commonwealths, reiterates and enforces the momentous precept—"ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE!"

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## THE WISSAHICCON.

Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray. *Byron.*

It is probable there are but few individuals residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia, who have not heard, during some interval of business engagements, of Wissahiccon creek, a beautiful and romantic stream that falls into the no less romantic Schuylkill, about five miles above the city. The stream is visited, statedly, by but a small number of persons, but as it is neither found on any map, nor marked in any gazetteer that I have ever examined, there may be some apology afforded for the indifference to magnificent scenery, manifested by hundreds and thousands of our citizens, who, though domiciled in its immediate vicinity, have never deemed it worthy of a visit. So true it is, that there is a proneness in human nature to undervalue the gifts of Providence which are placed within our reach, and to admire and covet those which are located at a distance. Were a fatiguing journey of several hundred miles necessary, in order to enjoy a ramble along the banks of the Wissahiccon, we should then, without doubt, view its placid waters, its sluggish, meandering course, its richly covered banks, and its imposing precipices, with the admiration and enthusiasm which scenes of this character never fail to inspire in the minds of those who passionately love the untouched works of the hand of nature. But the delightful little stream courses along within a few miles of our doors, and a ride to its most picturesque views, is but an hour's excursion; hence, except to a few, whose researches have discovered, and whose good taste enabled them to appreciate, the beauty, sublimity and majesty of this stream, it is almost unknown.

But there are persons who have not been thus negligent of nature's treasures in this vicinity, and to these a visit to the fascinating Wissahiccon, calls up remembrances and associations of the most delightful character. To those who enjoy Nature in her majesty—free, uncontrolled, undespoiled of her beauty by the effacing efforts of human skill—there is no spot, within a circle of many miles, so rich in imagery, so imposing in appearance, so fascinating in attraction, as the banks of the Wissahiccon. The stream takes its rise from several springs in the upper part of Montgomery county, and flows, for a short distance, through a limestone country, remarkable for fertility and a high state of cultivation. Thence it passes, south-westernly, "a sweet smiling stream sleeping on the green sward," into more undulating land, until it reaches the Chesnut ridge, from which it progresses, at times indolently, and at times with an impetuous current, through a narrow valley, hedged in on either side by high hills, steep and craggy cliffs and precipitous mountains, until it strikes the Schuylkill, about a mile above the falls. Along its whole course the scenery of the Wissahiccon is beautiful, but it is the portion lying within six or eight miles of its mouth, that is generally regarded as the most attractive, as it exhibits, in bolder relief than any other portion, the peculiar sublimity and grandeur of the stream, and the imposing and majestic ledge of rock work through which it passes. It is along this distance that I have been accustomed to ramble during leisure moments, for years, and it is under the shade of the forests of brilliant hue that line its banks, that I have often reclined, and enjoyed, undisturbed, the sweet melody of nature, issuing from the bursting green foliage around me. I love nature with enthusiasm, and whether standing on the bank of a running stream and listening to the sweet gushing sound of its waters, or seated on an eminence overlooking the waving fields of golden fruit that bless the labor of the husbandman; whether enchanted by the Siren song of nature's minstrels in the spring, or watching the many-colored leaves of the for-

* No one can have forgotten the ravages committed, a year or two since, by the ignorant poor of Kent, and some others of the southern and middle counties of England, chiefly under the delusive idea, that their sufferings were caused by labor-saving machinery.

est, as they are borne through the air by the whistling winds of autumn—there is, in the scene before me, absorbing attraction, calling forth reflections which never fail to mellow down the selfish and unkind feelings of the heart, and to shed a peaceful, consoling, and happy influence—all-pervading and lasting in its impressions—over the heart.

The wild and majestic are, however, the scenes to which I am most strongly attached, and which invariably elicit, to a greater extent than those of a softer character, passionate emotions of wonder and admiration. I love to stand at the base of a mountain whose summit reaches the clouds, and to clamber among rocks and under precipices whose projecting cliffs threaten destruction to the hardy adventurer—I love to explore the dense forests of our bold and beautiful hills, and to bury myself in the hidden recesses of nature, where the foot of man has never trod, where the sound of civilization has never been heard—I love to stand at the foot of Niagara, and watch the mighty torrent of a mighty inland sea hurling its concentrated power into the gulph below, and to gaze deep, deep, into that awful abyss—unfathomable, destructive, appalling—I love to see the elements at war, to hear the rush of the tornado and whirlwind, laying prostrate in their furious course every impediment to their destructive progress, and to witness the fall of the powerful oak and the whirlings of its cleft branches in the sea of matter above, crushing and overwhelming the most formidable obstacles of art. These are scenes in which the spirit of the enthusiast revels, and they are scenes which strike the soul with awe, speaking trumpet-tongued of the presence of an Almighty power, of the omnipotence of his authority, of the insignificance of human effort, and the frailty of human life.

The scenery near the mouth of the Wissahiccon is of a wild, romantic, and imposing character, beautiful in its ever-varying aspect, and interesting in its mystic associations. High hills, occasionally assuming the appearance of mountains, rise on either side, covered with a dense and beautifully-variegated foliage. The dogwood, with its beautiful flowers, the chesnut, the locust, the melancholy willow, the sumac, the gum, with its vermillion leaves, and the gloomy hemlock, flourish here in all their native grandeur; and the lofty oak, the father of the forest, stretches out his thickly-covered branches to afford shade and shelter to the weary pedestrian. Wild flowers, in great number and varieties, rivalling each other in loveliness, are found in the underwood, giving effect to the drapery of the verdant trees, by enlivening the dark hues of the thickly-growing and overshadowed forest. Some of these flowers and plants are of rare quality and surpassing beauty, and far eclipse in attraction many that are cultivated with care and pride in our gardens; but here they spring up, year after year, in silence and solitude, being literally

> "——— Born to blush unseen,
> And waste their fragrance on the desert air."

In the valley of the stream, along the eastern side of which, for a mile or two, a convenient road has been chisseled and scooped out of the sides of the stony hill, the vision is completely obstructed by the imposing banks, and hills rising above hills, on either shore; and but for the unpoetic noise of a laboring mill, and the span of a rude bridge which crosses to a small cavern or cleft in the rocky slope, there would be nothing to betray the presence of man, or to mark the contiguity of human enterprise. Alas! that not one spot—not even the glorious Wissahiccon—bearing the undoubted impress of the hand of the God of nature, can escape the desolating depredations and officious interference of the onward march of civilization.

The carriage road commencing at the mouth of the Wissahiccon, crosses the stream on a covered bridge, about a mile and a half above, winds up a hill of considerable elevation, and passes over to the ridge. From the covered bridge access along the creek is obtained by means of a foot path, on the western side, which is marked through the forest, over crags and cliffs, rugged rocks and rooted trees, until it reaches a beautiful green lawn, a little parlor in the wilderness, celebrated as the resort of occasional pic-nic parties of young ladies and gentlemen from the city, and where, on the grassy floor, youth and beauty have often mingled in the graceful dance, and joined in the merry song of innocence and gay hilarity. It is a sweet spot, and surrounded, as it is, by scenery of the wildest and most romantic character, may very appropriately be designated the "oasis of the Wissahiccon." Near this place, immediately on the water's edge, the ruins of an antiquated stone building are discovered, scattered over the ground, and as no trace of the original appearance of the edifice can be found, the imagination is permitted to enjoy free scope in dwelling upon the character and pursuits of its ancient founders. On the opposite side, the banks rise up, in many places almost perpendicularly, to the height of mountains, and but few have the temerity to attempt a passage along the course of the stream, as a single false step might hurl them among the dangerous rocks and jutting cliffs below. Here, as well as on the western side, several clefts and caverns in the granite rocks may be found, but it does not appear that they extend to any great depth under the massive structure; and here, upon the edge of a hill, may be seen the point at which it was sometime since proposed to throw a bridge over the stream, to carry across the rail road from Philadelphia to Norristown. The projectors of the scheme reached thus far in their onward progress, but in casting a glance over the precipice into the gulph below, were struck with dismay at the formidable obstacles which appeared, and prudently abandoned the hazardous and wildly-conceived undertaking.

Near Garsed's flax mill, the foot-path crosses to the eastern shore of the stream, on a rude log chained to an adjacent stone, and passes up through a forest overhanging the sluggish waters, and through a thick underwood, which, in some places, is almost impenetrable. Occasional openings in the dense foliage, which become more frequent as the pedestrian progresses up the stream, afford highly picturesque and enchanting views of the surrounding hills, such as those who appreciate Nature in her majesty, would journey miles upon miles, and endure pain and fatigue without murmuring, to behold. In every direction the scenes unfolded to the eye are rich and enchanting beyond description, and remind the writer who associates therewith ideas of intellectual pleasure and enjoyment, of the beautiful lines of the poet:

"Dear solitary groves, where peace doth dwell!
Sweet harbors of pure love and innocence!
How willingly could I forever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
List'ning unto the harmony of birds,
Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the stream."

One of the most interesting spots on the Wissahiccon, is in the immediate vicinity of the great perpendicular rock of granite, opposite Rittenhouse's mill. Here the dark shadows of the hill fall, with beautiful effect, upon the gurgling stream, and the rich and deep woodland foliage, the tangled and fragrant shrubbery, the towering cliffs on the one side, and imposing hills and dales on the other, give to the place a charm and fascination, which the reflecting mind may enjoy, but of which it is impossible to convey with the pen, any accurate description. It was near this enchanting place, on the sun side of a high hill, as is currently believed, that Kelpius and his friend, scholars of Germany, located themselves about the close of the seventeenth century, and where for years they dwelt in quiet and religious meditation, awaiting, with anxious prayer, the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness," and where they died, as we now know, "without the sight." It was here, that, at a period long anterior to the arrival of Kelpius, the untamed monarch of these wilds came to enjoy the rich treasures of nature, and to worship, in silence, the goodness and bounty of the Great Spirit. It was here, perhaps, on the summit of this very hill, that the original owners of the soil convened for the war dance and to make preparations for a furious and bloody contest; or mayhap it was here that the chiefs of different tribes assembled to bury the hatchet of war, and to smoke the calumet of amity and peace. Perhaps it was here that the noble young warrior, flushed with the honors of victory, stole silently at the midnight hour, to breathe his tale of love and his vows of devotion, into the ear of his blushing and affianced bride; and surely no spot can be found, in the whole range of our wide-spread territory, so suitable for scenes of this character. Here is the abode of romance, here the spirit of nature holds undisputed sway—and here, among these rugged rocks, and in this dense foliage—by the side of this poetic stream, with its associations of woody heights and shady dells, it is fitting that pure and holy vows of love should be uttered, where Heaven, in every leaf of the forest, in every blade of grass, may be called upon to bear witness to their sincerity and truth.

But the Wissahiccon has fallen into other hands. The untutored savage no longer strolls over these silent mountains and vales, for his abode has been removed far away, beyond the western waters. The bones of his warrior fathers lie bleached and neglected in the depths of the valley, for the high-bounding spirit of the son is tamed, by the contaminating influence of his civilized brethren. The active deer no longer bounds over the hills and dales of the Wissahiccon, for he has been driven to more sequestered abodes. The stream is, however, much the same—its placid waters are still beautiful as mirrors—its shores are still romantic—its groves are still enchanting—and so may they ever remain, undisturbed, untouched by the dilapidating hand of man! The place should ever be reserved as a refreshing retreat, where the soul may be uplifted in devotion, and the heart gladdened in sweet contemplation—where no sound shall be heard but the notes of melody and joy, in delightful unison with the tones of the murmuring rill.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd."

Two or three miles above the perpendicular rock, on the eastern shore of the stream, and in a spot equally beautiful and romantic, stands an edifice of great antiquity, connected with which there are a number of interesting associations. It is built nearly on the summit of a slope that stretches into a ravine, walled in on three sides by elevated hills, thickly covered with foliage. The building is of stone, three stories high, with numerous windows, four to each chamber, of uniform size, and appearance; sixty years ago there was a balcony around the second story, and the old-fashioned eaves, plastered in semi-circular form, still to be seen, exhibit the architectural taste and style of a past century. The date of its erection is supposed to be the year 1706, and its founders a society of religious Germans, probably known as *Pietists* or *Seven day Baptists*, who no doubt selected this secluded situation in order to secure peace and quietness in their religious devotions. Many of the aged inhabitants of the neighborhood remember this monastery, as a building of unchanged appearance, even from the days of their boyhood, and some have connected therewith curious traditions of romance and legends of mystic tale. Notwithstanding the edifice has lately undergone a thorough alteration, and is now the permanent residence of a highly respectable and very intelligent family, it still bears the reputation of being visited by spirits.

The fact of this building having been occupied as a monastery, by a brotherhood of Germans, is, however, involved in doubt. One tradition alleges, that it was tenanted for sometime, by a fraternity of Capuchins, or White Friars, who took upon themselves vows of abstinence and poverty, and who slept upon wooden or stone pillows, with places scolloped out for the head. In confirmation of this tradition, an ancient burial place near the premises, now under tillage, is pointed out, where repose the remains of many of the brotherhood. Another and more probable story is, that the building was actually erected for a religious society, professing a faith similar to that of the Seven day Baptists at Ephrata, near Lancaster, but never occupied, as those for whom it was designed deemed it expedient to leave the neighborhood, and join the settlement at Ephrata. The Chronica Ephrata expressly states that, previous to the formation of that community, in May, 1733, they had dwelt in separate places as hermits, and "the hermits of the ridge" are frequently mentioned. That there was a feeling of affection between these hermits and the brotherhood in Ephrata, is beyond all doubt, as the Chronica, in another place, speaks of some brothers of single devotedness at Roxborough, "who subsequently fell in with the spirit of the world and married."

Kelpius, probably the first of the hermits, on the Wissahiccon, died in the year 1708. He was succeeded by

Seelig, who survived him many years, and who was contemporary with Conrad Matthias, another recluse, whose cave was near the Schuylkill. Tradition speaks of these Germans as being men of undoubted piety and great learning. Kelpius wrote several languages, and his journal, in Latin, is now in the possession of a distinguished antiquarian of Philadelphia. He waited the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness,"—the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," spoken of in the scriptures, as having "fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." (Rev. xii.) We may wonder that such a man as Kelpius should labor under a delusion of this character, but those who will visit the spot he selected for his "prayerful waiting," will agree with me in opinion that it was singularly well chosen to harmonize with and foster his eccentric views, and romantic religious expectations.

There is another interesting legend, connected with the monastery on the Wissahiccon, which I feel inclined to allude to, if I may do so without being held responsible for its veracity. It is a tale of unhappy love, and relates to a young, beautiful, and accomplished French lady, who followed her lover to the Indian wars, who fought in disguise by his side, and who closed his eyes when he fell at her feet, mortally wounded. Being subsequently admitted, for temporary shelter, into the monastery, she passed a year or two in unavailing grief, and died, heart-broken at the loss of all she held near and dear on earth. The particulars of the melancholy fate of the beautiful Louisa I may hereafter unfold to the reader, but I beg my young friends who may discover the mound which covers her remains at the foot of a weeping willow, washed by the gurgling stream, to shed a tear to the memory of one whose beauty and virtues deserved a happier fate.

I have thus attempted to give a sketch of the ever-delightful Wissahiccon, and to cast a hasty glance at a few of the prominent incidents with which it was once associated. If I have failed to excite interest in the mind of the reader, let him not hesitate to attribute the circumstance to the feeble powers of the writer, rather than to the poverty of the subject to which his attention has been called. Beautiful and magnificent beyond comparison are the picturesque views of this romantic stream, and for ages to come may its crystal waters continue to course through the valley, affording peaceful enjoyment to the pedestrian on its banks, and unqualified delight to those who may ramble through its attractive forests.

*Philadelphia, October* 1835.

## LE BRUN.

Le Brun, a Jesuit, wrote what he called a Christian Virgil, and a Christian Ovid. The Virgil consists, of Eclogues, Georgics, and an Epic of twelve books, all however on devotional subjects. The Ovid is in the same taste. The Epistles are pious ones—the Fasti are the six days of the Creation—the Elegies are the Lamentations of Jeremiah—the Art of Love is a poem on The Love of God, and the history of some Conversions supplies the place of the Metamorphoses.

## MEMORY.

Oh! why should Memory love to dwell
On pleasures which can come no more?
And why should Fancy's magic spell
So brightly gild each scene of yore?

Ev'n Hope's delusive, glittering beam
May cease to shed its cheering light;
And, dull and cold, Time's onward stream
May flow before the aching sight.

But Memory, like a fairy dream,
Still haunts the pensive view,
And, like mild Evening's lingering beam,
Clothes fading scenes in loveliest hue.

The Past, with all its glittering train
Of joys, so sweet, so quickly fled,
At Memory's touch returns again,
To cheer the heart whose hopes are dead.

Fond Retrospection lingers near
Each scene of bliss which could not last,
And links again that chain so dear,
Which Memory flings around the past.

Hopes, Friendships, *Loves*—a seraph band—
Which Time's cold blast had rudely torn,
As Memory waves her magic wand,
With more than former bliss return.

They come, like Music's distant breath,
So soft, so sweet their whisperings are—
And fadeless is that lovely wreath
With which they bind the brow of care.

Oh! Memory's joys will *always* last—
No cloud can dim their brilliant ray;
Still bright and brighter glows the Past,
As Hope's sweet visions fade away.

## THE CITY.

The City—the City—its glare and din—
Oh! my soul is sick of its sights and shows,
My spirit is cramp'd, and my soul pent in—
I can scarcely think, and it seems to me
My very breathing is not so free,
As where the breeze in its freedom blows,
And the vines untrammel'd but seem to be
Disporting to tell of their liberty.
There, *there* I'd be—Oh! my spirit pines
For the rivers, the trees, and the forest vines.

From the crowded streets, and the jostling throng,
And garish glitter, and vain parade—
My native woods! how I long, I long
To bury me in thy wilds again;
Then Art, and Fashion, and Form, oh! then
I'll eschew ye all in my wild-wood shade.
Like an uncaged bird, I shall scarcely know
Which way to bend me, or whither to go;
Yet I think my spirit would grateful rise
Unto God, who dwells in the clear blue skies.

*Columbia, S. C.*

## MACEDOINE:

BY THE AUTHOR OF OTHER THINGS.

### I.

"I tell it as 'twas whispered unto me,
By a strange voice not of this world I ween."

The Baron has gone to a distant land
Beyond the far wave the sun sets on;
Last eve but one he kissed his hand
To his lady, the lovely Marion,
As he urged his proud courser along the plain
That leads to the sea, from his wide domain,
In the van of a gallant vassal train.

In sooth, her lord is a noble knight
As e'er couched lance in tourney or fight—
But yet the lady loved him not,
And heaven ne'er blest their lonely lot.
"No little voices, no fairy footfalls
Broke the deep hush of their silent halls;"
For Coldness hung over their bridal couch,
And chilled their hearts with his icy touch.
The lady scarce smiled when her lord was nigh—
And when she did, her pensive eye
Had somewhat in its look the while
Which seemed to chide the moment's guile,
And check the mimic play of mirth
To which the lip alone gave birth.
Like light that sports on frozen streams
That warm not in its wintry beams,
Is the smile of the lip that would fain seem glad—
Albeit the heart is gloomy and sad.

* * * * *

I watched the lady from afar,
As she sat in the western balcony—
Oh! none more beautiful could be;
The sun had sunk upon the sea,
And twilight came with the evening star.

The lady leaned o'er the balustrade,—
I ween 'twas not the voice of the breeze
That came from the grove of orange trees;
For the lady started as half afraid,
And her cheek turned pale, then flushed blood-red,
As the voice of lips invisible said:
"Meet me to-night by the bastioned wall,
When the midnight moon looks over the sea—
When the mermaid sleeps in her ocean hall,
And the world seems made but for you and me."

* * * * *

'Twas a lovely night—the moonlit sea
Was smooth and fair as beauty's brow;
And down in the coral caves below,
Where white pearls lie, and seaflowers grow,
The mermaid was dreaming quietly.
And lo! a knight and a lady fair
Stood in the shade of the bastioned wall:
I watched them as they lingered there—
Oh! they were to each other all
In the wide, wide world their hearts held dear;
He clasped her trembling to his breast,
And kissed from her lids the glittering tear.
She sighed, and pointed to the west,
And again her tears flowed unrepress;

* * * * *
* * * * *

### II.

### SONG.

Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.
Let him drink——and remember his misery no more.
*Proverbs—Chap.* xxxi. 6 *and* 7.

This is a dark and dreary world
To which we're vainly clinging—
We spurn at life, yet dread the fate
Each hour is nearer bringing.
It is not love—it is not hope,
That binds us to our sorrow—
But wild vague fears—a shrinking dread
Of an unearthly morrow:
Then wreath the bowl, and pour the wine—
A truce to sober thinking—
And pledge the joy that lingers yet—
The deep, deep joy of drinking.

Oh! 'tis a dark and fearful curse
Hangs o'er this brief existence—
The knowledge of a fixed doom
That mocks our poor resistance.
In vain the path is strewed with flowers,
The truth will ne'er forsake us—
A grisly demon dogs our steps,
And must at last o'ertake us:
Then wreath the bowl, and pour the wine—
Avaunt all idle thinking—
And pledge the joy that yet remains—
The deep, deep joy of drinking.

—

### III.

### RUINS.

Ye grey and mouldering walls!—ye ivied towers!
From whence the midnight-loving bird doth pour
Her dreary note upon the solemn hour!
Ye dim arcades!—ye fancy-haunted bowers!
Ruined—but how majestic in decay!
I love thee well; and gazing thus on thee
In twilight solitude, it seems to me
A spirit voice comes stealing up this way—
The voice of vanished years—and many a tale
It tells my musing mind of gallant lords
And ladies gay—of moonlight-whispered words,
And deeds of high renown—of crimes that pale
The cheek to dream—and the malignant scowl
Of evil eyes beneath the monkish cowl.

—

### IV.

### SONNET.

Oh! I could almost weep to think that thou
Whom heaven hath moulded in a form as fair
As fancy pictures those of upper air,
Shouldst thus belie the promise of that brow
Where truth seems to repose, pure as its snow.
Alas! that treachery should lurk beneath
Such smiles!—a hidden serpent in a wreath
Of Eden flowers!—what art thou, wouldst thou know?
In all thy pride of charms?—A living tomb
Of buried hopes—the grave of ruined hearts
Which trusted, loved thee,—dreaming not that arts
Which taught the soul excess of bliss, would doom
The worshipper to—no! not Death, but worse—
And yet thou art too fair a thing to curse.

## LIONEL GRANBY.

### CHAP. VI.

"The letters are original, though sometimes in bad taste, and generally verbose." *Edinburgh Review.*

I had not been a long time at College before I received a large packet from home, enclosing a number of letters from my uncle, Frederick, and Lucy. One of them was folded in an odd fashion—directed in a stiff and inky hand, and surmounted with a mass of red sealing wax, on which was rudely impressed the ragged outline of the Granby arms. This was one of my uncle's pedantic, prolix, advisory, and generous epistles, and I was soon placed in possession of the following neatly written sentences.

*Chalgrave, ———.*

*My Dear Boy:*—When Erasmus visited Sir Thomas More, that obstinate sophist, and that martyr to a scolding wife, (how nobly he bore her!) he said that he could always write a pleasing letter when his hand was the secretary of his heart. *En passant*, Erasmus made a gallant speech on this memorable visit. In admiring the kind fashion of saluting females with a kiss, on your arrival or departure from an entertainment, he said, and that philosophically, that this habit preserved health, in calling a constant and blushing glow to the cheek, and that in his moments of sickness he could wish no happier situation than to be placed near an English nunnery, where if he could not be kissed for charity he might yet live in hopes of it. Now my hand is the obedient secretary, and my heart is anxious to dictate its duties. How true, yet how simple is this conceit! and how far superior to the monkish verbosity, and strangled sentiment of those bad novels which you read merely because they are new. The heart is the *écritoire* of the letter writer, and have you never paused with feelings of admiration and delight over the affectionate and eloquent letters of a woman? She writes from the heart, and pours out the swelling torrent of all her thoughts and feelings. Man thinks *what* to write, and will fritter away feeling and sacrifice nature in the struggle for easy periods and mellifluous cadences. It is not learning that shadows with tints of tenderness the beautiful letters of Tully—nor is it philosophy which lends that nameless grace, and elastic interest, to the epistles of Pliny. 'Tis nature whose affections, like the rainbow, beautify and hallow the roughness of every spot over which it spans its creative arch. A letter, says Tully, cannot blush, "*epistola enim non erubescit*," if it could, it would never have this characteristic when I addressed it to you. I cannot write aught that will suffuse either your cheek or mine, though I might whisper something about your fair cousin, Isa Gordon. You love her, Lionel? and she may return your affection, but you must owe it to your distinction. Isa is no sickly and prurient-hearted girl who can solely love the person, for she demands the intellectual man, and in the hymeneal chaplet which is to adorn her brow, the laurel must twine its emblematic vanities. Let this hope excite you to study—let this holy object imp your eagle wing, for on every page of your books you must see her name urging and stimulating the slumbering energies of your ambition. I would not have you free from love, nor untouched, as Spenser calls it, by its pensive discontent, for no young man can prosper without its stirring and startling excitements. I myself, "*vixi puellis idoneus*," and I know that it softens the asperities of temper—gentles the turbulence of youth—breaks down the outworks of vice, and detracts no more from the firmness of mind than the polish of the diamond does from its solidity. You may read philosophy and think of woman—dwell on poetry and find your taste expanding into delicacy and elevation by dreaming of her gentleness, and I suppose that even in the crabbed study of the law, you may find her image peeping over black letter, or smiling through yellow parchment. When I was at college poor Ridon whom Johnstone shot, ('twas a fair duel) being in love, translated most of that portion of Coke upon Littleton which relates to females, into poetry of all styles, and measures. Only think of his drawing poetical conceits from this dull book, and scattering them on the margin of the leaden volume, like so many flowers prodigally thrown into a grave-yard! I have this rare copy, and in a page blotted with notes, references, and *quæres*, these crippled lines, have stumbled themselves into the text.

"*Tenant per la curtesie d'Englettere.*"
Chap. iv. sect. 35.

A feme that has lands
Enters Hymen's bands,
And has heirs in the nuptial tye;
Then those lands shall descend,
When her life's at an end,
To her Lord in curtesy.

This species of poetry was all that he ever wrote, and he was wont to say, that he thought it was his duty to the sex, to use the language of rhyme, and thus make the law respectful.

I do not know how to advise you about the study of law. I once looked into it, and though it may be a garden teeming with the elegancies of Pœstum, I could not bear that rough dragon of pedantry, Coke, who guarded its threshold. It is a sort of hustle-cap game, between judges and lawyers, and a perilous mystery wherein common sense cannot trust itself, without that peculiar and dogged impudence, which bears all the vulgarity, without the courage, of effrontery. Now there is philosophy in every thing, and if you will acquire decent effrontery I will call it, for your sake, dignity and learning; and I will even believe that it requires some mind to understand a plain statute, and some genius to pervert it. Yet I cannot look with a sarcastic eye on the hallowed relics of the legal institutions of antiquity. Go back, my dear boy, to the redundant fountains of ancient literature—and you will find that Plato and Tully, have long ago, looked up for the pure seat of law only to the bosom of God, and that the Norman gibberish and dog-latin, which were quoted to burn witches and sustain kings, though they may make you a lawyer skilled in precedents, can never make you the scourge of knavery, the fearless champion of innocence, nor the enlightened advocate of your country's rights. Old Sir Roger L'Estrange wrote a mournful valedictory, when he left the riots and Apician nights of the Inns for the labors and stolid gravity of the bar, and, amid many sarcasms on the profession, he has thus happily sketched the character of an honest lawyer.

"He can prosecute a suit in equity without seeking to create a whirlpool where one order shall beget another,

and the poor client be swung around (like a cat before execution,) from decree to rehearing—from report to exception, and *vice versâ*, till his fortunes are shipwrecked, and himself drowned, for want of white and yellow earth to wade through on. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely; casting him into a swoon with frights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the brangle alive, as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. He can suffer his neighbors to live quiet about him without perpetual alarms of actions and indictments, or conjuring up dormant titles to every commodious seat, and making land fall five years purchase, merely for lying within ten miles of him."

Devote most of your leisure hours to the study of Virginian antiquities, for it is a noble field, and one which glows into beauty beneath cultivation. Williamsburg itself is a hoary and whitened monument of ancient pomp and power, and there still dwells around it the trembling twilight of former greatness. There is something distinctive, learned, and patriotic, in the character of a home antiquary, which will lift you far above the little pedants, who have dipped the wing in Kennet, or tasted of the shallow learning of Athenian Stuart. Do you not remember the indignant, yet pathetic lines which Warton wrote in a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon, and the spirited scorn with which he repels the sneers of ignorance and dulness? The antiquary is neither a visionary, nor an enthusiast, for his pursuits teach the holiest love of country, and call into action the softest and gentlest affections of the human heart, while his guileless life occasionally shines forth with the chastened light of virtue and learning. Virginia is a land whose thrilling history beggars all romance—every fragment of which, like a broken vase, will multiply perfume. Who knows aught of that gallant band, who so fearfully revenged the massacre of 1622?—the bold patriots who resisted the illegal restrictions on trade—the intrepid spirits who, led by Bacon, anticipated by a century our national æra, or that chivalric corps, who, under Vernon, rotted on the pestilential shores of Carthagena? Who dwells with the patriot's pride, on that unconquerable strength of infant freedom which made historic Beverley the Hampden of the colony? Or who troubles himself to inquire into the blood-stained life of that Westmoreland Parke, who siezed the throne of Antigua, and who died in the last dyke of a bootless though fiercely fought field? Who cares to remember the enlightened and learned botanist Clayton, whose modest book, written in the purest Latin, gained for himself and country, a once proud though now forgotten fame? And who will believe that the wise, pious, and eloquent Bishop Porteus was born, and gambolled away his boyhood on the sunny shores of the majestic York-river? They are all forgotten! and we neglect the vivid and truthful romance of our own beautiful land, to learn the nursery tales of fickle Greece, and factious Rome. In the shifting of the social scene, naught has been left to remind us of the busy drama once acted in Virginia, and even garrulous tradition now doubts its existence, while our feet hourly trample on the sepulchered silence of all that once adorned, dignified, and elevated human nature.

I do not wish to give you a learned essay on books, nor to advise you what authors to read. Your taste is now matured, and that faculty will see that justice is done to its delicacy. The great object of study is to teach us *how*, and not *what* to think; and the principal art of authorship is the power of pilfering with judgment from the ruins of ancient lore. But trust not to this poor and suspicious honor. Rely for success on the daring emprise of your own genius, and should it fail to lift you from the earth, descend not to the dunghill of pedantry. Be a poet for the women—a historian for the men—and a scholar for your own happiness. Confirm your taste by satiating memory with the beauties of the Spectator, and let Horace hourly talk you into the dignity and elegance of the sensible gentleman. Be accurate, rather than extensive, in your knowledge of history, and a recollection of dates will give you victory in every contest. Learn the technicalities of geometry; for this will satisfy the groping mathematician, while the world will take your pedantry for wisdom, and your crabbed words for learning. There has been, and ever will be, an everlasting conflict between the radiant course of genius, and the mole-hill track of diagrams and problems. Strength of mind is claimed as the attribute of mathematical study, while we forget that any other study, pursued with the same strictness of attention, will equally fashion the mind into system and method, while it will be free from the slavish obedience and indurated dulness, which result from the memory of lines and proportions.

You know, my dear boy, my notions concerning your dress. Express nothing in fancy; and without being the Alpha or Omega of fashion, be neither fop nor sloven, and dress for the effect of general and not particular dignity, and never wear a striped cravat. Do not ape eccentricity of manner and opinion, and take the world in a laughing and good humored mood. I detest a beardless Cato, for I never knew one of them, who could stand fire. Talk to women about every thing but prudence and propriety, and they will think you as wise as you are well bred; for they cannot bear the restraint of advice, or the judgment of criticism. Tasso makes his heroine taunt Rinaldo with gravity and sedateness, and when she calls him a "Zenocrates in love" the volume of her eloquence exhibits the bitterest venom of female invective.

Chalgrave is now still, solitary, and deserted; and were it not for Lucy's cheerful voice, I should look on myself as a living tomb. Your pup Gildippe tore off the cover of my Elzevir Horace, an offence deserving a halter, yet she is pardoned for your sake. Tell me not of Sir Isaac Newton's diamond, for he never destroyed a jewel so rare, and so highly prized—ask Col. H. if a colt is best broken in a snaffle-bit—and tell him 'tis downright superstition to worm a genuine pointer. I send the pistols made by Wodgen and Barton, and carrying a ball of the most approved weight. Do write to me, and never forget that you are a Granby.

I am, my dear boy,
Yours truly,
CHARLES GRANBY.

P. S. Translate the Ode to Fortune for me! Old Schrevelli said that he had rather be the author of that poem, than the Emperor of all the Austrias, and there was more sense than enthusiasm in his noble preference.

P. S. Never scrape your bullets with a knife—but use a flat file. Do not play the flute; and never write verses on a "flower presented to a lady," on "a lady singing," or on "receiving a lock of hair;" for of all puppyism, this is the smallest accomplishment.

P. S. Never buy a gaudy handkerchief! Do not say *raised, disremember, expect* for *suspect;* and never end the common courtesies of conversation with the frigid Sir! "Thank ye *Sir!*" "Drink tea instead of coffee, for 'tis more patrician; and do not render yourself suspected by pronouncing criticisms on wines.

The postscripts were multiplied through a full page, which presented a striking picture of all the odd conceits—incongrous notions, and broad feeling which tortured my kind uncle's tranquil brain, and I arose from the perusal of his letter with mingled emotions of love, respect, and laughter. Lucy's epistle was like that of all girls, full of small news, long words, and burning sentences of love and sentiment, and inquiring in a postscript of the health of Arthur Ludwell, as her mother was greatly interested in his welfare. Frederick gave me a learned dissertation on the origin of civil society, and the philosophy of Bolingbroke, scourging me into frantic ambition, and ending with a prayer that I would ever keep my honor untainted. My *honor* was then the subject of their hopes and fears; and, as I eyed the pistols, I found the fierceness of my nature lurking with a tranquil rapture around the open, and undisguised hints of my family. To my temperament, the neat and elegant workmanship, and the beautiful polish of the pistols, argued sternness and chivalry: and under the protection of the code of honor, I was determined, by braving every conflict, to gratify my long, deep, and vindictive hate of Pilton. How curiously constituted, how wayward, and yet how uncontrollable is the swelling pulse of the human heart, when agitated by some momentary and master passion; at any other period, the remembrance of Isa Gordon, would have soothed me into a lover's thoughtful gloom, but now every gentle and luxuriant tendril which was woven around my heart was a crushed and bleeding ruin, and I examined my uncle's gift of blood—only to murmur the name of Pilton.

My visits to Miss Pilton's had been attentive, and constant, and I had concealed my fraud with such art, that I found her listening with unhesitating confidence, to the deceitful passion which I daily uttered. Cautious of proposing matrimony, yet ever alert to hint it--affecting distress and melancholy—and alternately jealous and confiding, I awoke her sympathy, only to gain her passionate and abiding affection, while I secured my victory by every art which duplicity could invent, or falsehood suggest. I saw her reject the accomplished and educated youth whose pure and guileless feelings had retained the early romance of childhood's love, and when I found her in tears, with her head reclining on my bosom, she told me, with a blushing cheek, that she had sacrificed him, whose singleness and purity of heart she could not doubt, for me alone.

'Twas a calm and soft evening when Miss Pilton left Williamsburg, and, ere we parted, I extorted from her unsuspicious feelings a promise that she would write to me. Day had languished itself into night, when I found myself a solitary loiterer in the noiseless grove which skirted the city. The wind sobbed through the dreary and desolate silence of the forest, and when I looked up to the twinkling and radiant light which blazes in a starry sky of Virginia, the innate piety of Nature almost chastened me into repentance. How vain is that feeble wisdom which impotently labors to read those mute and living oracles of God? yet who, in searching into them, does not feel that his heart is kindled into enthusiasm, by their wild and spiritual eloquence. May not each bright and dazzling star whose lambent fire dances over the cloudless sky be the abode of spirits enjoying a realm of mind—of philosophers who rived the adamant of vulgar error—of patriots who offered their blood at the shrine of their country—of those who opened a vista for freedom through the gloom of tyranny—and of the poet who, fettered to the earth, boldly anticipated a foretaste of his eternal home, in some earthly, yet beautiful and rapturous dream?

THETA.

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## THE DREAM.

### I.

I dreamed a dream—and still upon my mind
The image of that dream, on Memory's page
Inscribed in letters large and legible,
Rests vivid as the lightning's scathing flash.
Beneath a spreading oak, that towered high
And lone upon a hillock's grassy plot,
A Maiden stood—and by her side a Youth,
Whose summers did, tho' few, outnumber hers;
And *she* was beautiful as rainbow tints—
Her voice, like sweetest music borne upon
The bosom of some gentle breeze far o'er
The hushed and silent waters of the deep—
Her breath, like fragrant odors from the lap
Of Flora sent, when Morning's blush appears—
Her heart, the home where wild affections dwelt—
Her mind, of intellectual power the seat—
Her eye, the mirror to her speaking soul!
Upon her marble brow was set the seal
Of *Dignity*—and in her slender form
Were blended grace and perfect symmetry.
The Youth was tall, erect—but unlike her
In all things save affection's swelling tide:
Unknowing of the bright and quenchless fire,
At Beauty's altar lit, that constant burned
Within his bosom's deep recess, the world
Had deemed him changeful as the fitful wind.
Silent they were, and round them silence reigned:
Above, the clear blue ether spread her veil,
And by them swept the gentle, fresh'ning breeze
That cooled the burning temples of the one,
The flowing tresses of the other waved.
Beneath them was a wide spread plain, o'er which
The full Moon poured her streams of silver light,
And in a flood of glory bathed both plain
And rugged cliffs that wildly rose beyond.
Upon that lovely scene the maiden looked
That joy and stillness breathed into her heart;
But he that meeting, had not sought to gaze
On landscapes, living though they were. He saw
But her whose form before him rose, so bright,
So beautiful, that all else faded from

The view: He heard no sound save that alone
Which from his beating heart was sent: and oft
He did essay to breathe the hallowed thoughts
That in his bosom long had slept—the pent-
Up fountains of his love to ope; but oft
In vain, 'till faltering accents came at last,
And told the feelings of his inmost soul.
But *she* was calm; no falling of the eye—
No heightened color's tinge—no trembling of
That silver voice, spoke aught of passion there.
Yet kindness breathed in every word that fell
From off her Angel lips—and told that though
Her heart with his beat not in unison,
It still could feel for sorrows not its own.
Though soft, like breath of pois'nous Simoom came
Her voice. Young Hope her dewy pinions shook,
And as she winged her airy flight away,
Came casking Care her place to fill. And yet
A moment's space he lingered there; and as
Upon her saddened face he once again
Did look with mingled feelings, inly swore
To perish ere his love should fade and die.
And she did pensive turn her steps along
Their homeward way, again to be the life,
The light, the chiefest joy of all around.

II.

A change swept o'er the aspect of my dream,
And in its mystic flight my spirit bore
Me to the festive hall. I saw them 'midst
The thoughtless throng—their eyes lit up with joy—
Their lips all wreathed in smiles—and on their cheeks
The glowing hues of pleasure mantled high.
He spoke not oft to her, but frequent did
Address him to some other fair—and all
Did deem, and she did hope that love of her
Was buried deep in Lethe's magic pool;
And lighter then of heart to think that care
His mind had left, unwonted gladness beamed
Forth from her speaking eye, and lit with ten-
Fold lustre up those features ever fair.

III.

The scene was changed. Apart within the walls
Of his lone study sat the youth. Before
Him lay a letter, breathing much of deep,
Impassioned love. Yes, he again had dared
At that same Angel-shrine his heart to lay,
And, well as *words* could speak, a love to paint,
Not torpid, cold and calculating, like
The selfish feeling of a worldly man—
But with the every fibre of his heart
Inwove. For he had seen her oft, and well
Had studied both her features, mind and heart,
Since first the pangs of unrequited love
Across his bosom shot: in all things had
He found her of such perfect, faultless mould—
So far beyond compare with all that e'er
His eye had looked upon—yea, e'en than aught
Of fairy form, which frolic fancy in
Her wildest mood had shadowed glowing forth
To young imagination's quickened sight,—
That madly had he drunk at passion's fount,
Ere yet the voice of reason whispered late,
(Too late, alas! for in the vortex was
He twirling then, unskilled the yawning gulf
To shun,) that she was not for one like him.
Perchance the spell that bound him unto her
And deep affection's gushing waters stirred,
Was wrought into its present strength—for that
She minded him of one—a sister dear—
Like her in nature as in name, on whom
His heart did centre once, when joyous, bright
And sunny hours e'er gilded o'er the stream
Of early life about their childhood's home;
When each was to the other all that earth
Of joy could give—a little world—beyond
Whose narrow bounds their youthful vision then
Extended not. And now in her he saw
The image of that sister's mind and heart
Reflected back in colors yet more bright,
And felt that life to him was nothing worth,
Except with her its joys and ills were shared.

IV.

The scene was changed. Within her father's home
The maiden sat, and bent her o'er the page
On which were traced the wild outpourings of
Her lover's heart. A cloud was on her brow—
Not gathered there by anger, but by grief.
And long she sorrowed o'er the fate of one
Whom she had learned to value far above
The worthless crowd that throngs round Beauty's form;
Then sudden snatched a pen, and tho' it pained
Her much, did haste once more in kindest terms
To bid him banish Hope—for tho' a *friend*
She'd ever be—to him she could no more.

V.

Again my spirit bore me to the youth's
Lone study, where I saw him pacing to
And fro, with heavy step and downcast look.
His eye was fixed and dull—all smiles had fled,
And o'er his pallid, bloodless cheek had woe
His sable mantle flung. But whilst he thus
Was moved, anon there entered one endeared
By Friendship's strongest ties, who knew the fate
His fondest hopes had met, and told a tale
Of which he deemed not aught before—a tale
That scarce at first could credence gain, so dread
Its import was; yet soon he found 'twas but
Too true—"His sacred letter, ere it reached
Its destined port, had by some strange mischance
Been torn, its secrets filched and heralded
Abroad: yet, by the wakeful kindness of
That much-loved one, his hallowed thoughts had reached
The ears of few." Then sudden o'er him came
A fearful mood that shook his every limb.
Like liquid fire his blood along his veins
Did course, and to his throbbing temples mount—
Then rush tumultuous back upon his heart
That sent it once again with quickened speed
Along his swollen, well-nigh bursting veins;
And from his lips at times did fall unmeet
And vengeful words, that told what passion stirred
Within. But that soon passed, and to the eye
His troubled soul, as that of infant hushed
To sleep upon its mother's breast, was calm.

VI.

The scene was changed. Before the altar stood

The maiden, in her bridal vestments clad,
And gave her hand and virgin heart away—
Whilst mantling blushes o'er her features spread
Like Iris' colors on the deepened blue
Of Heaven's high vault—to one whose kindling eye
Was turned with rapture on her matchless face,
And who in part was like unto the youth
That first beside her stood—*yet not the same.*
And she did love him with a boundless love—
Deep, pure and changeless as Jehovah's word—
The very essence of her being, that life's
Quiescent stream with fairest garlands strewed—
For he her youthful heart's responsive chord
Had known to touch with sweet and winning words,
By graceful mien, and giant strength of mind.
Unblest he was with Mammon's glittering hoard—
In nothing rich, save worth's neglected store;
And yet for that, her heart with wildest joy
Did but the closer cling unchanged to him.
And he, with pride and pleasure took her to
His bosom beating high; for none could know,
And knowing not admire. But his was not
The fervent adoration of the heart,
In prostrate homage bowed before her shrine,
That moved the soul of him who first essayed
Her peerless love to win. And yet before
Them to all seeming lay a flowery path,
Along whose scented walks they might their way
With noiseless step and even tenor wend.

VII.

Once more, and only once, a change passed o'er
My fitful dream. In sultry, southern clime,
Again upon my vision fell the tall,
Attenuated image of that youth,
Whom first beneath the spreading oak I saw;
And he was changed not less in feature than
In heart. The glow of health had fled his cheek,
Now haggard, swart and bronzed by burning sun.
His eye, once bright with joyous life, had lost
Its lustre now, and deep upon his brow
Had care her furrows traced. His spirit too,
So light and buoyant once, was now all bound
And broken like the willow's drooping branch.
But o'er his heart a yet more fearful change
Had come. *Once* warm and sensibly alive
To pity's cry—e'er breathing love for all—
*Now* cold and seared—the living fountains of
Its sympathy were dried—and dead it was
To all things save the worldly schemes that fierce
Ambition wrought. And none did know the weight
Of anguish on its aching chords that pressed,
Since living man no commune held with him:
For he did spurn them as unhallowed things,
And 'round him wrapt the cloak of selfishness:
For what was now the world to him, since she
Whose presence had made all things beautiful,
Was lost, forever lost? And he did look
Unmoved on fairest form, and brightest eye;
Unmoved he heard full many a voice attuned
In sweet accordance with the soft piano;
For mute were all the echoes of his soul,
Since never could he hope again such pure,
Such bright, such dazzling purity to find,
As dwelt within the heart of her he loved.
And nought the slumbering powers of his mind
Did rouse and prompt to grapple with the herd
That crossed his path, save only the desire
To banish thought and leave a name behind.
For he did feel that none would glory in
His present fame, and that he was a lone
And desert being—all forgetting, and
By all forgot. And though his soul did thirst
At honor's fount to drink and laurels win,
He inly scorned the world—the world's acclaim—
And whilst it flattered, loathed its fulsome praise.
And yet unto all outward seeming was
His spirit calm as ocean's waves, when lie
The winds of Heaven upon her bosom hushed.

Here ceased my dream—for on my slumbers broke
The glare of day, and called my spirit home.

SYLVESTER.

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## MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE.

[*From 'The Gift,' edited by Miss Leslie.*]

BY EDGAR A. POE.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea.
*Cunningham.*

Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study very diligently garnered up. Beyond all things the works of the German moralists gave me great delight; not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius—a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime—and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me notorious. Indeed a strong relish for Physical Philosophy has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age—I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to the principles of that science. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the ravings of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18—, from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands. I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me like a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool and oil, from the Lachadive islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small grabs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the N. W. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the Eastward and Westward, girting in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoom. I told the captain my fears—but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness however prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion ladder, I was startled with a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved in a great measure the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as all her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers, so terrific beyond the wildest imagination was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard, and the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The frame-work of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury—but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had no great difficulty in keeping free. The main fury of the Simoom had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind—but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay, well believing, that, in our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the forecastle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the Simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S. E. and by South; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the Northward. The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon—emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds whatever apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow unaccompanied by any ray. Just before sinking within the turgid sea its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, silver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day—that day to me has not yet arrived—to him, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliancy to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around was horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves as well as possible to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were however well aware

of having made farther to the Southward than any previous navigators, and felt extreme amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed any thing I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship—but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the Albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery Hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the Kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. 'See! see!'—cried he, shrieking in my ears,—'Almighty God! see! see!' As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of light which rolled, as it were, down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship of nearly four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave of more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed off from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her stupendous bows were alone to be seen, as she rose up, like a demon of the deep, slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was already under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me with irresistible violence upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about, and to the confusion ensuing, I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. A nameless and indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work, when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burthen. He muttered to himself in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood, and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

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A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of by-gone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never,—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense, a new entity is added to my soul.

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people *will not* see. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate,—it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavor. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it within the sea.

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operations of ungoverned Chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly-folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word DISCOVERY.

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind.

What she *is not* I can easily perceive, what she *is* I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvass, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such shadows, as it were, of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme *porousness*, considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood has every characteristic of Spanish oak, *if Spanish oak were distended or swelled by any unnatural means.*

In reading the above sentence a curious apothegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. 'It is as sure,' he was wont to say, when any doubt was entertained of his veracity, 'as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman.'

About an hour ago I made bold to thrust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity, their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude, their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind, their voices were low, tremulous, and broken, their eyes glistened with the rheum of years, and their gray hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them on every part of the deck lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

I mentioned some time ago the bending of a studding-sail. From that period the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has held her terrific course due South, with every rag of canvass packed upon her from her trucks to her lower-studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water, which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not buried up at once and forever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of Eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull, and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow.

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man—still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height, that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face, it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age so utter, so extreme, which strikes upon my soul with the shock of a Galvanic battery. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years. His gray hairs are records of the past, and his grayer eyes are Sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete, long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored with a fiery unquiet eye over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself, as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold, some low, peevish syllables of a foreign tongue, and although the speaker was close at my elbow, yet his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile.

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries, their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning, and when their figures fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-latterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin.

When I look around me I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and Simoom are trivial and ineffective! All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the Universe.

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current, if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the Southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible—yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the Southern Pole itself—it must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor.

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step, but there is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and as we carry a crowd of canvass, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea—Oh, horror upon horror! the ice opens suddenly to the right, and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny—the circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool--and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and shrieking of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering, oh God! and—going down.

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## A SKETCH.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD, M. D.

The shades of night are fleeing fast away
Before the blushing of the morning light;
The diamond stars that gleamed in bright array
Through the lone watches of the silent night,
Are fading dimly, as an orb more bright,
The glorious sun, from the deep coral caves,
Comes leaping forth in swift and tireless flight,
And as the sea his burning bosom laves,
More brightly throws his glance across the bounding waves.

The cheerful songsters of the verdant grove,
Are trilling forth their merry morning lays—
Their matin songs of warm impassioned love,
Which sweetly strike the ear of him who strays
Through the green paths and shady woodland ways,
Drinking deep pleasure from old Nature's wells,
Where the wild cat'ract in the sunlight plays,
Or seated lone, mid dark and mossy dells—
Or on some rocky mount yields to her magic spells.

The red-breast, mounted on some tow'ring tree,
Is chanting loud his merry, mirthful strain;
And the sweet lark's melodious notes of glee,
Are softly floating o'er the dewy plain.
From the broad fields which wave with golden grain,
Echoes the whistle of the timid quail;
And the loud laughter of the reaper train
Sweeps wildly by, borne on the passing gale
O'er woodland hill afar, and flowery-vested vale.

I hear the tuneful sound of humming bees,
And gently blows the soothing summer wind
With murmuring sound among the wavy trees,
And where gay flowers, in wild luxuriance twined,
Shed fragrance on its wings. How dull, how blind
To nature and her charms is he who sleeps
Through the glad morn, nor feels the fragrant wind
That o'er the hills and verdant valleys sweeps,
'Till with wild joy the heart of Nature's lover leaps!

O'er hill and valley far away I've strayed,
And gathered roses wet with morning dew,
To deck the grave where sleeps a gentle maid
Whose tender heart no change nor coldness knew,
But throbbed with love, which warmer, holier grew
As waxed more dim life's faint and flickering light,
And to the close remained unchanged and true—
A holy flame that burned, amid the blight,
Of fell disease and anguish, more divinely bright.

The sun climbs higher in the azure sky—
More fiercely on the earth descend his beams—
The tender flowers hang low their heads and die,
And wearied cattle seek the cooling streams.
Faint grow the ploughmen and their toil-worn teams;
The reapers too have ceased their strains of mirth;
No more the air with sounds of pleasure teems;
And now the shadows traced upon the earth,
And the fierce heat, proclaim the sultry noon-day's birth.

O'er the wide fields the herds have ceased to rove,
The tuneful birds have hushed their morning song,
Silent and lone is the deserted grove
Which late re-echoed to the warbling throng.
Hark! hark! I hear, sounding the vales along,
The mellow horn—the pleasant sound which calls
From the hot fields, the wearied harvest throng
To seek, where the old oak tree's shadow falls,
Their noon-day meal hard by the flowery cottage walls.

Within a green and trellised bower I lie,
Securely sheltered from the solar rays,
And on the bright and glowing summer sky
In contemplation rapt, I fix my gaze,
And scan each fleecy cloud which slowly strays
Like some pure spirit o'er the azure dome,
Making amid its wild and trackless ways,
Its boundless depths, a bright ethereal home
Where lone and airy forms in silent grandeur roam.

And here at noon-day hour I often dream
Of the fair hopes which light life's gloomy waste—
A desart plain o'er which a laughing stream,
Has found a way, its banks with wild flowers graced.
But ah! alas! when the fair stream is traced,
Amid lone sands we find its darksome goal.
O dreary life! in death's cold grasp embraced—
A withered thing, a dark and blotted scroll,
O'er which oblivion's deep and sluggish waters roll.

In early youth upon the sea of life,
We spread our sails, nor dream of pain nor care,
Nor the fierce tempest, nor the raging strife
Which gathers round our bark where'er we steer,
But on we rush, heedless and without fear,
Till, shipwrecked all our hopes, we helpless lie
And feel the bitter pangs of black despair—
Or from the demon strive in vain to fly,
Or rush into the arms of Death and madly die.

The sun is sinking down the western skies—
A holy calm is reigning o'er the earth—
From the green valleys cheerful sounds arise—
The tinkling sheep-bell, and the merry mirth
Of happy children—laughing at the birth
Of some new pleasure. Now the setting sun,
More brightly gleaming o'er the virent earth,
Casts a rich glow of golden light upon
The fleecy clouds, which line the western horizon.

Along yon valley where (a silent grove!)
Those dark green pines in loneliness arise;
With a sad heart in solitude I'll rove,
And darkly muse upon the broken ties

Of happier days—the bright and smiling eyes,
Whose gentle light gave life a summer bloom,
And made this earth seem like a Paradise—
Now cold and rayless in the starless gloom,
Which darkly hovers o'er and shrouds the loathsome tomb.

The twilight shades are gathering o'er the land—
Shrouding the valleys in the gloom of night,
While I beside a murmuring streamlet stand,
And see depart the last faint rays of light
Which linger round yon mountain's topmost height.
'Tis the lone night—another day has gone,
And Time who speeds with never tiring flight,
Beheld a thousand laughing eyes this morn,
That now are sleeping where no day shall ever dawn.

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## GREEK SONG.

The exploit of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in slaying Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens, on the festal day of Minerva—hiding their poniards in myrtle wreaths, which they pretended to carry in honor of the Goddess, was celebrated in an Ode, the unsurpassed strength and beauty of which, it has utterly baffled the skill of all English versifiers to transfuse into our language. The learned are not agreed as to the author of this noble specimen of classic minstrelsy; though by most, it is ascribed to Callistratus. Some have set it down to Alcæus; misled, perhaps, by the tyrant-hating spirit it breathes,—so fully in unison with the deep, trumpet tones of his "golden lyre." Unhappily for the paternity of this ode, he died *eighty years* before the event it celebrates. Of no other relic of antiquity, probably, have so many translations been attempted. I have seen seven or eight. If the following be added to so many woful failures, the author will not be greatly troubled. It never was in print before—I believe.

### HYMN,

IN HONOR OF HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

[Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω
'Ωσπερ Αρμοδιος κ' Αριστογειτων, &c.]

TRANSLATION.

Wreath'd in myrtle, my sword I'll conceal,
Like those champions, devoted and brave,
When they plunged in the tyrant their steel,
And to Athens deliverance gave.

Belov'd heroes! your deathless souls roam,
In the joy-breathing isles of the blest;
Where the mighty of old have their home—
Where Achilles and Diomed rest.

In fresh myrtle my blade I'll entwine,
Like Harmodius, the gallant and good,
When he made, at the tutelar shrine,
A libation of Tyranny's blood.

Ye deliverers of Athens from shame—
Ye avengers of Liberty's wrongs!
Endless ages shall cherish your fame,
Embalmed in their echoing songs.

Amongst other translations of this exquisite ode, is one by *Charles Abraham Elton*, a translator of Hesiod, and of several other Grecian poems; all of which are in a London edition of two elegant 8vo. volumes. The first stanza of his version is as follows:

"In myrtle veiled will I my falchion wear;
For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,
When they the tyrant's bosom gored,
And bade the men of Athens be
Regenerate in equality."

It is a proof of the fairness with which Mr. Elton has aimed at a literal rendering of his author, that he has made even the name of ARISTOGEITON retain its place; as inharmonious a one, perhaps, as ever "filled the trump of future fame." In the Edinburgh Review for January, 1833, we find a translation of considerable merit, in the stanza of "Bruce's Address:" less literal than Mr. Elton's, yet more brief and simple, and partaking more of the thrilling energy of the original. In its arrangement, the edition of Ilgen is followed. It is due to the author of the foregoing translation to say, that it was written long before the year in which this one was published; and before he had seen the seven or eight others above mentioned.

"Wreathed with myrtles be my glaive,*
Like the falchion of the brave,
Death to Athens' lord that gave,
Death to Tyranny!

Yes! let myrtle wreaths be round,
Such as then the falchion bound,
When with deeds the feast was crown'd,
Done for Liberty!

Voiced by Fame eternally,
Noble pair! your names shall be,
For the stroke that made us free,
When the tyrant fell!

Death, Harmodius! came not near thee,
Isles of bliss and brightness cheer thee,
There heroic breasts revere thee,
There the mighty dwell!" P.

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## SONNET.

O fairest flow'r; no sooner blown than blasted,
Soft silken primrose faded timelessly.—*Milton.*

It was an infant dying! and I stood
Watching beside its couch, to mark how Death,
His hour being come, would steal away the breath
Of one so young, so innocent, so good.
Friends also waited near—and now the blood
'Gan leave the tender cheek, and the dark eye
To lose its wonted lustre. Suddenly
Slight tremblings o'er him came; anon, subdued
To utter passiveness, the sufferer lay,
Far, far more beautiful in his decay
Than e'er methought before! I held his hand
Fast lock'd in mine, and felt more feebly flow
The pulse already faint and fluttering. Lo!
It ceased; I turn'd, and bow'd to God's command.†

* * *

* Sword. † Samuel II. Chap. xii.—22, 23.

## SPECIMENS OF LOVELETTERS

### IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.

From the second volume of a Collection of Original Letters written during the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III. By John Fenn, Esq. M. A. and F. R. S.

### I.

Right reverend and worshipful, and my right well beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartilie desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto his pleasure, and your heart's desire.

And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good heele (*health*) of bodie, nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you

For there wottes (*knows*) no creature that pain I endure
And for to be dead (*for my life*), I dare it not discur (*discover*)

And my lady my mother hath labored the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore; for if that ye had not half the livelihood that ye have, for to do the greatest labour that any woman alive might, I would not forsake you.

And if ye command me to keep me true wherever I go,
I wis I will do all my might you to love, and never no mo,
And if my friends say, that I do amiss
They shall not me let (*hinder*) so for to do,
Mine heart me bids ever more to love you—
Truly over all earthlie thing
And if they be never so wrath
I trust it shall be better in time coming

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping; and I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthlie creature save only yourself.

And this letter was endited at Topcroft, with full heavy heart &c By your own

MARGERY BREWS.

—

### II.

Right worshipful and well beloved Valentine, in my most humble wise, I recommend me unto you &c.

And heartilie I thank you for the letter, which that ye send me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you; I would be the most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter might grow to effect. And thereas (*whereas*) ye say, an (*if*) ye come and find the matter no more towards you than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady my mother to no cost nor business for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavie; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

And as for myself I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand, that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an 100*l.* and 50 marks (33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

Wherefore, if that ye could be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground; and if ye think not yourself so satisfyed, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore; good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labor upon you, as to come more for that matter, but let what is, pass and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and beadwoman during my life.

No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both bodie and soul &c.

By your Valentine

Topcroft 1476.7. MARGERY BREWS.

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## MARCELIA.

Then she is drown'd?
——————Drown'd—Drown'd.
Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia!
And therefore I forbid my tears.—*Hamlet.*

It was a solitary spot!—
The shallow brook that ran throughout the forest,
(Aye chattering as it went,) there took a turn
And widened;—all its music died away,
And in the place, a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal (cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar,) cluster'd; and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death!—'Twas strange, for thro' the day
They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disown'd their natural green, and took a black
And mournful hue: and the rough brier had stretch'd
His straggling arms across the water, and
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf, straws, wither'd boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current—and with these it hid
The poor Marcelia's death-bed!
Never may net
Of vent'rous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts, as he ruffles with his shorten'd breath
The brook, and, panting, flies th' unholy place—
And the wild heifer lows and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet *I* love
To loiter there; and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequer'd as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I listen, and
Can fancy to myself that voices there
Plain, and low prayers come moaning thro' the leaves
For some misdeed!
The story goes that a
Neglected girl (an orphan whom the world
Frown'd upon,) once strayed thither, and 'twas thought
Did cast her in the stream. You may have heard
Of one Marcelia, poor Molini's daughter, who
Fell ill, and came to want in youth? No?—Oh!
She loved a man who marked her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pin'd away,
And drown'd herself for love!—Some day or other
I'll tell you all the story. * * *

## TO MIRA. BY L. A. WILMER.

Far from the gaudy scenes my earliest youth
Loved to inhabit, which Hope's rising sun
Lent every grace and charm—save that of Truth,
And made me happy but to be undone,
(My joys expectant blasted ere begun,)
Far from those pleasing scenes 'tis mine to roam.
Friendless, forlorn, my idle course I run,
While Disappointment, a malignant gnome,
Still tortures, and the grave appears my happiest home.

Ere yet I bid a long, a last farewell
To the sweet Muse, reluctant to forego
The sacred solace and enchanting spell
Which charm'd my solitude, and sooth'd my woe—
Ere I renounce my harp, and cease to know
The poet's rapture, when his eye surveys
The heavenly visions fancy doth bestow,
On which her favored sons alone may gaze,
Once more I lift my voice to sing in Mira's praise.

While sickly flattery heaps the unhallowed shrine
Of pomp and pride with praise that palls the sense,
Let spotless candor, Heaven-born truth be mine:
Base are the praises sold at truth's expense:
Mira! thy name all falsehood drives from hence!
Accept this tribute due to worth like thine—
Accept this offering of a heart from whence
No guile shall rise to taint this verse of mine,
But friendship's holy signet sanctify each line.

O might I deem my verse could live beyond
The petty confines of the dreary tomb—
Might I believe my wishes not too fond,
That point to fame beyond the eternal gloom—
When this frail form shall in the grave consume,
That future ages shall my works behold—
Then, Mira, on this page thy name's perfume
Should breathe a fragrance, when the hand is cold
And crumbled into dust which here that name enrolled.

As long as years revolved, and seasons came,
Tho' other flowers should fade away and die,
An ever-blooming flower should be thy name,
Dipped in the radiance of the evening sky:
When marble monuments in ruins lie,
And sculptured pillars from their bases fall,
Could I but place fair Mira's name on high
In Fame's eternal, adamantine hall,
Then would my lot be blessed, my hopes accomplished all.

Tho' placed by Fate in this ungenial clime,
Where scarce the sacred Muse hath deigned to tread—
These Western lands, where Song appears a crime,
And Genius rears a sad and sickly head—
And tho' malignant stars their influence shed—
Yet might I boast thy friendship, I would bend
No more when black misfortunes round me spread;
But my last breath in thankfulness would send,
And tell to future times thou wast my only friend.

I have seen womankind in all their charms—
Yea! all that beauty, wealth, and wit bestow—
With all that strikes the eye, or fancy warms,
In festal halls, where gold and diamonds glow,
And gay costumes that mock the painted bow
Of Iris hanging on Heaven's battlements:
Yet not all these could bid my bosom know
Such admiration, or such joys dispense,
As when the maiden smiled in heavenly innocence.

Then, Mira, not to pride my harp is strung—
Not to the measures of the giddy dance—
The boasted beauty shall remain unsung,
For I, unmoved, can meet her fatal glance.
Not in the fairy regions of romance
My footsteps stray—but *Truth* directs my song:
To *Truth's* eternal portals I advance,
Deserted by the rhyming crew so long,
And Virtue, Worth, and Thou shall still employ my tongue.

With thee, sweet Modesty and Truth reside—
Sincerity from courts and crowds exiled—
Virtue, that shuns the haughty brow of Pride—
And Charity, Heaven's first-born, favorite child,—
As if the skies upon thy birth had smiled,
And given thee all to make a woman dear.
Yes! thou couldst humanize the savage wild,
Make tigers pause thy soothing voice to hear,
Melt marble hearts, and smooth the brow of cankering care.

When the last echoes of my harp expire,
In mournful breathings on Patapsco's shore—
When the unpractised hand that struck the wire,
Shall wake those wild and artless notes no more—
When the green meadow and the torrent's roar—
The woody walk, so long my dear delight,
With all that charmed my fancy most before—
When Death shall veil these objects from my sight,
O say, wilt thou my name in thy remembrance write?

Then let the world its malice all combine—
Its hate I reck not, and its wrongs despise:
A bliss they dream not of shall still be mine—
A bliss untold, yet worthy of the skies,
Which all their curs'd malevolence defies.
Even in the anguish of the mortal hour,
My soul superior to the gloom shall rise,
And smile on Death when all his terrors lower,
And the grim tyrant stalks full panoplied in power.

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## STANZAS.

Oh! never, never, until now,
Seem'd happiness so near me—
Hope never wore a brighter brow
To flatter or to cheer me:
Yet while I listen to her voice,
Sad memory is chiding—
And I must tremble to rejoice,
And weep while I'm confiding.

I thought my spirit had grown old,
While counting years by sorrow,
And that the future could unfold
For me no happier morrow;
But ah! I find myself a child
Of newly waken'd feeling,
As full of dreams, as bright and wild,
As fancy's first revealing.

LEILA.

# Critical Notices.

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## THE HEROINE.

***The Heroine: or Adventures of Cherubina. By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. New Edition. Richmond: Published by P. D. Bernard.***

Cherubina! Who has not heard of Cherubina? Who has not heard of that most spiritual, that most ill-treated, that most accomplished of women—of that most consummate, most sublimated, most fantastic, most unappreciated, and most inappreciable of heroines? Exquisite and delicate creation of a mind overflowing with fun, frolic, farce, wit, humor, song, sentiment, and sense, what mortal is there so dead to every thing graceful and glorious as not to have devoured thy adventures? Who is there so unfortunate as not to have taken thee by the hand?—who so lost as not to have cultivated thy acquaintance?—who so stupid, as not to have enjoyed thy companionship?—who so much of a log, as not to have laughed until he has wept for very laughter in the perusal of thine incomparable, inimitable, and inestimable eccentricities? But we are becoming pathetic to no purpose, and supererogatively oratorical. *Every body* has read Cherubina. There is no one so superlatively unhappy as not to have done this thing. But if such there be—if by any possibility such person should exist, we have only a few words to say to him. Go, silly man, and purchase forthwith "*The Heroine: or Adventures of Cherubina.*"

The Heroine was first published many years ago, (we believe shortly after the appearance of Childe Harold;) but although it has run through editions innumerable, and has been universally read and admired by all possessing talent or taste, it has never, in our opinion, attracted half that notice on the part of the critical press, which is undoubtedly its due. There are few books written with more tact, spirit, *näiveté*, or grace, few which take hold more irresistibly upon the attention of the reader, and none more fairly entitled to rank among the classics of English literature than the Heroine of Eaton Stannard Barrett. When we say all this of a book possessing not even the remotest claim to originality, either in conception or execution, it may reasonably be supposed, that we have discovered in its matter, or manner, some rare qualities, inducing us to hazard an assertion of so bold a nature. This is actually the case. Never was any thing so charmingly written: the mere style is positively inimitable. Imagination, too, of the most etherial kind, sparkles and blazes, now sportively like the Will O' the Wisp, now dazzlingly like the Aurora Borealis, over every page—over every sentence in the book. It is absolutely radiant with fancy, and that of a nature the most captivating, although, at the same time, the most airy, the most capricious, and the most intangible. Yet the Heroine must be considered a mere burlesque; and, being a copy from Don Quixotte, is to that immortal work of Cervantes what *The School for Scandal* is to *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* The Plot is briefly as follows.

Gregory Wilkinson, an English farmer worth 50,000 pounds, has a pretty daughter called Cherry, whose head is somewhat disordered from romance reading. Her governess is but little more rational than herself, and is one day turned out of the house for allowing certain undue liberties on the part of the butler. In revenge she commences a correspondence with Miss Cherry, in which she persuades that young lady that Wilkinson is not her real father—that she is a child of mystery, &c.—in short that she is actually and *bonâ fide* a heroine. In the meantime, Miss Cherry, in rummaging among her father's papers, comes across an antique parchment—a lease of lives—on which the following words are alone legible.

This Indenture
For and in consideration of
Doth grant, bargain, release
Possession, and to his heirs and assigns
Lands of Sylvan Lodge, in the
Trees, stones, quarries, &c.
Reasonable amends and satisfaction
This demise
Molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson.
The natural life of
Cherry Wilkinson only daughter of
De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas
Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle.

This "excruciating MS." brings matters to a crisis—for Miss Cherry has no difficulty in filling up the blanks.

"It is a written covenant," says this interesting young lady in a letter to her Governess, "between this Gregory Wilkinson, and the miscreant (whom my being an heiress had prevented from enjoying the title and estate that would devolve to him at my death) stipulating to give Wilkinson "Sylvan Lodge," together with "trees, stones, &c." as "reasonable amends and satisfaction" for being the instrument of my "demise," and declaring that there shall be "no molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson" for taking away the "natural life of Cherry Wilkinson, only daughter of" ——— somebody "De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas." Then follows "Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle." So that it is evident I am a De Willoughby, and related to Lady Gwyn! What perfectly confirms me in the latter supposition, is an old portrait which I found soon after, among Wilkinson's papers, representing a young and beautiful female superbly dressed; and underneath, in large letters, the name of "Nell Gwyn."

Fired with this idea, Miss Cherry gets up a scene, rushes with hair dishevelled into the presence of the good man Wilkinson, and accuses him to his teeth of plotting against her life, and of sundry other mal-practices and misdemeanors. The worthy old gentleman is astonished, as well he may be; but is somewhat consoled upon receiving a letter from his nephew, Robert Stuart, announcing his intention of paying the family a visit immediately. Wilkinson is in hopes that a lover may change the current of his daughter's ideas; but in that he is mistaken. Stuart has the misfortune of being merely a rich man, a handsome man, an honest man, and a fashionable man—he is no hero. This is not to be borne: and Miss Cherry, having assumed the name of the Lady Cherubina De Willoughby, makes a precipitate retreat from the house, and commences a journey on foot to London. Her adventures here properly begin, and are laughable in the extreme. But we must not be too minute. They are modelled very much after those of Don Quixotte, and are related in a series of letters from the young lady herself to her governess. The principal characters who figure in the Memoirs are Betterton, an old *debauché* who endeavors to entangle the Lady Cherubina in his toils—

Jerry Sullivan, an Irish simpleton, who is ready to lose his life at any moment for her ladyship, whose story he implicitly believes, without exactly comprehending it—Higginson, a grown baby, and a mad poet—Lady Gwyn, whom Cherubina believes to be her mortal enemy, and the usurper of her rights, and who encourages the delusion for the purpose of entertaining her guests—Mary and William, two peasants betrothed, but whom Cherry sets by the ears for the sake of an interesting episode—Abraham Grundy, a tenth rate performer at Covent Garden, who having been mistaken by Cherry for an earl, supports the character *à merveille* with the hope of eventually marrying her, and thus securing 10,000 pounds, a sum which it appears the lady possesses in her own right. He calls himself the Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. Stuart, her cousin, whom we have mentioned before, finally rescues her from the toils of Betterton and Grundy, and restores her to reason, and to her friends. Of course he is rewarded with her hand.

We repeat that Cherubina is a book which should be upon the shelves of every well-appointed library. No one can read it without entertaining a high opinion of the varied and brilliant talents of its author. No one can read it without laughter. Its wit, especially, and its humor, are indisputable—not frittered and refined away into that insipid compound which we occasionally meet with, half giggle and half sentiment--but racy, dashing, and palpable. Some of the songs with which the work is interspersed have attained a most extensive popularity, while many persons, to whom they are as familiar as household things, are not aware of the very existence of the Heroine. All our readers must remember the following.

Dear Sensibility, O la!
I heard a little lamb cry ba!
Says I, so you have lost mamma!
Ah!
The little lamb as I said so,
Frisking about the fields did go,
And frisking trod upon my toe.
Oh!

And this also.

TO DOROTHY PULVERTAFT.

If Black-sea, White-sea, Red-sea ran
One tide of ink to Ispahan;
If all the geese in Lincoln fens
Produced spontaneous well-made pens;
If Holland old or Holland new,
One wondrous sheet of paper grew;
Could I, by stenographic power,
Write twenty libraries an hour;
And should I sing but half the grace
Of half a freckle on thy face;
Each syllable I wrote should reach
From Inverness to Bognor's beach;
Each hair-stroke be a river Rhine,
Each verse an equinoctial line.

We have already exceeded our limits, but cannot refrain from extracting Chapter XXV. It will convey some idea of the character of the Heroine. She is now at the mansion of Lady Gwyn, who, for the purpose of amusing her friends, has dressed up her nephew to represent the supposed mother of the Lady Cherubina.

CHAPTER XXV.

This morning I awoke almost well, and towards evening was able to appear below. Lady Gwyn had invited several of her friends; so that I passed a delightful afternoon; the charm, admiration, and astonishment of all.

When I retired to rest, I found this note on my toilette.

*To the Lady Cherubina.*

*Your mother lives!* and is confined in a subterranean vault of the villa. At midnight two men will tap at your door, and conduct you to her. Be silent, courageous, and circumspect.

What a flood of new feelings gushed upon my soul, as I laid down the billet, and lifted my filial eyes to Heaven! Mother—endearing name! I pictured that unfortunate lady stretched on a mattress of straw, her eyes sunken in their sockets, yet retaining a portion of their youthful fire; her frame emaciated, her voice feeble, her hand damp and chill. Fondly did I depict our meeting—our embrace; she gently pushing me from her, and baring my forehead, to gaze on the lineaments of my countenance. All, all is convincing; and she calls me the softened image of my noble father!

Two tedious hours I waited in extreme anxiety. At length the clock struck twelve; my heart beat responsive, and immediately the promised signal was made. I unbolted the door, and beheld two men masked and cloaked. They blindfolded me, and each taking an arm, led me along. Not a word passed. We traversed apartments, ascended, descended stairs; now went this way, now that; obliquely, circularly, angularly; till I began to imagine we were all the time in one spot.

At length my conductors stopped.

'Unlock the postern gate,' whispered one, 'while I light a torch.'

'We are betrayed!' said the other, 'for this is the wrong key.'

'Then thou beest the traitor,' cried the first.

'Thou liest, dost lie, and art lying!' cried the second.

'Take that!' exclaimed the first. A groan followed, and the wretch tumbled to the ground.

'You have killed him!' cried I, sickening with horror.

'I have only hamstrung him, my Lady,' said the fellow. 'He will be lame while ever he lives; but by St. Cripplegate, that won't be long; for our captain has given him four ducats to murder himself in a month.'

He then burst open the gate; a sudden current of wind met us, and we hurried forward with incredible speed, while moans and smothered shrieks were heard at either side.

'Gracious goodness, where are we?' cried I.

'In the cavern of death!' said my conductor; 'but never fear, Signora mia illustrissima, for the bravo Abellino is your povero devotissimo.'

On a sudden innumerable footsteps sounded behind us. We ran swifter.

'Fire!' cried a ferocious accent, almost at my ear; and there came a discharge of arms.

I stopped, unable to move, breathe, or speak.

'I am wounded all over, right and left, fore and aft, long ways and cross ways, Death and the Devil!' cried the bravo.

'Am I bleeding?' said I, feeling myself with my hands.

'No, blessed St. Fidget be praised!" answered he; 'and now all is safe, for the banditti have turned into the wrong passage.'

He then stopped, and unlocked a door.

'Enter,' said he, 'and behold your mother!'

He led me forward, tore the bandage from my eyes, and retiring, locked the door after him.

Agitated by the terrors of my dangerous expedition, I felt additional horror in finding myself within a dismal cell, lighted with a lantern; where, at a small table, sat a woman suffering under a corpulency unparalleled in the memoirs of human monsters. Her dress was a patchwork of blankets and satins, and her gray tresses were like horses' tails. Hundreds of frogs leaped about the floor; a piece of mouldy bread, and a mug of water, lay on the table; some straw, strewn with dead snakes and sculls, occupied one corner, and the distant end of the cell was concealed behind a black curtain.

I stood at the door, doubtful, and afraid to advance; while the prodigious prisoner sat examining me all over.

At last I summoned courage to say, 'I fear, madam, I am an intruder here. I have certainly been shown into the wrong room.'

'It is, it is my own, my only daughter, my Cherubina!' cried she, with a tremendous voice. 'Come to my maternal arms, thou living picture of the departed Theodore!'

'Why, ma'am,' said I, 'I would with great pleasure, but I am afraid—Oh, madam, indeed, indeed, I am quite sure you cannot be my mother!'

'Why not, thou unnatural girl?' cried she.

'Because, madam,' answered I, 'my mother was of a thin habit; as her portrait proves.'

'And so I was once,' said she. 'This deplorable plumpness is owing to want of exercise. But I thank the Gods I am as pale as ever.'

'Heavens! no,' cried I. 'Your face, pardon me, is a rich scarlet.'

'And is this our tender meeting?' cried she. 'To disown me, to throw my fat in my teeth, to violate the lilies of my skin with a dash of scarlet? Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle! Tell me, girl, will you embrace me, or will you not?'

'Indeed, madam,' answered I, 'I will presently.'

'Presently!'

'Yes, depend upon it I will. Only let me get over the first shock.'

'Shock!'

Dreading her violence, and feeling myself bound to do the duties of a daughter, I kneeled at her feet, and said:

'Ever respected, ever venerable author of my being, I beg thy maternal blessing!'

My mother raised me from the ground, and hugged me to her heart, with such cruel vigor, that, almost crushed, I cried out stoutly, and struggled for release.

'And now,' said she, relaxing her grasp, 'let me tell you of my sufferings. Ten long years I have eaten nothing but bread. Oh, ye favorite pullets, oh, ye inimitable tit-bits, shall I never, never taste you more? It was but last night, that maddened by hunger, methought I beheld the Genius of Dinner in my dreams. His mantle was laced with silver eels, and his locks were dropping with soups. He had a crown of golden fishes upon his head, and pheasants' wings at his shoulders. A flight of little tartlets fluttered about him, and the sky rained down comfits. As I gazed on him, he vanished in a sigh, that was impregnated with the fumes of brandy. Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle.'

I stood shuddering, and hating her more and more every moment.

'Pretty companion of my confinement!' cried she, apostrophizing an enormous toad which she pulled out of her bosom 'dear, spotted fondling, thou, next to my Cherubina, art worthy of my love. Embrace each other, my friends.' And she put the hideous pet into my hand. I screamed and dropped it.

'Oh!' cried I, in a passion of despair, 'what madness possessed me to undertake this execrable enterprise!' and I began beating with my hand against the door.

'Do you want to leave your poor mother?' said she in a whimpering tone.

'Oh! I am so frightened!' cried I.

'You will spend the night here, however,' said she; 'and your whole life too; for the ruffian who brought you hither was employed by Lady Gwyn to entrap you.'

When I heard this terrible sentence, my blood ran cold, and I began crying bitterly.

'Come, my love!' said my mother, 'and let me clasp thee to my heart once more!'

'For goodness sake!' cried I, 'spare me!'

'What!' exclaimed she, 'do you spurn my proffered embrace again?'

'Dear, no, madam,' answered I. 'But—but indeed now, you squeeze one so!'

My mother made a huge stride towards me; then stood groaning and rolling her eyes.

'Help!' cried I, half frantic, 'help! help!'

I was stopped by a suppressed titter of infernal laughter, as if from many demons; and on looking towards the black curtain, whence the sound came, I saw it agitated; while about twenty terrific faces appeared peeping through slits in it, and making grins of a most diabolical nature. I hid my face with my hands.

''Tis the banditti!' cried my mother.

As she spoke, the door opened, a bandage was flung over my eyes, and I was borne away half senseless, in some one's arms; till at length, I found myself alone in my own chamber.

Such was the detestable adventure of to-night. Oh, that I should live to meet this mother of mine! How different from the mothers that other heroines rummage out in northern turrets and ruined chapels! I am out of all patience. Liberate her I must, of course, and make a suitable provision for her too, when I get my property; but positively, never will I sleep under the same roof with—(ye powers of filial love forgive me!) such a living mountain of human horror. Adieu.

## HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW.

*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow; a Tradition of Pennsylvania. By the author of Calavar and the Infidel. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*

By *The Gladiator*, by *Calavar*, and by *the Infidel*, Dr. Bird has risen, in a comparatively short space of time, to a very enviable reputation; and we have heard it asserted that his last novel '*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*,' will not fail to place his name in the very first rank of American writers of fiction. Without venturing to subscribe implicitly to this latter supposition, we still think very highly of him who has written *Calavar*. Of this last mentioned work, and of the *Infidel*, we have already given our opinion, although not altogether as fully as we could have desired: and we regret that circumstances beyond our control have prevented us from noticing the *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* until so late a day as the present.

Had this novel reached us some years ago, with the title of, '*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow: A Romance by the author of Waverley*,' we should not perhaps have engaged in its perusal with as much genuine eagerness, or with so dogged a determination to be pleased with it at all events, as we have actually done upon receiving it with its proper title, and under really existing circumstances. But having read the book *through*, as undoubtedly we should have done, if only for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, and for the sake of certain pleasantly mirthful, or pleasantly mournful recollections connected with *Ivanhoe*, with the *Antiquary*, with *Kenilworth*, and above all with that most pure, perfect, and radiant gem of fictitious literature the *Bride of Lammermuir*—having, we say, on this account, and for the sake of these recollections read the novel from beginning to end, from Aleph to Tau, we should have pronounced our opinion of its merits somewhat in the following manner.

"It is unnecessary to tell us that this novel is written by Sir Walter Scott; and we are really glad to find that he has at length ventured to turn his attention to American incidents, scenery, and manners. We repeat that it was a mere act of supererogation to place the words 'By the author of Waverley' in the title page. The book speaks for itself. The style vulgarly so called—the manner properly so called—the handling of the subject to speak pictorially, or graphically, or as a German would say plastically—in a word the general air, the *tout ensemble*, the prevailing character of the story, all proclaim, in words which one who runs may read, that these volumes were indited 'By the author of Waverley.'" Having said thus much, we should resume our *critique* as follows.

"The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow is, however, by no means in the *best* manner of its illustrious author. To speak plainly it is a positive failure, and must take its place by the side of the Redgauntlets, the Monasteries, the Pirates, and the Saint Ronan's Wells."

All this we should perhaps have been induced to say had the book been offered to us for perusal some few years ago, with the supposititious title, and under the supposititious circumstances aforesaid. But alas! for our critical independency, the case is very different indeed. There can be no mistake or misconception in the present instance, such as we have so fancifully imagined. The title page (here we have it) is clear, explanatory, and not to be misunderstood. The Hawks of Hawk-

Hollow, A Tradition of Pennsylvania, that is to say a novel, is written, so we are assured, not by the author of Waverley, but by the author of that very fine romance Calavar—not by Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, but by Robert M. Bird, M. D. Now Robert M. Bird is an American.

We will endeavour to give an outline of the story. In a little valley bordering upon the Delaware, and called Hawk-Hollow from a colony of hawks who time out of mind had maintained possession of a blasted tree at its *embouchure*, resided, some fifty years ago, one Gilbert, an English emigrant. He had seven sons, all of whom displayed in early life a spirit of desperate and reckless adventure, and a love of the wild life of the woods and mountains. Oran was the name of the eldest, and at the same time the most savage and intractable of the seven. The disposition thus evinced obtained for these young desperadoes the *sobriquet* of the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow. Gilbert, the father, falls heir to a rich estate in England, and after making a vain attempt to settle in that country and educate his children as gentlemen, returns at length to the valley of Hawk-Hollow, so much more congenial to the temper and habits of his sons. A fine but fantastic manor-house is erected, and the family acquire consideration in the land. In the meantime Mr. Gilbert's first wife dying, he weds another, who bears him a daughter, Jessie. At the opening of the tale, however, a Captain Loring resides upon the estate, and in the mansion of the Gilberts, holding them as the agent or tenant of a certain Col. Falconer, who is a second edition of Falkland in Caleb Williams,—and who has managed to possess himself of the property at Hawk-Hollow, upon its confiscation on account of the tory principles and conduct of the Hawks.

During the happier days of the Gilberts, the life of this Falconer was preserved by three of them, upon a certain occasion of imminent peril. He however, being badly wounded, they convey him to their father's house, and Jessie, their sister, attends him in the character of nurse. She loves him. He returns her love with gratitude and perhaps some little actual affection, not however sufficient to banish from his mind the charms or the wealth of a lady of whom he had been previously enamored—the daughter of a gentleman who had succored and patronised him at a time when he needed aid, and who discarded him upon perceiving the growing intimacy between his child and his *protegé*. Grateful however for the kindness and evident affection of Jessie, and intoxicated with her beauty, he marries her in a moment of madness and passion—prevailing upon her to keep the marriage a secret for a short time. At this critical juncture, Falconer, who has already risen to honors and consideration in the world, as an officer of the Colonial army, receives overtures of reconciliation both from his old patron and his daughter. His former flame is rekindled in his bosom. He puts off from day to day the publication of his marriage with Jessie, and, finally, goaded by love and ambition, and encouraged by the accidental death of the regimental chaplain who married him, as well as by that of the only witness to the ceremony, he flies from Jessie who is about to become a mother, and leaving herself and friends under the impression that the rite of marriage had been a mere mockery for the purpose of seduction, throws himself at once into the arms of his first love, and at length espouses her, a short time before the decease of Jessie, who dies in bringing a son into the world.

The wrath of the brothers of Jessie, has doomed this child to destruction—but their mother, at this same period giving birth to a still-born infant, an exchange is brought about through the instrumentality of an old nurse Elsie Bell, who plays an anomalous part in the story, being half witch, and half gentlewoman. The effect of this exchange is that the still-born child of Mrs. Gilbert is buried as the offspring of Jessie, while her real offspring, is sent to the West Indies, to be nurtured and educated by a sister of Mr. Gilbert. The boy thus sent was called Hyland, after one of the Hawks who perished in the rescue of Col. Falconer.

Such are the events which, at the opening of the story, have broken up the family of the Gilberts, and effected their ruin.

"The sons no longer hunted with the young men of the county, but went, as in their war expeditions, alone: and when others thrust themselves into their company they quarrelled with them, so that they began to be universally feared and detested. To crown all, as soon as the Revolution burst out they went over to the enemy: and, being distributed among the wild and murderous bands of savages forming on the north-western frontiers, they soon obtained a dreadful notoriety for their deeds of daring and cruelty. Of course this remarkable defection of the sons, caused the unlucky father to be suspected and watched. He was accused at last of aiding and abetting them in their treasonable practices, and soon, either from timidity or a consciousness of guilt, he fled, seeking refuge within the royal lines. This was sufficient for his ruin: for, after the usual legal preliminaries, he was formally outlawed, as his sons had been before, and his property confiscated. He died soon afterwards, either at New York, or Jamaica."

Hyland, the son of Falconer by Jessie, but the supposed youngest brother of the Hawks, returns after many years, to his native country with the intention of accepting a British commission; but seeing more closely, and with his own eyes, the true principles which actuated the colonists, he finally relinquishes that design. In the meantime visiting the Hawk-Hollow under the assumed name of Herman Hunter, and in the character of a painter, he becomes enamored of Catherine, the daughter of Captain Loring. The attachment is mutual, although the lady is already betrothed to Henry, the son of Col. Falconer, a rather gentlemanly, although a very dissipated and good-for-nothing personage. Difficulties thicken of course. Miss Harriet Falconer, a copy in many respects of Di Vernon, becomes, for some very trivial reason, a violent enemy of Herman Hunter, and even goes so far as to suspect him of being connected with the outlawed Hawks of the Hollow. Captain Loring, on the other hand, is his firm friend—a circumstance which restores matters to a more proper equilibrium, and much flirtation is consequently carried on, in and about the old mansion house and pleasure grounds of the Gilberts. In the meantime an attempt is made, by some unknown assassin, upon the life of Col. Falconer, at New York; and the county is thrown into a panic, by the rumor that Oran, the eldest brother of the Hawks, is not dead, as was supposed, but in existence near the Hollow with a desperate band of refugees, and ready to pounce upon

the neighboring village of Hillborough. Miss Harriet Falconer busies herself in a very unlady-like manner to ferret out the assassin of her father. Plot and counterplot follow in rapid succession. New characters appear upon the scene. A tall disciple of Roscius called Sterling, is, among others, very conspicuous, thrusting his nose into every adventure, and assuming by turns, although in a very slovenly way, the character of a Methodist preacher, of a pedlar, of a Quaker, and of a French dancing master. Elsie Bell, the old witch, prophecies, predicates, and prognosticates; and in short matters begin to assume a very serious and inexplicable aspect. Hyland Gilbert *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, is drawn into an involuntary connection with his supposed brother Oran, the refugee, and some circumstances coming to light not very much to his credit, he is obliged to flee from the mansion of the gallant Captain—not, however, until he has declared his passion for the daughter, into the ear of the daughter herself. Through the instigation of Harriet Falconer, the day is at length fixed for the marriage of her brother Henry with Catherine Loring. Accident delays the ceremony until night, when, just as the lady is hesitating whether she shall say *yes*, or *no*, the tall gentleman ycleped Sterling who has managed, no one knows how, to install himself as major-domo, chief fiddler, and master of ceremonies at the wedding, takes the liberty of knocking the bridegroom on the head with his violin, while Oran, the refugee, jumps in at one window with a gang of his followers, and Hyland Gilbert, *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, popping in at another, carries off the bride at a back door *nemine contradicente*. The bird being flown, the hue and cry is presently raised, and the whole county starts in pursuit. But the affair ends very lamely. Precisely at the moment when Hyland Gilbert, *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, has carried his mistress beyond any prospect of danger from pursuit, he suddenly takes it into his head, to change his mind in relation to the entire business, and so, turning back as he came, very deliberately carries the lady home again. He himself, however, being caught, is sentenced to be hung—all which is exceedingly just. But to be serious.

The crime with which the young man is charged, is the murder of Henry Falconer, who fell by a pistol shot in an affray during the pursuit. The criminal is lodged in jail at Hillborough—is tried—and, chiefly through the instrumentality of Col. Falconer, is in danger of being found guilty. But Elsie Bell now makes her appearance, and matters assume a new aspect. She reveals to Col. Falconer the exchange of the two infants—a fact with which he had been hitherto unacquainted—and consequently astounds him with the information that he is seeking the death of his own son. A new turn is also given to the evidence in the case of the murder by the death-bed confession of Sterling, who owns that he himself shot the deceased Henry Falconer, and also attempted the assassination of the Colonel. The prisoner is acquitted by acclamation. Col. Falconer, is shot by mistake while visiting his son in prison. Harriet dies of grief at the exposure of her father's villainy, and of her own consequent illegitimacy. Hyland Gilbert and Catherine are united. Oran, the refugee, who fired the shot by which Col. Falconer was accidentally killed, being hotly pursued, and dangerously wounded, escapes, finally, to his fastnesses in the mountains, where, after a lapse of many years, his bones and his rifle are identified. Thus ends the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow.

We have already spoken of the character of Elsie Bell. That of Harriet Falconer, is forced, unnatural, and overstrained. Catherine Loring, however, is one of the sweetest creations ever emanating from the fancy of poet, or of painter. Truly feminine in thought, in manner, and in action, she is altogether a conception of which Dr. Bird has great reason to be proud. Phœbe, the waiting maid, (we have not thought it worth while to mention her in our outline,) is a mere excrescence, and, like some other personages in the tale, introduced for no imaginable purpose. Of the male *dramatis personæ* some are good—some admirable—some execrable. Among the good, we may mention Captain Caliver of the Dragoons. Captain Loring is a *chéf d'œuvre*. His oddities, his infirmities, his enthusiasm, his petulancy, his warm-heartedness, and his mutability of disposition, altogether make up a character which we may be permitted to consider original, inasmuch as we have never seen its prototype either in print, or in actual existence. It is however true to itself, and to propriety, and although at times verging upon the *outré*, is highly creditable to the genius of its author. Oran, the refugee, is well—but not excellently drawn. The hero Hyland, with whom we were much interested in the beginning of the book, proves inconsistent with himself in the end; and although to be inconsistent with one's self, is not always to be false to Nature—still, in the present instance, Hyland Gilbert in prison, and in difficulty, and Herman Hunter, in the opening of the novel, possess none of the same traits, and are not, in point of fact, identical. Sterling is a mere mountebank, without even the merit of being an original one: and his death-bed repentance is too ludicrously ill-managed, and altogether too manifestly out of place, to be mentioned any farther. Squire Schlachtenschlager, the Magistrate, is the best personification of a little brief authority in the person of a Dutchman, which it has ever been our good fortune to encounter.

In regard to that purely mechanical portion of Dr. Bird's novel, which it would now be fashionable to denominate its *style*, we have very few observations to make. In general it is faultless. Occasionally we meet with a sentence ill-constructed—an inartificial adaptation of the end to the beginning of a paragraph—a circumlocutory mode of saying what might have been better said, if said with brevity—now and then with a pleonasm, as for example. "And if he wore a mask in his commerce with men, it was like that *iron* one of the Bastile, which when put on, was put on for life, and was at the same time *of iron*,"—not unfrequently with a bull proper, videlicet. "As he spoke there came into the den, eight men attired like the two first *who were included in the number*." But we repeat that upon the whole the style of the novel—if that may be called its style, which style is not—is at least *equal* to that of any American writer whatsoever.

In the style *properly* so called—that is to say in the prevailing tone and manner which give character and individuality to the book, we cannot bring ourselves to think that Dr. Bird has been equally fortunate. His subject appears always ready to fly away from him. He dallies with it continually—hovers incessantly round

it, and about it—and not until driven to exertion by the necessity of bringing his volumes to a close, does he finally grasp it with any appearance of energy or good will. The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow is composed with great inequality of manner—at times forcible and manly—at times sinking into the merest childishness and imbecility. Some portions of the book, we surmise, were either not written by Dr. Bird, or were written by him in moments of the most utter mental exhaustion. On the other hand, the reader will not be disappointed, if he looks to find in the novel many—very many well sustained passages of great eloquence and beauty. We open the book at random, and one presents itself immediately to our notice. If Dr. Bird has a general manner at all—a question which we confess ourselves unable to decide—the passage which we are about to quote is a very fair, although perhaps rather too favorable specimen of that manner.

"Thus whiling away the fatigue of climbing over rocks, and creeping through thickets with a gay rattle of discourse, the black-eyed maiden dragged her companion along until they reached a place where the stream was contracted by the projection on the one bank of a huge mass of slaty rock, and on the other, by the protrusion of the roots of a gigantic plane-tree—the sycamore or button-wood of vulgar speech. Above them, and beyond the crag, the channel of the rivulet widened into a pool; and there was a plot of green turf betwixt the water and the hill, on the farther bank, whereon fairies, if such had ever made their way to the world of Twilight, might have loved to gambol under the light of the moon. A hill shut up the glen at its upper extremity; and it was hemmed in on the left, by the rocky and woody declivity over which the maidens had already passed. Over this, and just behind a black rounded shoulder that it thrust into the glen, a broad ray from the evening sun shot across the stream, and fell in a rich yellow flood over the vacant plot. There was something almost Arcadian in this little solitude; and if instead of two well-bred maidens perched upon the roots of the sycamore, on seats chosen with a due regard to the claims of their dresses, there had been a batch of country girls romping in the water, a passing Actæon might have dreamed of the piny Gargaphy, its running well *fons tenui perlucidus unda*—and the bright creatures of the mythic day that once animated the waters of that solitary grot. But the fairy and the wood-nymph are alike unknown in America. Poetic illusion has not yet consecrated her glens and fountains; her forests nod in uninvaded gloom, her rivers roll in unsanctified silence, and even her ridgy mountains lift up their blue tops in unphantomed solitude. Association sleeps, or it reverts only to the vague mysteries of speculation. Perhaps

> A restless Indian queen,
> Pale Marian with the braided hair,

may wander at night by some highly favored spring; perhaps some tall and tawny hunter

> In vestments for the chase arrayed,

may yet hunt the hart over certain distinguished ridges, or urge his barken canoe over some cypress-fringed pool; but all other places are left to the fancies of the utilitarian. A Greek would have invented a God to dwell under the watery arch of Niagara; an American is satisfied with a paper-mill clapped just above it."

Of the songs and other poetic pieces interspersed throughout the book, and sometimes not aptly or gracefully introduced, we have a very high opinion. Some of them are of rare merit and beauty. If Dr. Bird can always write thus, and we see no reason for supposing the contrary, he should at once, in the language of one with whom he is no doubt well acquainted,

> Turn bard, and drop the play-wright and the novelist.

In evidence that we say nothing more than what is absolutely just; we insert here the little poem of *The Whippoorwill.*

> Sleep, sleep! be thine the sleep that throws
> Elysium o'er the soul's repose,
> Without a dream, save such as wind
> Like midnight angels, through the mind;
> While I am watching on the hill
> I, and the wailing whippoorwill.
> Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!
>
> Sleep, sleep! and once again I'll tell
> The oft pronounced yet vain farewell:
> Such should his word, oh maiden, be
> Who lifts the fated eye to thee;
> Such should it be, before the chain
> That wraps his spirit, binds his brain.
> Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!
>
> Sleep, sleep! the ship hath left the shore,
> The steed awaits his lord no more;
> His lord still madly lingers by,
> The fatal maid he cannot fly—
> And thrids the wood, and climbs the hill—
> He and the wailing whippoorwill.
> Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!
>
> Sleep, sleep! the morrow hastens on;
> Then shall the wailing slave be gone,
> Flitting the hill-top far for fear
> The sounds of joy may reach his ear;
> The sounds of joy!—the hollow knell
> Pealed from the mocking chapel bell.
> Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

In conclusion: The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow, if it add a single bay to the already green wreath of Dr. Bird's *popular* reputation, will not, at all events, among men whose decisions are entitled to consideration, advance the high opinion previously entertained of his abilities. It has no pretensions to *originality* of manner, or of style—for we insist upon the distinction—and very few to originality of matter. It is, in many respects, a bad imitation of Sir Walter Scott. Some of its characters, and one or two of its incidents, have seldom been surpassed, for force, fidelity to nature, and power of exciting interest in the reader. It is altogether more worthy of its author in its scenes of hurry, of tumult, and confusion, than in those of a more quiet and philosophical nature. Like *Calavar* and *The Infidel*, it excels in the drama of action and passion, and fails in the drama of colloquy. It is inferior, as a whole, to the *Infidel*, and vastly inferior to *Calavar.*

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## PEERAGE AND PEASANTRY.

*Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry, Edited by Lady Dacre. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

We had been looking with much impatience for the republication of these volumes, and hencefoward we shall look with still greater anxiety for any thing announced as under the *editorial* supervision of Lady Dacre. But why, Lady Dacre, this excessive show of modesty, or rather this most unpardonable piece of affectation? Why deny having written volumes whose authorship would be an enviable and an honorable dis-

tinction to the proudest literati of your land? And why, above all, announce yourself as editor in a title-page, merely to proclaim yourself author in a preface?

The *Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry* are three in number. The first and the longest is *Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale*, (have a care, Messieurs Harpers, you have spelt it *Nithsadle* in the very heading of the very initial chapter) a thrilling, and spirited story, rich with imagination, pathos, and passion, and in which the successful termination of a long series of exertions, and trials, whereby the devoted Winifred finally rescues her husband, the Earl of Nithsdale, from tyranny, prison, and death, inspires the reader with scarely less heartfelt joy and exultation than we can conceive experienced by the happy pair themselves. But the absolute conclusion of this tale speaks volumes for the artist-like skill of the fair authoress. An every day writer would have ended a story of continued sorrow and suffering, with a bright gleam of unalloyed happiness, and sunshine—thus destroying, at a single blow, that indispensable unity which has been rightly called the unity of effect, and throwing down, as it were, in a paragraph what, perhaps, an entire volume has been laboring to establish. We repeat that Lady Dacre has given conclusive evidence of talent and skill, in the final sentences of the *Countess of Nithsdale*—evidence, however, which will not be generally appreciated, or even very extensively understood. We will transcribe the passages alluded to.

"'And dearer to my ears'—said Lady Nithsdale 'the simple ballad of a Scottish maiden, than even these sounds as they are wafted to us over the waters!'

"They stopped to listen to the song as it died away; and, as they listened, another and more awful sound struck upon their ears. The bell of one of the small chapels often constructed on the shores of Catholic countries, was tolled for the soul of a departed mariner. As it happened, the tone was not unlike one of which they both retained only too vivid and painful a recollection. The Countess felt her husband's frame quiver beneath the stroke. There was no need of words. With a mutual pressure of the arm they returned upon their steps and sought their home. Unconsciously their pace quickened. They seemed to fly before the stroke of that bell! Such suffering as they had both experienced, leaves traces in the soul which time itself can never wholly efface."

*The Hampshire Cottage* is next in order—a tale of the Peasantry; and the volumes conclude with *Blanche*, a tale of the Peerage. Both are admirable, and worthy of companionship with *Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale.* There can be no doubt that Lady Dacre is a writer of infinite genius, possessing great felicity of expression, a happy talent for working up a story, and, above all, a far more profound and philosophical knowledge of the hidden springs of the human heart, and a greater skill in availing herself of that knowledge, than *any of her female contemporaries.* This we say deliberately. We have not yet forgotten the *Recollections of a Chaperon.* No person, of even common sensibility, has ever perused the magic tale of *Ellen Wareham* without feeling the very soul of passion and imagination aroused and stirred up within him, as at the sound of a trumpet.

Let Lady Dacre but give up her talents and energies, and especially *her time* to the exaltation of her literary fame, and we are sorely mistaken if, hereafter, she do not accomplish something which will not readily die.

## EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*The Edinburgh Review, No. CXXIV, for July* 1835. *American Edition, Vol. II, No. 2. New York: Theodore Foster.*

Article I in this number is a *critique* upon "The History of the Revolution in England in 1688. Comprising a View of the Reign of James the Second, from his Accession to the Enterprise of the Prince of Orange. By the late Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh; and completed to the Settlement of the Crown, by the Editor. To which is prefixed, a Notice of the Life, Writings, and Speeches of Sir James Mackintosh. 4to. London, 1834." The Reviewer commences by instituting a comparison between the work of Sir James, and Fox's History of James the Second. Both books are on the same subject—both were posthumously published, and neither had received the last corrections. The authors, likewise, belonged to the same political party, and had the same opinions concerning the merits and defects of the English Constitution, and concerning most of the prominent characters and events in English history. The palm is awarded to the work of Mackintosh. "Indeed"—says the critic—"the superiority of Mr. Fox to Sir James as an orator, is hardly more clear than the superiority of Sir James to Mr. Fox as an historian. Mr. Fox with a pen in his hand, and Sir James on his legs in the House of Commons were, we think, each out of his proper element. We could never read a page of Mr. Fox's writings—we could never listen for a quarter of an hour to the speaking of Sir James—without feeling that there was a constant effort, a tug up-hill. Mr. Fox wrote debates. Sir James Mackintosh spoke essays." The style of the fragment is highly complimented, and justly. Every body must agree with the Reviewer, that a History of England written throughout, in the manner of the History of the Revolution, would be the most fascinating book in the language. The printer and editor of the work are severely censured, but the censure is, in some respects, misapplied. Such errors as making the pension of 60,000 livres, which Lord Sunderland received from France, equivalent to 2,500 pounds sterling only, when, at the time Sunderland was in power, the livre was worth more than eighteen pence, are surely attributable to no one but the author—although the editor may come in for a small portion of the blame for not correcting an oversight so palpable. On the other hand the misprinting the name of Thomas Burnet repeatedly throughout the book, both in the text and Index, is a blunder for which the editor is alone responsible. The name is invariably spelt Bennet. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charter House, and author of the *Theoria Sacra*, is a personage of whom, or of whose works, the gentleman who undertook to edit the Fragment of Sir James Mackintosh has evidently never heard. The Memoir prefixed to the History, and its Continuation to the settlement of the Crown, both by the Editor of the Fragment, are unsparingly, but indeed most righteously, condemned. The Memoir is childish and imbecile, and the Continuation full of gross inaccuracies, and altogether unworthy of being appended to any thing from the pen of Mackintosh.

Article II is a very clever Review of the "Archanenses of Aristophanes, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, adapted to the Use of Schools and Universities.

By T. Mitchell, A. M. 8vo. London, 1835." Mr. Mitchell made his first appearance as a translator and commentator in 1820, and his second in 1822, upon both which occasions he was favorably noticed in the Edinburgh. High praise is bestowed in the present instance upon the *Acharnenses*. The *Wasps* will follow, and thus it appears the chronological order of the Comedies will not be preserved. The old fault is to be found with this Review, viz: It is more of a dissertation on the subject matter of the book in question than an analysis of its merits or defects. By far the greater part of the Article is occupied in a discussion of the character of the Athenians.

Article III is headed "a Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia, performed in his Majesty's Ships Leven and Barracouta, from 1822 to 1826, under the command of Capt. F. W. W. Owen, R. N. By Capt. Thomas Boteler, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835." Captain Owen sailed in January 1822 in the Leven Frigate, accompanied by the Barracouta, a ten-gun brig, with instructions to survey the entire Eastern coast of Africa, the Western coast of Madagascar—the islets and shoals interjacent—together with the Western coast of the Continent from the Zaire to Benin, and from the Rio Grande to the Gambia. All this was accomplished in five years. The narrative of Boteler, who was lieutenant of the Leven, is nothing more than a revised edition of that originally prepared by Capt. Owen, and which was a failure in a literary sense. The Review, as usual, says very little concerning the manner in which Captain Boteler has performed his task.

Article IV. "Deontology; or the Science of Morality: in which the Harmony and Coincidence of Duty and Self-Interest, Virtue and Felicity, Prudence and Benevolence, are explained and exemplified. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring, 2 vols. octavo, London, 1834." "This book," says the Reviewer, "simply contains Mr. Bentham's thrice told tale upon Utility. It furnishes us with no fresh illustrations, no better system than we had already found in his 'Principles of Morals and Legislation.'" We heartily agree with the critic that there was no necessity for the publication of these posthumous volumes. They add nothing to the work just mentioned, and are, in many points, inferior. But the Notice concludes in the following words. "Is it to be wondered at, that the most learned, accurate, and philosophical nation in Europe—the Germans—treat with contempt ignorance and insolence like this? They admit the merits of Mr. Bentham as a jurisconsult, in his analysis and classification of the *material* interests of life; but their metaphysicians and moralists agree, we believe without an exception, in considering his speculative philosophy as undeserving even the pomp and ceremony of an argument." We have only to add, that, in our opinion of the metaphysics of Mr. Bentham, we are, by no means, Germans to the very letter.

Article V. is an excellently well toned, and perfectly satisfactory Review of the "Journal by Frances Anne Butler, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835." It defends this lady from the charge of intentionally depreciating America; cites a long list of instances in which she has spoken in terms of the greatest cordiality of our people, individually, and as a nation; shows in what manner she has repeatedly let slip opportunities of saying, and saying too with perfect justice, things little likely to flatter our vanity; defends her from the ridiculous accusation of vulgarity (there is positively not an iota of vulgarity in the composition of Fanny Kemble) and very justly gives us a rap over the knuckles for our overweening vanity, self-sufficiency, and testiness of temper. The whole article is excellent, and the conclusion is particularly to our mind. "There is no chance of her return to a profession that she so cordially detested. Under these circumstances the only compensation Mr. Butler can make to us he must make. He is bound to see that she goes on with her faithful and amusing journal, and that she finishes, at her leisure, some of the sundry stories, plays, and novels, on which, it seems, she had already set to work amid the interruptions of the stage."

The sixth article is a review of "The Works of George Dalgarno, of Aberdeen. 4to. Reprinted at Edingburgh: 1834." This work is merely a reprint of the old Treatises of Dalgarno, the publication not extending beyond the sphere of the Maitland Club—a society instituted at Glasgow in imitation of the Edinburgh Ballantyne Club. The first treatise of Dalgarno is entitled "Ars Signorum, Vulgo Character Universalis, et Lingua Philosophica. Londini 1661." The second is "Didascalocophus, or the Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor: to which is added a Discourse of the Nature and Number of Double Consonants: both which Tracts being the first (for what the author knows) that have been published upon either of the subjects. Printed at the Theater in Oxford, 1680." The memory of Dalgarno had nearly perished when Dugald Stewart called public attention to his writings, on account of his having anticipated, on grounds purely speculative, and *a priori*, what has now been proved *a posteriori* by Horne Tooke and others, viz: that all grammatical inflections are reducible to the noun alone.

Article VII is headed "Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833. By Sir John Ross, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy. Including the Reports of Commander, now Captain, James Clark Ross, R. N., F. R. S., F. L. S., &c. and the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. 4to. London: 1835." The Reviewer professes himself unable to regard the observations made by Commander Ross in relation to the Magnetic Pole in the light of a discovery. "It was certainly a great satisfaction to stand upon a rock where the dip was 89° 59′, and where the polarity of nicely suspended needles was insensible; but it may be questioned whether or not the place of the Magnetic Pole can be best determined by observations made at a distance or near the spot; and we are not satisfied that the position assigned by Commander Ross is more accurate than that given by the curves of Professor Barlow, the calculations of Hansteen, and the observations of Captain Parry." The fact is that the Magnetic Pole is *moveable*, and, place it where we will, we shall not find it in the same place to-morrow. Notice is taken also by the critic that neither Captain nor Commander Ross has made the slightest reference to the fact that the Magnetic

Pole is not coincident with the *Pole of maximum cold.* From observations made by Scoresby in East Greenland, and by Sir Charles Giesecké and the Danish Governors in West Greenland, and confirmed by all the metereological observations made by Captains Parry and Franklin, Sir David Brewster has deduced the fact that the Pole of the Equator is not the Pole of maximum cold: and as the matter is well established, it is singular, to say no more, that it has been alluded to by neither the Commander nor the Captain.

Article VIII is 1. A "History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, with a Notice of its Early History in the East, and in all quarters of the Globe; a Description of the Great Mechanical Inventions which have caused its unexampled extension in Great Britain: and a View of the Present State of the Manufacture, and the condition of the Classes engaged in its several departments. By Edward Baines, Jr. Esq. 8vo. London: 1835."

2. "The Philosophy of Manufactures: or an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain. By Andrew Ure, M. D. 8vo. London: 1835." Mr. Baines' work is spoken of in high terms, as discovering much laborious research, and being both interesting and valuable. With the exception of Smith's *Memoirs of Wool*, published in 1747, it is said to be the only work giving a clear and copious account of the rise, progress, and actual condition of any of the great branches of industry carried on in the kingdom. Dr. Ure's work is censured for inaccuracy of detail. Its title is evidently a misnomer.

Article IX is "A Poet's Portfolio; or Minor Poems. In Three Books. By James Montgomery, 12mo. London, 1835."

The first production of Mr. Montgomery, 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' was noticed about twenty-eight years ago in the Edinburgh, and much fault found with it for inflation of style, and affectation. The present volume has induced the Journal to alter its tone entirely, and the *Minor Poems* are (perhaps a little too highly) lauded. "There is," says the critic, "something in all his poetry which makes fiction the most impressive teacher of truth and wisdom; and by which, while the intellect is gratified, and the imagination roused, the heart, if it retains any sensibility to tender or elevating emotions, cannot fail to be made better." The Reviewer, as usual, does not stick to his text, but comments, in detail, upon *all* the published poems of Montgomery.

The tenth and concluding paper is a Review of "The Second Report of his Majesty's Commissioners on Ecclesiastical Revenue and Patronage: Ireland. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed: 1834"—and "First Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction: Ireland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of his Majesty: 1835."

This article is written with great ability; but why call that a Review which is purely a dissertation on the state of the Irish Church? It concludes with a correspondence between the Editor of the Edinburgh, and Mr. Alan Stevenson, respecting evidence given, by the latter, before the Parliamentary Committee on Light Houses. The Journal, in No. CXXIII, accused Mr. S. of deceiving the Committee by erroneous testimony; and, upon Mr. S. demanding an explanation, the Review not only refuses to retract its assertions, but declares that, had it known certain facts at the time of inditing the offensive article, it would have expressed itself with double severity.

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## NUTS TO CRACK.

*Nuts to Crack: or Quips, Quirks, Anecdote and Facete of Oxford and Cambridge scholars. By the author of Facetiæ Cantabrigienses, etc. etc. etc. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*

Although this little volume is obviously intended for no other eyes than those of the 'Oxford and Cambridge scholar,' and although it is absolutely impossible for any American to enter fully into the spirit of its most inestimable quizzes, oddities and eccentricities, still we have no intention of quarrelling with Carey & Hart, for republishing the work on this side of the Atlantic. Never was there a better thing for whiling away a few loose or unappropriated half hours—that is to say in the hands of a reader who is, even in a moderate degree, imbued with a love of classical whimsicalities. We can assure our friends—all of them who expect to find in these excellent 'Nuts to Crack' a mere *rifacimento* of stale jests—that there are not more than two or three anecdotes in the book positively entitled to the appellation of antique. Some things, however, have surprised us. In the first place what is the meaning of *Anecdote* and *Facete*? In the second what are we to think of such blunders, as "one of honest Vere's classical *jeu d'esprit*," (the *jeu d'esprit* printed too in Long Primer Capitals) in a volume professing to be *Anecdote* and *Facete* (oh!—too bad) of Oxford and Cambridge *scholars*? And thirdly is it possible that he who wrote the *Facetiæ Cantabrigienses* is not aware that the "cutting retort attributed to the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, when a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge" may be found among the Facetiæ of Hierocles—not to mention innumerable editions of Joe Miller?

We have already said enough of the *Nuts to Crack*, but cannot, for our lives, refrain from selecting one of its good things for the benefit of our own especial readers.

The learned Chancery Barrister, John Bell, K. C., "*the Great Bell of Lincoln*," as he has been aptly called, was Senior Wrangler, on graduating B. A., at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1786, with many able competitors for that honor. He is likewise celebrated, as every one knows, for writing three several hands; one only he himself can read, another nobody but his clerk can read, and a third neither himself, clerk, nor any body else can read. It was in the latter hand, he one day wrote to his legal contemporary and friend, the present Sir Launcelot Shadwell, inviting him to dinner. Sir Launcelot, finding all his attempts to decypher the note about as vain, as the wise men found theirs to unravel the cabalistic characters of yore, took a sheet of paper, and having smeared it over with ink, folded and sealed it, and sent it as his answer. The receipt of it staggered even the Great Bell of Lincoln, and after breaking the seal, and eyeing it, and turning it round and round, he hurried to Mr. Shadwell's chambers with it, declaring he could make nothing of it. "Nor I of your note," retorted Mr. S. "My dear fellow" exclaimed Mr. B. taking his own letter in his hand, "is not this as plain as can be,—"Dear Shadwell, I shall be glad to see you at dinner to day?" "And is not this equally as plain," said Mr. S. pointing to his own paper, "My dear Bell, I shall be happy to come and dine with you?"

## ROBINSON'S PRACTICE.

*The Practice in Courts of Law and Equity in Virginia. By Conway Robinson. Vol. II, containing Practice in suits in Equity.* pp. 648. *Richmond: Printed by Samuel Shepherd.* 1835.

The first volume of this work came out about three years ago; and received so earnest a welcome from the legal profession, that the author's tardiness in producing the second might be matter of wonder, were not his devoted attention to an unusually large practice well known. The present is destined, because it deserves, to be a much greater favorite with the law-book-reading public, than the former volume was. The arrangement is after a better classification of subjects; rendering it easier to find the doctrine desired, on any given point: and there is a larger proportion of valuable matter—matter not to be found in the Revised Code, or in Tate's Digest. Indeed there are few works, more copiously filled with useful, and *not-too-obvious* learning. Industry and research are the author's manifest characteristics. He is a real *brownie*—if not for supernatural speed of workmanship, at least in the world of trouble he will save his brethren. Here, within 442 pages (for the other 206 of this tome—*horresco referens*—are *index*,) he has compressed matter, and inestimable matter too, for which the practitioner would otherwise have to hunt through, not only the thirty volumes of Virginia Reports (counting Chancellor Wythe's) but the numberless ones of New York, Massachusetts, the Federal Courts, and England.

In his *abstracts of cases*, the author is, in the main, particularly successful. Not only does he give them with a clearness, (the result of brevity, effected by discarding non-essentials) which we would gladly see judges and reporters emulate,—but he sometimes gathers from them doctrines, which the reporter has overlooked, and which a cursory reader would therefore be little apt to discover. For example, in pp. 20, 21, he states these two points, as decided in the case of *Blow* v. *Maynard*, 2 Leigh, 21: 1st, That a fraudulent donee of personalty is accountable for it and its increase, and also for hires, and profits, accruing since the donor's death, as executor *de son tort*; just as a rightful executor would be, who had taken possession at the donor's death: and 2d, That a *privy* to the fraud, who shared with the donee the profits of the property fraudulently conveyed, is accountable jointly with the donee. Now the reporter in his marginal summary of the case, does not mention these as among the points decided; though in the decree of the court (2 Leigh, p. 67,) they manifestly appear. Again—in the case of *Tod* v. *Baylor*, (as now reported in 4 Leigh, 498,) it is not said, at all, that *only two of the judges concurred* in the third point there stated as adjudged. But our author tells us so, (p. 10,) and we are thus enabled to estimate the authority at its true value—as *persuasive* only,—not *obligatory*, in other cases.

The mechanical execution of the book does infinite credit to the printer. The typography is unsurpassed; and the paper is white, pure, and firm, so as to receive notes of the pen without blotting—a great merit in law books.

If it were only to shew that we are free of our craft as critics, we must find some fault with this work: premising, that *merit* is its *staple*; and that, if more of the criticism be occupied with its faults, it is chiefly because they are somewhat hard to detect, amidst the pile of excellences. The chaff, this time, is hidden by the wheat.

There is *not enough compression* in some parts. In this volume, it is true, not a tithe of the statute law is quoted, that over-burthens the former one: but when he does cite a statute, the author still gives it to us in all the exuberance of legislative verbosity. Thus, he fills the third part of a page with the law of *lapsing legacies*; (p. 91) when, considering that only the *substance* was essential—especially as every owner of the book may be supposed to have the Code also—it might more clearly, and as satisfactorily, have been couched in five lines, as follows: "When a legatee or devisee, descended from the testator, dies before him, leaving any descendant who survives him; the legacy or devise shall vest in such surviving descendant, as if the legatee or devisee had survived the testator, and then died unmarried and intestate." And he takes *three quarters of a page* (copied from the Revised Code) to say that "a surety may in writing notify the creditor to sue upon the bond, bill, or note, which binds the surety; and unless the creditor sue in reasonable time, and proceed with due diligence to recover the sum due, the surety shall be exonerated." (pp. 132, 133.) In the name of all that is reasonable, why should not a writer disencumber his pages of the rubbish of *howbeit*, *provided*, *nevertheless*, *notwithstanding*, and *aforesaid*, when, by doing so, he might save himself and his readers so much time and toil?

Some quarrel, too, we have, with the *judicial* law, which principally fills the book. It is too *mere a digest of cases*. A head in the Table of Contents refers us to a page, where we expect to find a full elementary exposition of at least the leading doctrines that fall under that head: but we see perhaps only a single *case*, or a judge's *dictum*, not at all realizing the promise of the reference, by unfolding all pertinent general principles. Thus, under the caption, "WHEN STATEMENT OF A TRANSACTION MUST BE TAKEN ALTOGETHER," instead of finding a general rule laid down on the point indicated, we find only a case briefly stated, from which we are left to deduce a rule, *if we can*. (pp. 329, 330.) Under the very next head, the well established principle, that 'an Answer is no evidence for the defendant, as to any thing it affirms, not responsive to the allegations of the Bill, but that it *is* evidence, so far as it responds to those allegations'—is whittled away to the position, that it is not evidence as to any affirmative matter, touching which the Bill *seeks no discovery*. Now, if the Bill positively alleges one thing (whether it calls for a *discovery* or not,) and the answer as positively alleges the reverse; such denial stands for proof, and must be rebutted by testimony: and so, we conceive, do the cases clearly evince, which are cited by our author himself; *Beckwith* v. *Butler*, *Paynes* v. *Coles* (see 1 Munf. 379, 389, 397,) and even *Taylor* v. *Moore*, whence he quotes (and quotes truly) in the form of a judge's *dictum*, the position in question—not to speak of 1 Call, 224, 390; the *dicta* of Roane and Carrington in the case of *Rowton* v. *Rowton*, 1 Hen. and Munf.; and many other authorities. The principle, in its true extent, is well illustrated by the case cited from 1 John-

son's Reports, 580, where an Answer alleging usury, of which the Bill had said nothing, was held *no evidence.* The case from 2 Leigh, 29, is infelicitously adduced. The *point* professedly quoted from it was not there adjudged: it was only maintained by *one judge,* who (we say it with a deference heightened by affection, as well as by respect) seems to us to have therein gainsayed the well settled doctrine we have referred to, and therefore to have *erred.* The Answer, there, (see 2 Leigh, 35, 36) was responsive to the Bill, and must have prevailed against it, but for the numerous and weighty countervailing circumstances detailed by that judge himself. (pp. 49 to 53.) The *deed* in controversy was stamped with more badges of fraud than are enumerated in the celebrated *Twyne's Case.* These, doubtless, and not any doubt as to the legal effect of the Answer, satisfied the minds of the other judges, who merely agreed in pronouncing the deed fraudulent, without assigning reasons.

Some omissions in so comprehensive a work, were to be expected—indeed were unavoidable. Not in the spirit of censure, therefore, but merely to awaken the author's attention in his next edition, or in his next production, we remark, that he has overlooked an important decision; (in 2 Leigh, 370,) 'that a tenant, whose goods are wrongfully distrained, cannot obtain relief in equity, unless he shew good reason for not having brought his action of replevin.'

Divers other topics we were minded to discuss with our intelligent author: but on glancing over our two last paragraphs, we are struck with fear lest our unprofessional readers may have been already offended at the strong *smell of the shop,* discernible in what we have produced; and stop their ears against the technical dissonance of

> ——"sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
> That grate the soul of harmony."

But we cannot let the *Index* pass unreproved. Its length—the length of its *indicating* sentences—and the utter absence of any *sub-alphabetical* arrangement—in a great degree frustrate its use as an index. We can find what we want nearly as well by the 'Contents.'

After all our censures, however—or cavils, if the author pleases—there remains to him so large a residue of solid desert, that he cannot miss the small deduction we have made. His book is one which we would advise every lawyer, in Virginia at least, to buy; and even those in other states—the Western, especially, whose Chancery systems most resemble ours—can hardly find one that will aid them so much in disentangling the intricacies of Chancery Practice. Never have we paid the price of a commodity more ungrudgingly.

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## MEMOIR OF DR. RICE.

***A Memoir of the Reverend John H. Rice, D. D. First Professor of Christian Theology in Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. By William Maxwell. Philadelphia: Published by J. Whetham.***

This Memoir will be received and read with pleasure generally: and among those who have been so fortunate as to have seen and heard Dr. Rice, it will be perused with the deepest interest and gratification. We believe there are very many, in Virginia especially, who will be able to identify the letters of this divine, contained in the present volume, with the voice, the manner, and personal appearance of the man himself—and upon all such Mr. Maxwell has conferred an obligation of no common kind. The greater portion of the work consists of these letters, and they are valuable in every respect. Many of them are, as Mr. M. himself expresses it, entirely *narrative,* and give the most authentic and minute accounts of the various movements of the writer at different periods of his life, particularly after his removal to Richmond, and during his labors in establishing the Union Theological Seminary. Others again are *pastoral,* and addressed to different members of his Church. Some are merely ordinary letters of friendship. All, however, are full of thought, and give evidence of an elevated, a healthy, cheerful, powerful, and well regulated mind.

In availing himself of the assistance afforded by these letters, Mr. Maxwell has never anticipated their contents—thus avoiding much useless repetition, and suffering the subject of the Memoir to tell, in a great measure, his own story in his own words. The work is well—indeed even beautifully *gotten up*—is embellished with an admirably finished head of Mr. Rice, engraved by J. Sartain, from a painting by W. J. Hubard—and is, in every respect, an acceptable and valuable publication. Among the letters in the volume is one from John Randolph of Roanoke, and several from Wm. Wirt. We select one of these latter, being well assured that it will be read with that deep interest which is attached to every thing emanating from the same pen.

TO THE REV. JOHN H. RICE.

*Washington, February* 1, 1822.

My Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 31st ult. is just received at 5 P. M. for I have just returned from the President's. I feel the blush of genuine shame at the apparent presumption of adding my name in favor of the magazine to that of the eminent gentlemen at Princeton. This is real and unaffected—but you desire it—and I dare follow your beck in any direction. Would that I could in one still more important.

Holingshead's History of Duncan of Scotland, is under copy by my Elizabeth (my daughter, once your pet) for the purpose of showing the full basis of Shakspeare's Macbeth. I think you will be pleased with it—and the readers of Shakspeare must differ much from me, if they do not find it very interesting.

If you suppose from what I said of nine o'clock that that is my hour of going to bed on *week-day nights,* you are mistaken by several hours. For some time past, I have been obliged to be in my office before breakfast, and till nine or ten o'clock at night, when I have to come home, take my tea, talk over family affairs, and get to bed between eleven and twelve; but it is killing me also. And as death would be most extremely inconvenient to me in more respects than one, at this time, I shall quit that course of operations, and look a little to my health, if I can survive the approaching Supreme Court—*sed quære de hoc.*

My troubles not being already enough, in the estimation of the honorable body now assembled in the Capitol, they are beginning to institute inquiries, for my better amusement, into the circumstances of three fees paid me by the government, in the course of the four years that I have been here, for professional services foreign to my official duties—a thing which has been continually done at all times, under this government, but which they affect to think a new affair entirely, and only an additional proof among ten thousand others of the waste of public money, by the rapacity, if not peculation, of those in office. I am sick of public life; my skin is too thin for the business; a politician should have the hide of a rhinoceros, to bear the thrusts of the folly, ignorance, and meanness of those who are disposed to mount into momentary consequence by questioning *their betters,* if I may be excused the expression after professing my modesty. "There's nought but care on every hand;" all, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, save religion, friendship, and literature.

I agree that your story of the *Oysterman* is the best, but I

suspect that the Orange story is the true original. I knew old Bletcher: *he* was a *Baptist* preacher; and although I did not hear the words, they are so much in his character that I verily believe them to have been uttered by him; and it would have been quite in his character too to have gone on with the amplification you suggest.

I do sincerely wish it were in my power to mount the aforesaid gay streamer, and long Tom, on your gallant little barque. I will try in the spring and summer to contribute a stripe or two, and a blank cartridge or so; but I shall not tell you when I do, that it is I, for it is proper you should have it in your power to say truly, "I do not know who it is." I have already got credit for much that I never wrote, and much that I never said. The guessers have an uncommon propensity to attribute all galling personalities to me, all sketches of character that touch the quick, and make some readers wince. I have, in truth, in times gone by, been a little wanton and imprudent in this particular, and I deserve to smart a little in my turn. But I never wrote a line wickedly or maliciously. There is nothing in the Spy that deserves this imputation, and nothing in the Old Bachelor, which, give me leave to tell you, "*venia deter verbo*," you and your magazine, and your writer, ** have underrated. There is a juster criticism of it in the Analectic Magazine—but this writer, too, has not true taste nor sensibility. He accuses me of extravagance only because he never felt himself, the rapture of inspiration. And you accuse me of redundant figure, because you are not much troubled yourself with the throes of imagination—just as G— H— abuses eloquence because there is no chord in his heart that responds to its notes. So take that. And if you abuse me any more, I will belabor your magazine as one of the heaviest, dullest, most drab-colored periodicals extant in these degenerate days. What! shall a Conestoga wagon-horse find fault with a courser of the sun, because he sometimes runs away with the chariot of day, and sets the world on fire? So take that again, and put it in your pocket. But enough of this *badinage*, for if I pursue it much farther you will think me serious—besides it is verging to eleven, and the fire has gone down. I began this scrawl a little after five—walked for health till dark—came in and found company who remained till near ten—and could not go to bed without a little more talk with you. But I shall tire you and catch cold—so with our united love to Mrs. Rice, my dear Harriet, and yourself, good night.

Your friend, in truth,

WM. WIRT.

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## LIFE OF DR. CALDWELL.

***Oration on the Life and Character of the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, D.D. late President of the University of North Carolina, by Walker Anderson, A. M.***

It was only within the last few days that we met with the above oration, in a pamphlet form—and we cannot refrain from expressing the very great pleasure its perusal has afforded us. Dr. Caldwell was unquestionably a great and good man—and certain are we that the task of paying tribute to his manifold qualifications and virtues, now that he is gone, could not have been committed to abler hands, than those of Professor Anderson. The tone of feeling pervading the oration is quite characteristic of its author—ardent—affectionate—consistent.

"We come," says he, near the beginning, "we come as a band of brothers, to do homage to that parental love, of which all of us, the old as well as the young, have been the objects; and by communing with the spirit of our departed father, to enkindle those hallowed emotions which are the fittest offering to his memory. But why needs the living speaker recall to your remembrance the venerated and beloved being whose loss is fresh in the memories of all who hear me? We stand not, it is true, over his grave, as the Spartan over the sepulchre of his king, but his memorials present themselves to the eye on every side and are felt in every throbbing bosom. The shady re'reats of this consecrated grove—the oft frequented halls of this seat of learning—the sacred edifice in which we are assembled—and the very spot on which I stand, are memorials to awaken the busy and thronging recollections of many a full heart! *Quocumque ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus.* I look around this assembly and see monuments of his love and of his labors, such as can never grace the memory of the warrior, and which throw contempt on all the sculptured memorials of kings. I look at the eyes beaming with intelligence; I contemplate the refined intellects; I see their rich fruits in public and honorable employment; I recall the memory of others who are far distant, but whose thoughts are mingling with ours upon this occasion; who have carried with them the seeds of virtue and wisdom which they gathered here, and in other lands, have brought forth the noblest results of usefulness and honorable consideration. I revert, too, to those whose bright career is ended, and who preceded their guide and instructor to the abodes of the blessed. I think of all this, and feel that you need not the voice of the speaker to arouse your grateful recollections" p. 4.

Mr. Anderson shortly after this, goes into a very interesting sketch of the family history of the deceased, portraying with great tenderness and delicacy, the maternal solicitude to which young Caldwell was so deeply indebted for his well doing in after life—and evincing as we humbly conceive, in this part of his oration, fine powers as a biographical writer. There is much force in his development of the Doctor's character throughout, but especial beauty, we think, in the way in which he treats of his religious principles. One extract more from the pamphlet, in proof of what we have just said, must close this hasty and imperfect notice of it.

"The religious character of Dr. Caldwell, was not the formation of a day, nor the hasty and imperfect work of a dying bed. His trust was anchored on the rock of ages, and he was therefore well furnished for the terrible conflict that awaited him. We have seen that he had made Religion the guide of his youth; it beautified and sanctified the labors of his well spent life; nor did it fail him in the trying hour, which an allwise but inscrutable Providence permitted to be to him peculiarly dark and fearful. The rich consolations of his faith became brighter and stronger, amidst the wreck of the decaying tabernacle of flesh; and if the dying testimony of a pure and humble spirit may be received, death had for him no sting—the grave achieved no triumph. In any frequent and detailed account of his religious feelings he was not inclined to indulge—the spirit that walks most closely with its God, needs not the sustaining influence of such excitements—yet a few weeks previous to his death, a friend from a distant part of the State calling to see him, made inquiries as to the state of his mind, and had the privilege of hearing from him the calm assurance of his perfect resignation and submission to the will of God. His hope of a happy immortality beyond the grave, was such as belongs only to the Christian, and by him was modestly but humbly entertained. It was to him a principle of strength that sustained him amidst the conflicts of the dark valley; and to us who witnessed the agonies of his parting hour, a bright radiance illuming the gloom which memory throws around the trying scene." pp. 38, 39.

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## WASHINGTONII VITA.

***A Life of George Washington, in Latin Prose: By Francis Glass, A. M. of Ohio. Edited by J. N. Reynolds. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.***

We may truly say that not for years have we taken up a volume with which we have been so highly gratified, as with the one now before us. A Life of Washington, succinct in form, yet in matter sufficiently comprehensive, has been long a desideratum: but a Life of Washington precisely such as a compendious Life of that great man should be—written by a native of Ohio—and written too, in Latin, which is not one jot inferior to the Latin of Erasmus, is, to say the least of it,—a novelty.

We confess that we regarded the first announcement

of this *rara avis* with an evil and suspicious eye. The thing was improbable, we thought. Mr. Reynolds was quizzing us—the brothers Harper were hoaxed—and Messieurs Anthon and Co. were mistaken. At all events we had made up our minds to be especially severe upon Mr. Glass, and to put no faith in that species of classical Latin which should emanate from the back woods of Ohio. We now solemnly make a recantation of our preconceived opinions, and so proceed immediately to do penance for our unbelief.

Mr. Reynolds is entitled to the thanks of his countrymen for his instrumentality in bringing this book before the public. It has already done wonders in the cause of the classics; and we are false prophets if it do not ultimately prove the means of stirring up to a new life and a regenerated energy that love of the learned tongues which is the surest protection of our own vernacular language from impurity, but which, we are grieved to see, is in a languishing and dying condition in the land.

We have read Mr. R's preface with great attention; and meeting with it, as we have done, among a multiplicity of worldly concerns, and every-day matters and occurrences, it will long remain impressed upon our minds as an episode of the purest romance. We have no difficulty in entering fully with Mr. Reynolds into his kindly feelings towards Mr. Glass. We perceive at once that we could have loved and reverenced the man. His image is engraven upon our fancy. Indeed we behold him *now*—at this very moment—with all his oddities and appurtenances about him. We behold the low log-cabin of a school-house—the clap-board roof but indifferently tight—the holes, ycleped windows, covered with oiled paper to keep out the air—the benches of hewn timber stuck fast in the ground—the stove, the desk, the urchins, and the Professor. We can hear the worthy pedagogue's classical '*Salves*,' and our ears are still tingling with his hyper-classical exhortations. In truth he was a man after our own heart, and, were we not Alexander, we should have luxuriated in being Glass.

A word or two respecting the Latinity of the book. We sincerely think that it has been underrated. While we agree with Mr. Reynolds, for whose opinions, generally, we have a high respect, that the work can boast of none of those elegancies of diction, no rich display of those beauties and graces which adorn the pages of some modern Latinists, we think he has forgotten, in his search after the mere flowers of Latinity, the peculiar nature of that labor in which Mr. Glass has been employed. Simplicity *here* was the most reasonable, and indeed the only admissible elegance. And if this be taken into consideration, we really can call to mind, at this moment, no modern Latin composition whatever much superior to the *Washingtonii Vita* of Mr. Glass.

The clothing of modern ideas in a language dead for centuries, is a task whose difficulty can never be fully appreciated by those who have never undertaken it. The various changes and modifications, which, since the Augustan age, have come to pass in the sciences of war and legislation especially, must render any attempt similar to that which we are now criticising, one of the most hazardous and awkward imaginable. But we cannot help thinking that our author has succeeded *à merveille*. His ingenuity is not less remarkable than his grammatical skill. Indeed he is never at a loss. It is nonsense to laugh at his calling Quakers *Tremebundi*. *Tremebundi* is as good Latin as *Trementes*, and more euphonical Latin than *Quackeri*—for both which latter expressions we have the authority of Schroeckh: and *glandes plumbeæ*, for bullets, is something better, we imagine, than Wyttenbach's *bombarda*, for a cannon; Milton's *globulus*, for a button; or Grotius' *capilamentum*, for a wig. As a specimen of Mr. G's Latinity, we subjoin an extract from the work. It is Judge Marshall's announcement in Congress of the death of Washington.

"Nuncius tristis, quem heri accepimus, hodierno die nimium certus advenit. Fuit Washingtonius; heros, dux, et philosophus; ille, denique, quem, imminente periculo, omnes intuebantur, factorum clarorum memoriâ dunta xat vixit. Quamvis enim, eos honore afficere solenne non esset, quorum vita in generis humani commodis promovendis insumpta fuit, Washingtonii, tamen, res gestæ tantæ extiterunt, ut populus universus Americanus, doloris indicium, qui tam latè patet, deposcere suo jure debet."

"Rempublicam hancce nostram, tam longè latèque divisam, unus ferè Washingtonius ordinandi et condendi laudem meret. Rebus omnibus, tandem confectis, quarum causâ exercitibus Americanis præpositus fuerat, gladium in vomerem convertit, bellumque pace lætissimè commutavit. Cum civitatum fœderatarum Americanarum infirmitas omnibus manifesta videretur, et vincula, quibus Columbi terra latissima continebatur, solverentur, Washingtonium omnium, qui hancce nostram præclaram rempublicam stabiliverant, principem vidimus. Cum patria charissima eum ad sedandos tumultus, bellumque sibi imminens ad propulsandum et avertendum, vocaret; Washingtonium, otium domesticum, quod ei semper charum fuit, relinquentem, et undis civilibus, civium commoda et libertatem servandi causâ, mersum, haud semel conspeximus; et consilia, quibus libertatem Americanam stabilem effecerat, perpetua, ut spero, semper, erunt."

"Cum populi liberi magistratus summus bis constitutus esset, cumque tertiò præses fieri facillimè potuisset, ad villam, tamen, suam, secessit, seque ab omni munere civili in posterum procul amoveri, ex animo cupiebat. Utcunque vulgi opinio, quoad alios homines, mutetur, Washingtonii, certè, fama sempiterna et eadem permanebit. Honoremus, igitur, patres conscripti, hunc tantum virum mortuum: civitatum fœderatarum Americanarum consilium publicum civium omnium sententias, hác una in re, declaret"

"Quamobrem, chartas quasdam hîc manu teneo, de quibus Congressûs sententiam rogare velim: ut, nempe, civitatum fœderatarum Americanarum consilium publicum præsidem visat, simul cum eo, gravi de hoc casu, condoliturum: ut Congressûs principis sella vestibus pullis ornetur; utque Congressus pars reliqua vestibus pullis induatur: utque, denique, idonea à Congressu parentur, quibus planè manifestum fiat, Congressum, virum bello, pace, civiumque animis primum, honore summo afficere velle."*

The 'barbarisms' of Mr. Glass are always so well in accordance with the genius of Latin declension, as

* The sad tidings which yesterday brought us, this day has but too surely confirmed. Washington is no more. The hero, the general, the philosopher—he, upon whom, in the hour of danger, all eyes were turned, now lives in the remembrance, only, of his illustrious actions. And although, even, it were not customary to render honor unto those who have spent their lives in promoting the welfare of their fellow men, still, so great are the deeds of Washington, that the whole American nation is bound to give a public manifestation of that grief which is so extensively prevalent.

Washington, we had nearly said Washington *alone*, deserves the credit of regulating and building up, as it were, the widely extended territory of this our Republic. Having finally achieved all for which he had accepted the command of the American forces, he converted his sword into a ploughshare, and joyfully exchanged war for peace. When the weakness of the United States of America appeared manifest to all, and the bands by which the very extensive land of Columbus was held together,

never to appear at variance with the spirit of the language, or out of place in their respective situations. His 'equivalents,' too, are, in all cases, ingeniously managed: and we are mistaken if the same can be said of the 'equivalents' of Erasmus—certainly not of those used by Grotius, or Addison, or Schroeckh, or Buchanan, neither of whom are scrupulous in introducing words, from which a modern one is deduced, in the exact sense of the English analogous term—although that term may have been greatly perverted from its original meaning.

Having said thus much in favor of the *Washingtonii Vita*, we may now be permitted to differ in opinion with Professor Wylie and others who believe that this book will be a valuable acquisition to our classical schools, as initiatory to Cæsar or Nepos. We are quite as fully impressed with the excellences of Mr. Glass' work as the warmest of his admirers; and perhaps, even more than any of them, are we anxious to do it justice. Still the book is—as it professes to be—a Life of Washington; and it treats, consequently, of events and incidents occurring *in a manner* utterly unknown to the Romans, and *at a period* many centuries after their ceasing to exist as a nation. If, therefore, by Latin we mean the Language spoken by the Latins, a large proportion of the work—disguise the fact as we may—is necessarily *not Latin at all*. Did we indeed design to instruct our youth in a language of possibilities—did we wish to make them proficient in the tongue which *might have been spoken* in ancient Rome, had ancient Rome existed in the nineteenth century, we could scarcely have a better book for the purpose than the Washington of Mr. Glass. But we do not perceive that, in teaching Latin, we have any similar view. And we have given over all hope of making this language the medium of universal communication—that day-dream, with a thousand others, is over. Our object then, at present, is simply to imbue the mind of the student with the idiom, the manner, the thought, and above all, with *the words* of antiquity. If this is not our object, what is it? But this object cannot be effected by any such work as the *Washingtonii Vita*.

were in danger of being loosened, we have seen Washington the first among those who re-invigorated this our glorious Republic. When his beloved country called him to quiet tumults, and to avert the war with which she was menaced, we have once more seen Washington abandon that domestic tranquillity so dear to him, and plunge into the waters of civil life to preserve the liberties and happiness of his countrymen: and the counsels with which he re-established American liberty will be, as I hope, perpetual.

When he had been twice appointed the Chief Magistrate of a free people, and when, for the third time, he might easily have been President, he nevertheless retired to his farm, and really desired to be freed from all civil offices forever. However vulgar opinion may vary in respect to other men, the fame of Washington will, surely, be the same to all eternity. Therefore, let us show our reverence for this so great man who is departed, and let this public counsel of the United States of America declare upon this one subject the opinion of all our citizens.

For this end I hold these resolutions in my hand, concerning which I would wish the opinion of Congress, viz: that this public counsel of the United States of America should visit the President to condole with him upon this heavy calamity—that the speaker's chair be arrayed in black—that the members of Congress wear mourning—and lastly, that arrangements be entered into by this assembly, in which it may be made manifest that Congress wish to do every honor to the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

## NORMAN LESLIE.

*Norman Leslie. A Tale of the Present Times. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.*

Well!—here we have it! This is *the* book—*the* book *par excellence*—the book bepuffed, beplastered, and be-*Mirrored*: the book "attributed to" Mr. Blank, and "said to be from the pen" of Mr. Asterisk: the book which has been "about to appear"—"in press"—"in progress"—"in preparation"—and "forthcoming:" the book "graphic" in anticipation—"talented" *a priori*—and God knows what *in prospectu*. For the sake of every thing puffed, puffing, and puffable, let us take a peep at its contents!

Norman Leslie, gentle reader, a Tale of the Present Times, is, after all, written by nobody in the world but Theodore S. Fay, and Theodore S. Fay is nobody in the world but "one of the Editors of the New York Mirror." The book commences with a Dedication to Colonel Herman Thorn, in which that worthy personage, whoever he may be, is held up, in about a dozen lines, to the admiration of the public, as "hospitable," "generous," "attentive," "benevolent," "kind-hearted," "liberal," "highly-esteemed," and withal "a patron of the arts." But the less we say of this matter the better.

In the Preface Mr. Fay informs us that the most important features of his story are founded on fact—that he has availed himself of certain poetical licenses—that he has transformed character, and particularly the character of a young lady, (oh fi! Mr. Fay—oh, Mr. Fay, fi!) that he has sketched certain peculiarities with a mischievous hand—and that the art of novel writing is as dignified as the art of Canova, Mozart or Raphael,—from which we are left to infer, that Mr. Fay himself is as dignified as Raphael, Mozart, and Canova—all three. Having satisfied us on this head, he goes on to say something about an humble student, with a feeble hand, throwing groupings upon a canvass, and standing behind a curtain: and then, after perpetrating all these impertinences, thinks it best "frankly to bespeak the indulgence of the solemn and sapient critics." Body of Bacchus! *we*, at least, are neither solemn nor sapient, and, therefore, do not feel ourselves bound to show him a shadow of mercy. But will any body tell us what is the object of Prefaces in general, and what is the meaning of Mr. Fay's Preface in particular?

As far as we can understand the plot of Norman Leslie, it is this. A certain family reside in Italy—"independent," "enlightened," "affectionate," "happy,"—and all that. Their villa, of course, stands upon the seashore, and their whole establishment is, we are assured, "a scene of Heaven," &c. Mr. Fay says he will not even attempt to describe it—why, therefore, should we? A daughter of this family is nineteen when she is wooed by a young Neapolitan, Rinaldo, of "mean extraction, but of great beauty and talent." The lover, being a man of suspicious character, is rejected by the parents, and a secret marriage ensues. The lady's brother pursues the bridegroom—they fight—and the former is killed. The father and mother die (it is impossible to see for what purpose they ever lived) and Rinaldo flies to Venice. Upon rejoining her husband in that city, the lady (for Mr. Fay has not thought her worth enduing with a specific appellation) discovers

him, for the first time, to be a rascal. One fine day he announces his intention of leaving herself and son for an indefinite time. The lady beseeches and finally threatens. "It was the first unfolding," says she, in a letter towards the *dénouement* of the story, "of that character which neither he nor I knew belonged to my nature. It was the first uncoiling of the basilisk within me, (good Heavens, a snake in a lady's stomach!). He gazed on me incredulously, and cooly smiled. You remember that smile—I fainted!!!" Alas! Mr. Davy Crockett,—Mr. Davy Crockett, alas!—thou art beaten hollow—thou art defunct, and undone! thou hast indeed succeeded in grinning a squirrel from a tree, but it surpassed even thine extraordinary abilities to smile a lady into a fainting fit!

"When I recovered"—continues the lady—"he was gone. It was two years before I could trace him. At length I found he had sailed for America. I followed him in the depth of winter—I and my child. I knew not the name he had assumed, and I was struck mute with astonishment, in your beautiful city, on beholding, surrounded by fair ladies, the form of my husband, still beautiful, and still adored. You know the rest." But as our readers may not be as well informed as the correspondent of the fair forsaken, we will enlighten them with some farther particulars.

Rinaldo, upon leaving his *cara sposa*, had taken shipping for New York, where, assuming the name of "Count Clairmont of the French army," he succeeds in cutting a dash, or, in more proper parlance, in creating a sensation, among the beaux and belles of the city of Gotham. One fair lady, and rich heiress, Miss Flora Temple, is particularly honored by his attentions, and the lady's mother, Mrs. T., fired with the idea of her daughter becoming a real countess, makes no scruple of encouraging his addresses. Matters are in this position when the wife of the adventurer arrives in New York, and is quite bewildered with astonishment upon beholding, one snowy day, her beloved Rinaldo sleighing it to and fro about the streets of New York. In the midst of her amazement she is in danger of being run over by some horses, when a certain personage, by name Norman Leslie, but who might, with equal propriety, be called Sir Charles Grandison, flies to her assistance, whisks herself and child up in the very nick of time, and suddenly rescues them, as Mr. Fay has it, "from the very jaws of Death"—by which we are to understand from the very hoofs of the horses. The lady of course swoons—then recovers—and then—is excessively grateful. Her gratitude, however, being of no service just at that moment, is bottled up for use hereafter, and will no doubt, according to established usage in such cases, come into play towards the close of the second volume. But we shall see.

Having ascertained the address of Rinaldo, *alias* the Count Clairmont, the lady, next morning, is successful in obtaining an interview. Then follows a second edition of entreaties and threats, but, fortunately for the nerves of Mrs. Rinaldo, the Count, upon this occasion, is so forbearing as not to indulge in a smile. She accuses him of a design to marry Miss Temple, and he informs her that it is no concern of hers—that she is not his wife, their marriage having been a feigned one. "She would have cried him through the city for a villain," (Dust ho!—she should have advertised him) but he swears that, in that case, he will never sleep until he has taken the life of both the lady and her child, which assurance puts an end to the debate. "He then frankly confesses"—says Mrs. Rinaldo, in the letter which we have before quoted,—"that his passion for Miss Temple was only a mask—he loved her not. *Me* he said he loved. It was his intention to fly when he could raise a large sum of money, and he declared that I should be his companion." His designs, however, upon Miss Temple fail—that lady very properly discarding the rascal. Nothing daunted at this mishap our Count proceeds to make love to a certain Miss Rosalie Romain, and with somewhat bettter success. He prevails upon her to fly, and to carry with her upon her person a number of diamonds which the lover hopes to find sufficient for his necessities. He manages also to engage Mrs. Rinaldo (so we must call her for want of a better name) in his schemes.

It has so happened that for some time prior to these occurrences, Clairmont and Norman Leslie, the hero of the novel, have been sworn foes. On the day fixed for Miss Romain's elopement, that young lady induces Mr. Leslie to drive her, in a gig, a short distance out of town. They are met by no less a personage than Mrs. Rinaldo herself, in another gig, and driving (*proh pudor!*) through the woods *sola*. Hereupon Miss Rosalie Romain very deliberately, and to the great astonishment, no doubt, of Mr. Leslie, gets out of that gentleman's gig, and into the gig of Mrs. Rinaldo. Here's plot! as Vapid says in the play. Our friend Norman, finding that nothing better can be done, turns his face towards New York again, where he arrives, in due time, without farther accident or adventure. Late the same evening Clairmont sends the ladies aboard a vessel bound for Naples, and which is to sail in the morning—returning himself, for the present, to his hotel in Broadway. While here he receives a horse-whipping from Mr. Leslie on account of certain insinuations in disparagement of that gentleman's character. Not relishing this treatment he determines upon revenge, and can think of no better method of accomplishing it than the directing of public suspicion against Mr. Leslie as the murderer of Miss Romain—whose disappearance has already created much excitement. He sends a message to Mrs. Rinaldo that the vessel must sail without him, and that he would, by a French ship, meet them on their landing at Naples. He then flings a hat and feathers belonging to Miss Romain upon a stream, and her handkerchief in a wood—afterwards remaining some time in America to avert suspicion from himself. Leslie is arrested for the murder, and the proofs are damning against him. He is, however, to the great indignation of the populace, acquitted, Miss Temple appearing to testify that she actually saw Miss Romain subsequently to her ride with Leslie. Our hero, however, although acquitted, is universally considered guilty, and, through the active malice of Clairmont, is heaped with every species of opprobrium. Miss Temple, who, it appears, is in love with him, falls ill with grief: but is cured, after all other means have failed, by a letter from her lover announcing a reciprocal passion—for the young lady has hitherto supposed him callous to her charms. Leslie himself, however, takes it into his head, at this critical juncture, to travel; and, having packed up his baggage, does actually forget himself so far as to go a-

Willising in foreign countries. But we have no reason to suppose that, goose as the young gentleman is, he is silly enough to turn travelling correspondent to any weekly paper. In Rome, having assumed the *alias* of Montfort, he meets with a variety of interesting adventures. All the ladies die for him: and one in particular, Miss Antonia Torrini, the only child of a Duke with several millions of piastres, and a palace which Mr. Fay thinks very much like the City Hall in New York, absolutely throws herself *sans ceremonie* into his arms, and meets—tell it not in Gath!—with a flat and positive refusal.

Among other persons whom he encounters is a monk Ambrose, a painter Angelo, another painter Ducci, a Marquis Alezzi, and a Countess D., which latter personage he is convinced of having seen at some prior period of his life. For a page or two we are entertained with a prospect of a conspiracy, and have great hopes that the principal characters in the plot will so far oblige us as to cut one another's throats: but (alas for human expectations!) Mr. Fay having clapped his hands, and cried "Presto!—vanish!" the whole matter ends in smoke, or, as our author beautifully expresses it, is "veiled in impenetrable mystery."

Mr. Leslie now pays a visit to the painter Ducci, and is astonished at there beholding the portrait of the very youth whose life he saved, together with that of his mother, from the horses in New York. Then follows a series of interesting ejaculations, among which we are able to remember only "horrible suspicion!" "wonderful development!" "alack and alas!" with some two or three others. Mr. Leslie is, however, convinced that the portrait of the boy is, as Mr. F. gracefully has it, "inexplicably connected with his own mysterious destiny." He pays a visit to the Countess D., and demands of her if she was, at any time, acquainted with a gentleman called Clairmont. The lady very properly denies all knowledge of that character, and Mr. Leslie's "mysterious destiny" is in as bad a predicament as ever. He is however fully convinced that Clairmont is the origin of all evil—we do not mean to say that he is precisely the devil—but the origin of all Mr. Leslie's evil. Therefore, and on this account, he goes to a masquerade, and, sure enough, Mr. Clairmont, (who has not been heard of for seven or eight years,) Mr. Clairmont (we suppose through Mr. L's "mysterious destiny") happens to go, at precisely the same time, to precisely the same masquerade. But there are surely no bounds to Mr. Fay's excellent invention. Miss Temple, of course, happens to be at the same place, and Mr. Leslie is in the act of making love to her once more, when the "inexplicable" Countess D. whispers into his ear some ambiguous sentences in which Mr. L. is given to understand that he must beware of all the Harlequins in the room, one of whom is Clairmont. Upon leaving the masquerade, somebody hands him a note requesting him to meet the unknown writer at St. Peter's. While he is busy reading the paper he is uncivilly interrupted by Clairmont, who attempts to assassinate him, but is finally put to flight. He hies, then, to the rendezvous at St. Peter's, where "the unknown" tells him St. Peter's won't answer, and that he must proceed to the Coliseum. He goes—why should he not?—and there not only finds the Countess D. who turns out to be Mrs. Rinaldo, and who now uncorks her bottle of gratitude, but also Flora Temple, Flora Temple's father, Clairmont, Kreutzner, a German friend from New York, and, last but not least, Rosalie Romain herself; all having gone there, no doubt, at three o'clock in the morning, under the influence of that interesting young gentleman Norman Leslie's "most inexplicable and mysterious destiny." Matters now come to a crisis. The hero's innocence is established, and Miss Temple falls into his arms in consequence. Clairmont, however, thinks he can do nothing better than shoot Mr. Leslie, and is about to do so, when he is very justly and very dexterously knocked in the head by Mr. Kreutzner. Thus ends the Tale of the Present Times, and thus ends the most inestimable piece of balderdash with which the common sense of the good people of America was ever so openly or so villainously insulted.

We do not mean to say that there is positively *nothing* in Mr. Fay's novel to commend—but there is indeed very little. One incident is tolerably managed, in which, at the burning house of Mr. Temple, Clairmont anticipates Leslie in his design of rescuing Flora. A cotillon scene, too, where Morton, a simple fop, is frequently interrupted in his attempts at making love to Miss Temple, by the necessity of forward-two-ing and *sachezing*, (as Mr. Fay thinks proper to call it) is by no means very bad, although savoring too much of the farcical. A duel story told by Kreutzner is really good, but unfortunately not original, there being a Tale in the *Diary of a Physician*, from which both its matter and manner are evidently borrowed. And here we are obliged to pause; for we can positively think of nothing farther worth even a qualified commendation. The plot, as will appear from the running outline we have given of it, is a monstrous piece of absurdity and incongruity. The characters *have no character;* and, with the exception of Morton, who is, (perhaps) amusing, are, one and all, vapidity itself. No attempt seems to have been made at individualization. All the good ladies and gentlemen are demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and all the bad are—the d—l. The hero, Norman Leslie, "that young and refined man with a leaning to poetry," is a great coxcomb and a great fool. What else must we think of a *bel-esprit* who, in picking up a rose just fallen from the curls of his lady fair, can hit upon no more appropriate phrase with which to make her a presentation of the same, than "Miss Temple, you have dropped your rose—allow me!"—who courts his mistress with a "Dear, dear Flora, how I love you!"—who calls a *buffet* a *bufet*, an *improvisatore* an *improvisitore*—who, before bestowing charity, is always ready with the canting question if the object be *deserving*—who is everlastingly talking of his foe "sleeping in the same red grave with himself," as if American sextons made a common practice of burying two people together—and, who having not a sous in his pocket at page 86, pulls out a handful at page 87, although he has had no opportunity of obtaining a copper in the interim?

As regards Mr. Fay's *style*, it is unworthy of a school-boy. The "Editor of the New York Mirror" has either never seen an edition of Murray's Grammar, or he has been a-Willising so long as to have forgotten his vernacular language. Let us examine one one or two of his sentences at random. Page 28, vol. i. "He

was doomed to wander through the *fartherest* climes alone and branded." Why not say at once *fartherer-therest?* Page 150, vol. i. "Yon kindling orb should be hers; and that faint spark close to its side should teach her how dim and yet how near my soul was to her own." What is the meaning of all this? Is Mr. Leslie's soul dim to her own, as well as near to her own?—for the sentence implies as much. Suppose we say "should teach her how dim was my soul, and yet how near to her own." Page 101, vol. 1. "You are both right and both wrong—you, Miss Romain, to judge so harshly of all men who are not versed in the easy elegance of the drawing room, and your father in too great lenity towards men of sense, &c." This is really something new, but we are sorry to say, something incomprehensible. Suppose we translate it. "You are both right and both wrong—you, Miss Romain, *are both right and wrong* to judge so harshly of all not versed in the elegance of the drawing-room, &c.; and your father *is both right and wrong* in too great lenity towards men of sense."—Mr. Fay, have you ever visited Ireland in your peregrinations? But the book is full to the brim of such absurdities, and it is useless to pursue the matter any farther. There is not a single page of Norman Leslie in which even a school-boy would fail to detect at least two or three gross errors in Grammar, and some two or three most egregious sins against common-sense.

We will dismiss the "Editor of the Mirror" with a few questions. When did you ever know, Mr. Fay, of any prosecuting attorney behaving so much like a bear as *your* prosecuting attorney in the novel of Norman Leslie? When did you ever hear of an American Court of Justice objecting to the testimony of a witness on the ground that the said witness *had an interest* in the cause at issue? What do you mean by informing us at page 84, vol. i, "that you *think* much faster than you write?" What do you mean by "*the wind roaring in the air?*" see page 26, vol. i. What do you mean by "an *unshadowed* Italian girl?" see page 67, vol. ii. Why are you always talking about "stamping of feet," "kindling and flashing of eyes," "plunging and parrying," "cutting and thrusting," "passes through the body," "gashes open in the cheek," "sculls cleft down," "hands cut off," and blood gushing and bubbling, and doing God knows what else—all of which pretty expressions may be found on page 88, vol. i.? What "mysterious and inexplicable destiny" compels you to the so frequent use, in all its inflections, of that euphonical dyssyllable *blister?* We will call to your recollection some few instances in which you have employed it. Page 185, vol. i. "But an arrival from the city brought the fearful intelligence in all its *blistering* and naked details." Page 193, vol. i. "What but the glaring and *blistering* truth of the charge would select him, &c." Page 39, vol. ii. "Wherever the winds of heaven wafted the English language, the *blistering* story must have been echoed." Page 150, vol. ii. "Nearly seven years had passed away, and here he found himself, as at first, still marked with the *blistering* and burning brand." Here we have a *blistering* detail, a *blistering* truth, a *blistering* story, and a *blistering* brand, to say nothing of innumerable other blisters interspersed throughout the book. But we have done with Norman Leslie,—if ever we saw as silly a thing, may we be —— blistered.

## THE LINWOODS.

*The Linwoods; or, "Sixty Years Since" in America. By the Author of "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," &c. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.*

Miss Sedgwick is one among the few American writers who have risen by merely their own intrinsic talents, and without the *a priori* aid of foreign opinion and puffery, to any exalted rank in the estimation of our countrymen. She is at the same time fully deserving of all the popularity she has attained. By those who are most fastidious in matters of literary criticism, the author of *Hope Leslie* is the most ardently admired, and we are acquainted with few persons of sound and accurate discrimination who would hesitate in placing her upon a level with the best of our native novelists. Of American *female* writers we must consider her the first. The character of her pen is essentially feminine. No *man* could have written *Hope Leslie;* and no man, we are assured, can arise from the perusal of *The Linwoods* without a full conviction that his own abilities would have proved unequal to the delicate yet picturesque handling; the grace, warmth, and radiance; the exquisite and judicious filling in, of the volumes which have so enchanted him. Woman is, after all, the only true painter of that gentle and beautiful mystery, the heart of woman. She is the only proper Scheherazade for the fairy tales of love.

We think *The Linwoods* superior to *Hope Leslie*, and superior to *Redwood*. It is full of deep natural interest, rivetting attention without undue or artificial means for attaining that end. It contains nothing forced, or in any degree exaggerated. Its prevailing features are equability, ease, perfect accuracy and purity of style, a manner never at *outrance* with the subject matter, pathos, and verisimilitude. It cannot, however, be considered as ranking with the master novels of the day. It is neither an Eugene Aram, nor a Contarini Fleming.

*The Linwoods* has few—indeed no pretensions to a connected plot of any kind. The scene, as the title indicates, is in America, and about sixty years ago. The adventures of the family of a Mr. Linwood, a resident of New York, form the principal subject of the book. The character of this gentleman is happily drawn, but we are aware of a slight discrepancy between his initial and his final character as depicted. He has two children, Herbert and Isabella. Being himself a tory, the boyish impulses of his son in favor of the revolutionists are watched with anxiety and vexation; and, upon the breaking out of the war, Herbert, positively refusing to drink the king's health, is, in consequence, ejected from his father's house—an incident upon which hinges much of the interest of the narrative. Isabella is the heroine proper; a being full of lofty and generous impulses, beautiful, intellectual, and *spirituelle*—indeed a most fascinating creature. But the family of a widow Lee forms, perhaps, the true secret of that charm which pervades the novel before us. A matronly, pious, and devoted mother, yielding up her son, without a murmur, to the sacred cause of her country—the son, Eliot, gallant, thoughtful, chivalrous, and prudent—and above all, a daughter, Bessie, frail-minded, susceptible of light impressions, gentle, loving, and melancholy. Indeed, in the creation of Bessie Lee,

Miss Sedgwick has given evidence not to be disputed, of a genius far more than common. We do not hesitate to call it a truly beautiful and original conception, evincing imagination of the highest order. It is the old story of a meek and trusting spirit bowed down to the dust by the falsehood of a deceiver. But in the narration of Miss Sedgwick it becomes a magical tale, and bursts upon us with all the freshness of novel emotion. Deserted by her lover, (Jasper Meredith, an accomplished and aristocratical coxcomb,) the spirits of the gentle girl sink gradually from trusting affection to simple hope—from hope to anxiety—from anxiety to doubt—from doubt to melancholy—and from melancholy to madness. She escapes from her home and her friends in New England, and endeavors to make her way alone to New York, with the object of restoring, to him who has abandoned her, some tokens he had given her of his love—an act which her disordered fancy assures her will effect, in her own person, a disenthralment from passion. Her piety, her madness, and her beauty stand her in the stead of the lion of Una, and she reaches the great city in safety. In that portion of the novel which embodies the narrative of this singular journey, are some passages of the purest and most exalted poetry—passages which no mind but one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the beautiful could have conceived, and which, perhaps, no other writer in this country than Miss Sedgwick could have executed. Our readers will find that what we say upon this head is very far from exaggeration.

Jasper Meredith, considered as an actual entity, is, as we have already said, a heartless, calculating coxcomb—with merely a spice of what we may call susceptibility to impressions of the beautiful, to redeem him from utter contempt. As a character in a novel, he is admirable—because he is accurately true to nature, and to himself. His perfidy to Bessie (we shall never forget Bessie) meets with poetical justice in a couple of unsuccessful courtships, (in each of which the villain's heart is in some degree concerned,) and in a final marriage with a flirt, Helen Ruthven, who fills him up, with a vengeance, the full measure of his deserts. Mrs. Meredith is a striking picture of the heartless and selfish woman of fashion and aristocracy. Kisel, the servant of Eliot Lee, is original, and, next to Bessie, the best conception in the book. He is a simple, childish, yet acute and affectionate fool, who follows his master as would a dog, and finally dies at his feet under circumstances of the truest pathos. While Miss Sedgwick can originate such characters as these, she need apprehend few rivals near the throne.

We cannot pass over in silence a little episode in which a blind child is torn away at night from a distracted mother, by one of the notorious bands of *Skinners* infesting the country. The mother's house is set on fire by the robbers, in their search after plunder; but her most valuable property having been previously removed to New York, the exasperated ruffians seize and bear off the fainting child, with the view of extorting money for its ransom. Eliot Lee, aided by General Putnam, rescues the child, and restores it to the mother. This whole incident is worthy of Miss Sedgwick.

We have mentioned the name of Putnam,—he as well as Washington, Lafayette, Clinton, and some other well-known personages are familiarly introduced in the narrative, but are simply accessories to the main interest, and very little attempt is made at portraying their historical characters. Whatever *is* done, however, is well done.

So much real pleasure have we derived from the perusal of *The Linwoods*, that we can hardly find it in our hearts to pick a quarrel with the fair author, for the very few trifling inadvertences into which she has been betrayed. There were, we believe, some points at which we intended to cavil, but not having pencilled them down in the course of perusal, they have now escaped our recollection. Somewhat more energy in occasional passages—somewhat less diffuseness in others—would operate, we think, to the improvement of Miss Sedgwick's generally excellent *style*. Now and then, we meet with a discrepancy between the words and the character of a speaker. For example: page 38, vol. i. "'No more of my contempt for the Yankees, Hal, an' thou lovest me,' replied Jasper; 'you remember Æsop's advice to Crœsus, at the Persian court?' 'No, I am sure I do not. You have the most provoking way of resting the lever by which you bring out your own knowledge, on your friend's ignorance.'" Now all this is very pretty, but it is not the language of school-boys. Again: page 226 vol. i. 'Now out on you, you lazy, slavish, loons,' cried Rose, 'cannot you see these men are raised up, to fight for freedom, for more than themselves? If the chain is broken at one end, the links will fall apart sooner or later. When you see the sun on the mountain top, you may be sure it will shine into the deepest valleys before long.' Who would suppose this graceful eloquence, and these impressive images to proceed from the mouth of a negro-woman? Yet such is Rose. And at page 24, vol. i. we have the following. "True, I never saw her; but I tell you, young lad, there is such a thing as seeing the shadow of things far distant and past, and never seeing the realities though they it be that cast the shadows." The speaker here, is an old woman who a few sentences before talks about her proficiency in telling *fortins*.

There are one or two other trifles with which we have to find fault. Putnam's deficiency in spelling is, perhaps, a little burlesqued; and the imaginary note written to Eliot Lee, is not in accordance with that laconic epistle subsequently introduced, and which was a *bonâ fide* existence. We dislike the death of Kisel—that is we dislike its occurring so soon—indeed we see no necessity for killing him at all. His end is beautifully managed, but leaves a kind of uneasy and painful impression, which a judicious writer will be chary of exciting. We must quarrel also, with some slight liberties taken with the King's English. Miss Sedgwick has no good authority for the use of such verbs, as "to ray." Page 117, vol. i. "They had all heard of Squire Saunders, whose fame rayed through a large circle"—Also, in page 118, vol. i. "The next morning he called, his kind heart raying out through his jolly face, to present me to General Washington." Nor is she justifiable in making use of the verb "incense," with the meaning attached to it in the following sentence. Page 211, vol. i. "Miss Ruthven seemed like an humble worshipper, incensing two divinities." We dislike also, the vulgarity of such a phrase as "I put in my oar"—meaning "I joined in the conversation"—especially in the mouth of so well-bred a lady, as Miss Isabella Linwood—see

page 61, vol. i. We do not wish either to see a marquee, called a "markee," or a *dénouement*, a *denœument*. Miss Sedgwick should look over her proof-sheets, or, be responsible for the blunders of her printer. The plural "*genii*" at page 84, vol. ii. is used in place of the singular *genius*. "Isabella is rather *penseroso*" is likewise an error—see page 164, vol. ii.; it should be *penserosa*. But we are heartily ashamed of finding fault with such trifles, and should certainly not have done so, had there been a possibility of finding fault with any thing of more consequence. We recommend *The Linwoods* to all persons of taste. But let none others touch it.

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## WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

*The Westminster Review, No. XLV, for July, 1835. American Edition, Vol. IV, No. 1. New York: Theodore Foster.*

Article I is "Philanthropic Economy; or the Philosophy of Happiness, practically applied to the Social, Political, and Commercial Relations of Great Britain. By Mrs. Loudon, Author of "First Love," "Fortune Hunting," and "Dilemmas of Pride." London: Churton, 1835. 8vo. pp. 312."

Mrs. Loudon's Economy has excited great attention in England, and her work is highly lauded in the present instance. As an able and chivalrous champion of the cause of the people, she deserves all the encomiums which she has received, and we are not in any degree disposed to pick a quarrel with her Ethics, which, to say the truth, are as little to the purpose as her political, or if she pleases, her philanthropic Economy, is most effectually to the point. We have not seen her entire publication, but merely judge of it from the copious extracts in the article before us. Her answer to the objections to the ballot is forcible, and coming as it does from a lady, its value is quadrupled in our eyes. The Notice of her book concludes as follows. "It is plain that Mrs. Loudon is a splendid woman, and has, at one effort, taken her place in line, among the political economists upon the people's side. She is fortunate too in having fallen upon times when 'the spread of education is, in fact, rendering the *peaceable* continuance of abuses impossible.'"

Article II is "Venetian History. Family Library, No. XX—London, Murray, 1833." A compendious History of Venice, and apparently forced into the service of the Review "will I, nill I," without any object farther than the emptying of some writer's portfolio, or common-place book. It is nevertheless an invaluable paper.

Article III is "Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times, with a History of the Invention of Logarithms. By Mark Napier, Esq. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London, 1834. 4to. pp. 534."

This is a Review of exceeding interest, and evidently from a mind thoroughly imbued with a love of science. It enters largely into the subject matter of the book reviewed, and defends Napier from the often repeated accusation of having derived his principle from the works of Archimedes, Ditmarsus, and Byrgius. A short account of the philosopher's treatises on Arithmetic and Algebra, as they appear at the end of the Memoirs, is given in the conclusion of the Notice. We perceive that Mr. Napier has here taken occasion to observe that Horsley, Hutton, Leslie, and Playfair, are mistaken in supposing Albert Girard the first who made use of the expressions *majores nihilo* and *minores nihilo* in relation to positive and negative quantities.

Article IV is "An Essay on Musical Intervals, Harmonics, and the Temperament of the Musical Scale, &c. By W. S. B. Woolhouse, Head Assistant of the Nautical Almanac Establishment."

This is a short article in which the book under review is condemned for inaccuracy and misrepresentation. The Essay itself is another instance of the interest now taken in the mathematics of music.

Article V is "A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Artists: comprising Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Architects, from the earliest ages to the present time. By John Gould—Second Edition, 2 vols. 12mo. Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1835."

The work in question is spoken of as having been composed—"conceived, planned, and probably in part executed among lowing herds and obstinate swine." It is preceded by an historical, biographical, and professional introduction, apparently of no very great merit. The Dictionary is called a most laborious, and on the whole a very successful compilation. "The chief matter of some hundreds of volumes is condensed into two small duodecimos. As this is all it aims to do, by this only can it be fairly judged, and not by any standard of original criticism."

Article VI. "History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F. R. S. E. and F. A. S. Edinburgh. Vols. i—v. 1828—1834."

This critique speaks of Tytler's Scotland as displaying much research, and considerable skill, as well as impartiality, but the greater part of the article is taken up in reviewing some of the leading features in Scottish History.

Article VII.—1. "The Forms of Deeds and Documents in England and France, compared and exemplified, in a Letter to the Lord Chancellor. Paris: Galignani. London: Saunders and Benning, 1835."

2. "The Mechanics of Law-making. Intended for the use of Legislators, and all other persons concerned in the making and understanding of English Laws. By Arthur Symonds, Esq. London: Churton, 1835."

The authors of the works here reviewed have attempted to unfold, and to show the worthlessness of, those technical mysteries which have so long enveloped the science of Law. The "Forms of Deeds, &c." is from the pen of Mr. Okey. He gives several examples of English and French Deeds—printing them on opposite pages. The difference in conciseness is said to be four to one in favor of the French, while in clearness they admit of no comparison. The greater brevity of the French documents is attributed to the existence of a Code. "The Mechanics of Law making" insists upon the necessity of reform in the arrangement, language, classification, and contents of the British Acts of Parliament, and in the agency by which the laws are 'prepared, made, promulgated, superintended, enforced, and amended.' The Review is brief—but concurs heartily in the necessity alluded to.

Article VIII. 1. "Sur les Créances réclamées de la France par la Russie au nom du Royaume de Pologne. Paris, 1835."

2. "On the Russo-Polish Claims on France. (From the periodical *Le Polonais*, published monthly in Paris, by a member of the Polish Diet. Number for February 1835.")

3. "A few more words on the Polish question, (*From Le Polonais*—number for March 1835.")

The author of the work *Sur les Créances*, enters into an examination of the titles of which the Russian government avails itself "either to effect a final settlement, or to claim payment of sums which might ultimately be proved to be due to the kingdom of Poland." The editor of *Le Polonais* is of a family to which Poland is indebted for "several brilliant exploits, not only in the field of battle, but in the tribute of the National Assembly." His journal is devoted to the history and literature of Poland—but more especially to its political interests. The Review enters into some discussion on the Russo-Polish Claims, and makes it apparent that the policy of Great Britain is materially involved, in the Russo-French liquidation. "She has joined"—says the critic—"in refusing to uphold Russia in the violation of the constitution and nationality of Poland; Lord Palmerston gave lengthened and clear explanations on this point to Parliament on the 9th of April, 1833. Tranquilly to stand by, and witness the Russo-French liquidation, an act which would be equivalent to a passive acknowledgment on the part of France, of the usurpations of Russia, would be contrary to the dignity and interest of the British nation."

Article IX—1. "Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England. By Isaac Tompkins, Gent. Fifth Edition. London: Henry Hooper, 1835, pp. 23."

2. "A letter to Isaac Tompkins, Gent., author of the Thoughts upon the Aristocracy. From Mr. Peter Jenkins. Fifth Edition, with a Postscript. London: Henry Hooper, 1835, pp. 11."

3. "A letter to Isaac Tompkins, and Peter Jenkins on Primogeniture. By Timothy Winterbottom. Fourth Edition. London: William Pickering, 1835."

From the specimens of these Pamphlets, given in the Review before us, we are inclined to think them excessively amusing. Mr. Isaac Tompkins busies himself with the House of Lords, and Mr. Peter Jenkins gives the lash to the House of Commons. Mr. T's account of patrician taste in literature and wit—of courts, courtiers, court-jesters, buffoonery, &c. are not a little edifying. His book has created a great sensation. In a note appended to the fourth edition, occur the following significant remarks. "The Quarterly Review, the organ of the Aristocratic Church, and of the Lay Aristocracy, has taken the opportunity of printing the greater part of the work, under pretence of giving a Review of it. Pretence it plainly is; for there is hardly one remark added, and not one syllable of censure or objection! Can any thing more plainly demonstrate that the cause of the Aristocracy is hateful, even to the very writers who affect to support it? Can any thing better prove its decline among all educated and sensible men? Mr. Canning's abhorrence of it is well known, and so is the hatred with which he was repaid. But in our time, the advocate of establishments can think of nothing better than giving a very wide circulation to Mr. J. Tompkins' observations. These Quarterly Reviewers would not for the world, that these observations were not generally known." Peter Jenkins concludes his pamphlet with some remarks on the new liberal government. Winterbottom's letter treats chiefly of the evils resulting from the accumulation of wealth in a few hands. "The whole family of Tompkins &c. is good"—says the Reviewer—"and the public, will be glad to see more of their kin and kind."

Article X. "The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In three volumes. Vol. i. London: Longman & Co. 1835."

This is an excellent and very laudatory notice, of a work which cannot be too highly commended. The difficulties Mr. Moore has overcome, in reducing to order a chaotic discordance of materials, with a view to this History, will, perhaps, never be fully appreciated. It cannot indeed be asserted that every portion of his subject has been hitherto uninvestigated, or, that all the questions he has discussed have been satisfactorily settled; but that, under existing circumstances, such a book should have been written *at all*, is a matter for admiration—and that it has been so rationally, so lucidly, and so critically written, is a fact which cannot fail to elevate its author immeasurably in the estimation of his friends. The future volumes of *The History of Ireland*, will be looked for with intense interest. In them we may expect to find the records of a dark and troubled period. Moore will speak fearlessly, or we are much mistaken.

Article XI. "A Bill for granting Relief in relation to the Celebration of Marriages, to certain persons dissenting from the Church of England and Ireland, 1835."

The Reviewer, here, seems to think that Sir Robert Peel's Bill, with some little amendment, would meet the case of the Dissenters in the manner most satisfactory, and, under all circumstances most convenient. The Dissenters themselves have little to propose, and that little impracticable.

Article XII. "Plantagenet.—3 vols. London: John Macrone, 1835."

Plantagenet is a novel: and the writer's object is stated by the critic to be pretty nearly identical with that of Mr. Timothy Winterbottom, of whom we have spoken before—viz: to lay bare the social evils of primogeniture. The English system of education is detailed, and its effect upon character analyzed. The writer's design is said not to be very well carried into execution—nevertheless the Reviewer places him in the first line of modern political novelists, and says there is nobody, except the author of 'The Radical,' who, stands out as a model for him to overtake or pursue.

Article XIII.—1. "Colonization of South Australia. By R. Torrens, Esq. F. R. S. Chairman of the Colonization Commission, for South Australia. London: Longman, 1835."

2. "Colonization; particularly in Southern Australia; with some remarks on Small Farms and Over-population. By Colonel Charles James Napier, C. B.—London: T. & W. Boone, 1835."

Colonel Torrens' book is bitterly and sarcastically reviewed. It is an octavo of more than 300 pages, with an Appendix of about 20. The first part of the body of the work is in the form of a letter, divided into twelve parts, and addressed "To the author of the History of the Indian Archipelago." This portion discusses the new scheme for colonizing South Australia. Its style is called pamphleteering and polemical. The se-

cond part is said to be "in the usual cold, cramped, and unpopular manner of the author's politico-economical writings." The Appendix consists of the Act of Parliament for the formation of the Colony, of two letters signed Kangaroo, and of another from A. B., approving of Kangaroo's opinions. Kangaroo is thought by the Reviewer a better writer of English than his master. Colonel Napier's book is favorably noticed. His views are in direct opposition to those of Torrens.

Article XIV. "The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. By Thomas Keightley, Esq. 8vo. London, 1831." This is an interesting and able paper, but has no pretensions to the name of Review. The position of the Bacchanalians in Greek and Roman History, and their progress, together with the dangers and impediments encountered in their course, forms the subject of the Essay—for *it is* an Essay, although an admirable one.

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## LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

*The London Quarterly Review, No. CVII. for July,* 1835. *American Edition, Vol. III, No.* 1.

Article I.—1. "Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the Years 1829-30-31-32 33. By Sir John Ross, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c. Captain in the Royal Navy, London: 1835, 4to. pp. 740."

2. "The Late Voyage of Captain Sir John Ross, R. N. to the Arctic Regions, for the Discovery of a North-West Passage; performed in the Years 1829-30-31-32-33. From authentic information, and original documents, transmitted by William Light, Purser's Steward to the Expedition. By Robert Huish, author of the 'Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte,' 'Treatise on Bees,' &c. &c. London: 1835, 8vo. pp. 760."

3. "Report from a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Expedition to the Arctic Seas, commanded by Captain John Ross, R. N. 1834."

This is, in many respects, a clever and judicious Review, although abounding with much vulgar abuse of Captain Ross, whom it accuses, not only of gross ignorance and misrepresentation, but of several minor indecorums, such for example, as "the opening of a subscription shop in Regent Street—the sending of a set of fellows, usually called trampers, but who call themselves agents, to knock at every gentleman's door, in town and country, not humbly to solicit, but with pertinacious importunity, almost to force subscriptions—the getting up of Vauxhall and panoramic exhibitions, and some other circumstances not worth detailing." It hints something also, of the Captain's having procured the literary aid of "a practised embroiderer of periods, one Dr. M'Culloch." Huish's book is treated with derision, but the Quarterly cannot resist the temptation of giving additional currency to a malignant accusation of cruelty, brought by this very man Huish, against the Captain. The charge is republished in the Review—with a hint, that it is quite as likely to be true as not. The Article concludes with a hope, that if the Government should determine upon another expedition, its direction may be given to Captain James Clarke Ross, and Back, appointed his second in command—and roundly asserts that Sir John Ross, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c., is utterly incompetent to conduct any enterprise of the kind, to a successful termination.

Article II. "Journal of Frances Anne Butler (Fanny Kemble,) 2 vols. Post 8vo. London: 1835."

The tone of this Notice is very similar to that of the Article on the same subject in the Edinburgh for July—perhaps, upon the whole, not quite so complimentary. The Reviewer is of opinion, that 'Master Fanny's' Journal was from an early period, if not from the first line, intended for publication, and that the entire thing is arranged for stage-effect. Both these suppositions are highly probable. Indeed for our own part, we never had a doubt about the matter. The personifier of Julia, of Nell, and of Lady Macbeth, wished to make it apparent that she could mingle up in the same page, simplicity, frivolity and dignity. She has succeeded to a miracle, and we think nothing the worse of her performance for its premeditation. The critic finds fault, also, with Fanny's *transparent* affectation—a charge from which we have neither the wish, nor the ability to defend her. Affectation is the Promethean fire of a pretty and intelligent woman—and provided always the things, the qualities, or manners affected are not *in se* disagreeable or odious, it is very seldom worth any one's while to quarrel with it. As for the *transparent* part of the accusation, it betrays a want of philosophical acumen. Affectation, when we cannot see through it, is no longer affectation. The political fal lal of the fair lady is, of course, made a matter of high merit by the Quarterly Review. "Her observations," quoth the critic, "evince a depth of penetration, and a soundness of judgment, rare in any one, but wonderful in a person of her age and sex." A chuckle also is elicited, by Fanny's astounding conviction, that "America will be a monarchy before she (Mrs. Butler) is a skeleton."

Article III. "The Last Essays of Elia." London: 12mo. 1833.

This is an Essay on the Essays of Lamb by one who thoroughly understands the man. And there are not many men who *do* thoroughly comprehend him. Altho' not the greatest among his contemporaries he was the most original—and his writings are, we feel assured, a true copy of his individual mind. He was one of those men of infinite genius, so rarely to be met with, who unite the most exquisite daintiness and finish of style with a vigorous and dashing *abandon* of manner. This manner has been called affected—but it was not so. That his thoughts "were villainously pranked in an array of antique words and phrases" was a necessary thing. The language of the times of James and Charles I. was as natural to him as his native air—it was a portion of his intellect. As a critic, Lamb had no equal, and we are moreover half inclined to agree with the Quarterly, that there are, amongst his poetical pieces, some as near perfection in their kind as any thing in our literature—"specimens of exceeding artifice and felicity in rhythm, metre, and diction."

Article IV. "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents. By Frederick Von Raumer. Translated from the German by Lord Francis Egerton, in 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835."

Frederick Von Raumer, the author of the work here reviewed, is the same who wrote the 'History of the House of Hohenstauffen,' noticed in a former number of the Quarterly. The present History is spoken of

in high terms. It is the result of the author's residence in Paris in 1830, and consists of a series of extracts from MSS. in the *Bibliothèque Royale*—chiefly the despatches of Ambassadors. Lord Egerton's translation is favorably mentioned.

Article V. "The Life of Edmund Kean. In 2 vols. London: 1835."

This is a most severe and galling Philippic upon a very worthless book. Indeed Barry Cornwall was the last person in the world who should have attempted the Life of Kean. From the poet's peculiar cast of mind, (Procter is merely a dealer in delicate prettinesses,) he is particularly ill-qualified for discussing the merits of an actor whose province lay altogether amid the tempestuous regions of passion and energy. "A worse man"—says the critic—"might have made Kean's story entertaining—a wiser, if he had told it at all, would have at least tried to make it instructive." The Essays upon the chief characters of Shakspeare, which fill nearly half the second volume, are truly said to be devoid of originality, vigor, or grace. To the entire book is laughably applied a couplet from an old criticism upon Suckling's Aglaura.

> This great *voluminous pamphlet* may be said,
> To be like one that hath more hair than head.

Article VI. 1. "Physiologie du Goût: ou Meditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique, et à l'ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens. Par un Professeur (M. Brillat Savarin) Membre de Plusiéurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 tomes, 5me edition, Paris: 1835."

2. "The French Cook. A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery; adapted to the use of English Families, &c. by Louis Eustace Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI, and the Earl of Sefton, &c. &c. &c., 12th edition, with Appendix &c., London: 1833."

This article is written in the most exquisite spirit of banter, and is irresistibly amusing. It commences with a sketch of the history, present state and *literature* of cookery! and concludes with a particular Notice of the books at the head of the article. "Mirabeau"—says the critic—"used to present Condorcet with *voilà ma théorie*, and the Abbé Maury with *voilà ma pratique*. We beg leave to present M. Brillat Savarin as *our* theory, M. Ude as *our* practice." A biographical account of Savarin is introduced—full of wit. Savarin was Judge of the Court of Cassation, Member of the Legion of Honor, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France. His work consists of "a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding Miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes."

Article VII. 1. "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient, 1832, 1833. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, 4 vols. Paris: 1835."

2. "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c. By Alphonse de Lamartine, 3 vols. London: 1835."

An English translation of Lamartine's Pilgrimage, and even a pirated Bruselles edition of the original, were read in London before the publication of the original itself. This is high evidence of the writer's popularity, at least, however prejudicial it may have proved to his literary and pecuniary interests. The Remarks in the Review under consideration are deduced from the English translation, which is from the pen of Miss Landon. With the exception of the French verses scattered throughout the work, and which are not very happily rendered (we should think it impossible to translate them) L. E. L. has executed her task with much ability—at least so says the Quarterly, and we believe it. Some singular misconceptions of the meaning of the original are, however, occasionally met with, and we are at a loss whether to attribute them to carelessness or an imperfect acquaintance with the French. The Review cites the following as an instance, and we have noted several others equally glaring.

> N'attends donc plus de moi ces vers où la pensée
> Comme d'un arc sonore avec grace élancée
> Et sur deux mots pareils vibrant à l'unisson
> Dansent complaisamment aux caprices du son!
> Ce froid écho des vers répugne à mon oreille.
>
> From me expect no more the verse where thought
> Glances in grace as from the sounding bow,
> When two words vibrating in unison
> Complacent dance to the caprice of sound.
> Now verse in its cold echo shocks my ear.

The Review lavishes many compliments upon Lamartine, and enters into a compendious sketch of his Pilgrimage.

Article VIII. "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems. By Wm. Wordsworth. 12mo. pp. 349. London, 1835."

Here is one of those exceedingly rare cases in which a British critic confines himself strictly to his text—but this is nearly all that can be said in favor of the Article. A more partial, a more indiscriminate or fulsome panegyric we never wish to see, and surely "Yarrow Revisited" is worthy of a better fate. "There is," quoth the Reviewer, "a spirit of *elegance* in these poems more prominently and uniformly prevailing than in any equal portion of Mr. Wordsworth's former works. We mean an elegance such as Quinctillian ascribes to several of the Greek and Roman writers—a nobleness of thought and feeling made vocal in perfectly pure and appropriate language. It struck us, at first, as an odd remark of Coleridge's, that Goethe and Wordsworth were something alike, but &c. &c." Heaven save us from our friends!

Article IX.—1. "Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal. By Lieut. Col. Badcock, 8 vo. London: 1835."

2. Recollections of a few days spent with the Queen's Army in Spain, in September 1833, 12mo. (privately printed,) London: 1835."

3. "Recollections of a visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaça, and Batalha. By the author of Vathek, 8 vo. London: 1835, pp. 228."

Colonel Badcock's book is favorably noticed. This Officer was sent to the Peninsula, by Earl Grey's Ministry, for the purpose of transmitting exact intelligence to the government at home. In the discharge of this mission, he traversed the greater part of Spain, was present at the siege of Oporto, and attended Don Pedro to the camp before Santarem. His "Rough Leaves" are the result. From the work whose title appears in the second place large extracts are made, all of a highly amusing nature. The *critique* concludes with a brief complimentary notice of Mr. Beckford's 'Recollections,' which are excessively overpraised.

Article X.—1. "First Report of the Commissioners

appointed to inquire into the Municipal Corporations of England and Wales, 1835."

2. "Protest of Sir Francis Palgrave, against the First Report, &c. 1835."

3. "Observations on the Principles to be adopted in the Establishment of new Municipalities, the Reform of Ancient Corporations, and the Cheap Administration of Justice. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H. London: 1833." This is a violent party-paper, and abounds in misrepresentation. One of its passages is forcible enough. "The first step in this extraordinary affair, (the plan of Municipal Reform) was in itself most extraordinary. A commission was issued under the Great Seal of England, with powers and for purposes now confessed to have been illegal! * * * The town-clerk of a petty borough, discomfited the Lord High Chancellor of England, on a point of law, of his Lordship's own raising, within his own special jurisdiction; and for the very first time, we believe, since the days of James and Jeffries, a commission under the Great Seal of England was *convicted of illegality.*"

Article XI. "Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1835."

This Article we think upon the whole, better toned than the one upon the same subject, in the Edinburgh. It characterizes the work as a most interesting collection of *Mackintoshiana*, although not a good Life. Sir James is very justly styled an "idealogical writer, who, treating of human affairs, prefers to deal with *thoughts*, rather than *things*."

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## NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

*The North American Review. No. LXXXIX—Vol. XLI. For October* 1835. *Boston: Charles Bowen.*

It is now very generally known that Mr. Palfrey has become the editor of this Review, and the present number is the first issued since the announcement of the new arrangement. It is difficult to speak of a work like this as a whole. Particular articles strike us as being very good—some are worthless. We will briefly notice them one by one.

Article I. "Life of Jehudi Ashmun, late Colonial Agent in Liberia. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from his Journal and other Writings; and a brief Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Lott Carey. By Ralph Randolph Gurley. Washington."

"The capacities of Ashmun's character were such," says the Reviewer, "that had he lived in any age or country, (pray, did he *not* live in any age or country?) their energy must have hurried them into development as inevitably as the waters flow to the sea." All this we are willing to believe, and also that the man in question was a noble martyr in the cause of African colonization. We doubt, however, if there are not a crowd of books daily issuing unnoticed from the press, of far more general interest, and consequently more worthy the attention of our leading Review than even *The Life of Ashmun*. We shall soon, perhaps, have a Life of some Cuffy the Great, by Solomon Sapient; and then the North American will feel itself bound to devote one half of its pages to that important publication. In expressing ourselves thus, we mean not the slightest disrespect to either Ashmun or his Biographer. But the *critique* is badly written, and its enthusiasm *outré* and disproportionate.

Article II.—1. "Ward's Law of Nations. 8vo. 2 vols. 1795."

2. "Vattel's Law of Nations, by Chitty, 8vo. 1829."

This is an excellent essay—a practical exposition of the source and character of the Law International, and for which the works above-mentioned afford the *materiel*. A few articles similar to this would at once redeem the reputation of American critical literature. Our position in regard to France, gives to this review, at this moment, additional interest.

Article III. "Matthias and his Impostures, or the Progress of Fanaticism. Illustrated in the Extraordinary Case of Robert Matthews, and some of his Forerunners and Disciples. By W. L. Stone. 12 mo. New York, 1835."

The critic here adopts the very just opinion that Matthias had formed himself and his creed designedly upon the model of John of Leyden. We think it probable that the impostor, who was grossly ignorant, may have seen an account of the proceedings at Munster in some popular historical work, and formed his own conduct accordingly. The leader of the fanatics at Munster was *Matthias*, a baker. Matthews called himself *Matthias*. The former had his Rothman and Knipperdoling, men of respectable family and some consideration—the latter had his Pierson and Folger, men similarly circumstanced. Rothman and Knipperdoling were invested with an authority which was merely nominal. It was the same with Pierson and Folger. John had his Mount Zion at Munster, and Matthews his Mount Zion at Sing-Sing. The Review gives a digest of Stone's book, and is very entertaining.

Article IV. "Scriptores Rerum Mythicarum Latini tres, Romæ nuper Reperti. Ad fidem codicum M.S.S. Guelferbytanorum, Gottingensis, Gothani, et Parisiensis, Integriores edidit ac Scholiis illustravit Dr. Georgius Henricus Bode, Ordinis Philos. Gotting. Assessor, Societatis literar. quæ Cantabrigiæ Americanorum floret Socius. Celles, 1834."

Angelo Maio discovered and published, about three years ago, the works of three Roman writers, supposed by him to be Leontius, Placidus, and Hyginus, who flourished about the close of the fourth century, or as the Review incorrectly states, after the commencement of the fifth. The work criticised in the present article is a new edition of Maio's publication, improved by the collation of MSS. at Wolfenbuttel, Gottingen, Gotha, and Paris. Dr. Bode, a scholar of high reputation, and who resided for some time in a New England literary institution, is the editor. The reviewer speaks of the Latinity as simple and easy, and, for the most part, classical in construction.

Article V.—1. "A Lecture on the Working Men's Party, first delivered October 6th, before the Charlestown Lyceum, and published at their request. By Edward Everett. Boston, 1830."

2. "An Oration delivered before the Trades' Union of Boston and Vicinity, on Fort Hill, on the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of American Independence. By Frederick Robinson. Boston, 1834."

3. "The Rights of Industry, addressed to the Working Men of the United Kingdom. By the Author of 'The Results of Machinery.' Philadelphia, 1832."

The Reviewer here commences with what we consider a *naïve* acknowledgment, viz: that he has not selected the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article because they are recent, or unknown, but merely with the view of directing public attention to the subject of which they treat. The Essay, however, is an excellent one, and shows in a forcible manner, by a rapid comparative view of the condition of the laboring classes in our own and other countries, how few just causes of complaint exist among our 'working people.'

Article VI. "The Ministry for the Poor. A Discourse delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, on their first anniversary, April 9th, 1835. By William E. Channing. Boston, 1835."

The North American, in its last number, considered Southey a fine writer, but Washington Irving a much finer, and indeed 'the best living writer of English prose:' having, however, to review Mr. Channing in the present number, its opinions are conveniently modified to suit the occasion, and *now* the English of William E. Channing is declared *coram populo* to be 'equally *elegant*, and a little more pure, correct, and pointed than that of Mr. Irving.' There is surely something very absurd in all this. Mr. Irving is a fine writer, and so, beyond doubt, is Mr. Channing—but the Review seems perseveringly bent upon making the public think otherwise. What does the critic mean too by the assertion that Coleridge's reputation is greater in America than in England, and that he possesses *very slender* claims to the distinction of the first philosopher of his age? We should like to see some direct evidence of what the Reviewer has so roundly asserted, viz: that "Coleridge shews an almost total want of precision and clearness of thought." The works of the man are before the public, and we greatly prefer proof to assertion. We think this whole paper exceedingly silly.

Article VII. "A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History. By William Swainson. London, 1834."

We have not seen Swainson's work, and of course can say nothing about it—the present article however, which professes to be, but is not, a Review of it, we pronounce excellent indeed. It must be read to be thoroughly appreciated.

Article VIII.—1. "Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Philadelphia, 1834."

2. "Poems. By Miss H. F. Gould. Boston, 1835."

The only fault we have with this *critique* is, that it hardly does justice to the noble talents of Mrs. Sigourney. Something more, we think, might have been said, and said with perfect truth. Miss Gould is more fairly dealt with, but nevertheless the criticism does not appear to come from the heart of a poet. Some incidental remarks upon Miss Sedgwick are highly complimentary and exceedingly just. Mrs. Sigourney's first publication was reviewed in the North American about twenty years ago. She was then Miss Huntley.

Article IX. "Sartor Resartus: in three Books. Reprinted for friends, from Fraser's Magazine. London, 1834."

The North American might have been better employed than in reviewing this book—even although it be "no secret in England or here that it is the work of a person to whom the public is indebted for a number of articles in the late British Reviews." The book purports to be a commentary (the author incog.) on a late work on the Philosophy of Dress, by Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh, Professor of the Science of Things in General, at the University of Weissnichtwo in Germany; and the Reviewer thinks it necessary to enter into some pages of discussion, in order to convince his readers that Professor Teufelsdroeckh and his book are both *a hum*. We think the whole *critique* a hum of the worst order, viz: a hum unintentional. We will venture to bet that the meaning (if there be any) of the Sartor Resartus has only the two faults of the steed in Joe Miller. In the first place, it is hard to catch. In the second place it is worth nothing when caught.

Article X. "A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language; with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names. By J. E. Worcester. Carefully revised and enlarged. Boston, 1835."

This is a valuable work, and the writer of the *critique* upon it seems fully aware of its many excellences. Mr. Worcester has based his Dictionary upon those of Johnson and Walker, but has given six thousand more words than are found in the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the latter. A large number of terms purely technical are given with their meanings—many foreign words, also, in familiar use.

Article XI.—1. "A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D. D. and James Matheson, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835."

2. "Four Years in Great Britain. By Calvin Colton. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, 1835."

Dr. Reed's book is reviewed calmly and with strict impartiality—the reviewer allowing that the Dr. writes with energy when his attention is fully aroused. This, perhaps, is his chief merit. Of Colton's work little is said. "His adventures," observes the critic, "are very well described, and though in some of them he gives too much prominence to his own doubts and fears, still, if the whole had been written in the same manner, it would have insured the work a greater popularity than it is likely to gain." His account of O'Connell is highly praised.

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## CRAYON MISCELLANY.

*The Crayon Miscellany. By the Author of the Sketch Book. No. 3—Containing Legends of the Conquest of Spain. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*

We feel it almost an act of supererogation to speak of this book, which is long since in the hands of every American who has leisure for reading at all. The matter itself is deeply interesting, but, as usual, its chief beauty is beauty of style. The Conquest of Spain by the Saracens, an event momentous in the extreme, is yet enveloped, as regards the motives and actions of the principal *dramatis personæ* in triple doubt and confusion. To snatch from this uncertainty a few striking and picturesque legends, possessing, at the same time, some absolute portion of verity, and to adorn them in his own magical language is all that Mr. Irving has done in the present instance. But that he has done this little well it is needless to say. He does not claim for the Legends the authenticity of history properly so called,—yet all are partially *facts*, and however extravagant

some may appear, they will all, to use the words of the author himself, "be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin." Were we to instance any one of the narratives as more beautiful than the rest, it would be *The Story of the Marvellous and Portentous Tower.*

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## GODWIN'S NECROMANCY.

***Lives of the Necromancers: or an Account of the Most Eminent Persons in Successive Ages, who have claimed for themselves, or to whom has been imputed by others, the Exercise of Magical Power. By William Godwin, Author of "Caleb Williams," &c. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers.***

The name of the author of Caleb Williams, and of St. Leon, is, with us, a word of weight, and one which we consider a guarantee for the excellence of any composition to which it may be affixed. There is about all the writings of Godwin, one peculiarity which we are not sure that we have ever seen pointed out for observation, but which, nevertheless, is his chief idiosyncrasy—setting him peculiarly apart from all other *literati* of the day. We allude to an air of mature thought—of deliberate premeditation pervading, in a remarkable degree, even his most common-place observations. He never uses a hurried expression, or hazards either an ambiguous phrase, or a premature opinion. His style therefore is highly artificial; but the extreme finish and proportion always observable about it, render this artificiality, which in less able hands would be wearisome, in him a grace inestimable. We are never tired of his terse, nervous, and sonorous periods—for their terseness, their energy, and even their melody, are made, in all cases, subservient to the sense with which they are invariably fraught. No English writer, with whom we have any acquaintance, with the single exception of Coleridge, has a fuller appreciation of the value of *words;* and none is more nicely discriminative between closely-approximating meanings.

The avowed purpose of the volume now before us is to exhibit a wide view of human credulity. "To know"—says Mr. Godwin—"the things that are not, and cannot be, but have been imagined and believed, is the most curious chapter in the annals of man." *In extenso* we differ with him.

> There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy.

There are many things, too, in the great circle of human experience, more curious than even the records of human credulity—but that they form *one* of the most curious chapters, we were at all times ready to believe, and had we been in any degree skeptical, the *Lives of the Necromancers* would have convinced us.

Unlike the work of Brewster, the Necromancy of Mr. Godwin is not a Treatise on Natural Magic. It does not pretend to show the *manner* in which delusion acts upon mankind—at all events, this is not the *object* of the book. The design, if we understand it, is to display in their widest extent, the great range and wild extravagancy of the imagination of man. It is almost superfluous to say that in this he has fully succeeded. His compilation is an invaluable work, evincing much labor and research, and full of absorbing interest. The only drawback to the great pleasure which its perusal has afforded us, is found in the author's unwelcome announcement in the Preface, that for the present he winds up his literary labors with the production of this book. The pen which wrote Caleb Williams, should never for a moment be idle.

Were we to specify any article, in the Necromancy, as more particularly interesting than another, it would be the one entitled 'Faustus.' The prevalent idea that Fust the printer, and Faustus the magician, were identical, is here very properly contradicted.

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## REV. D. L. CARROLL'S ADDRESS.

***Inaugural Address of the Rev. D. L. Carroll, D.D. President of Hampden Sidney College, delivered on his induction into that office. Published by request of the Board of Trustees. Richmond: T. W. White, 1835.***

The friends of literature in Virginia have lately been favored with several Inaugural Addresses, each of which has had its peculiar merits. It is only of that whose title has just been given, that we intend to speak. In the correspondence which is prefixed to this Address, we learn that it was "prepared with great haste, amidst anxieties and efforts to regain health, and amidst all the inquietudes of journeying and absence from home." Apologies are seldom worth the time spent in making or reading them. Generally, an author who prints his production may be supposed to consider it of some value. To make an apology, then, similar to that of Mr. Carroll, is but a modest way of hinting that, with a fair trial, the writer could have done much better. On the whole we *wish* that there had been no apology; for the Address needs none. It is not our purpose to give an outline of this discourse, or enter into a critical examination of its merits—for merits it has. We wish merely to call the attention of the reader to a few extracts, hoping that a perusal of these will induce him to procure and read the whole Address for himself. The first of these extracts is on a subject too long overlooked, and too much neglected in all our schools. We refer to social qualities. On this subject the author's ideas are just and timely. He says:

> "Every literary institution ought to aim at such a well regulated intercourse amongst its students as would inspire them with a dignified self-respect—as would cause them, even in retirement, to conduct themselves with that delicacy and deference to each other's feelings that become a high-minded and honorable company of gentlemen associated in the pursuit of learning. They ought also, under proper restrictions, to mingle occasionally in the best circles of society around them. Neither their morals, their manners, nor their studies would suffer from that evolution and play of the social powers to which such an intercourse would give rise. I know indeed that a certain degree of awkward reserve, and bluntness of manners, and recklessness of dress have, in some minds, become almost inseparably associated with genius. But a moment's reflection may convince any one that it requires no very extraordinary endowments from the Creator, to enable a man, after a little practice, to become a *clown* in his manners and a *sloven* in his apparel. Let it not be supposed, however, that in thus contending for the development of the social powers and cultivable graces of our nature, we countenance the contemptible littleness of dandyism. The mere dandy we despise as a thing whose definition the great American lexicographer has given in the following appropriate terms—"a male of the human species who dresses himself like a doll, and carries his character on his back." Between the peculiarities of such a creature and the dignified refinement and suavity of the educated gentleman, it were odious to institute a comparison. It

is the latter to which regard is to be had in a course of education. All that we contend for is, that the youthful mind should be inspired with a deep consciousness of the existence and the worth of those social powers and kindly sympathies within itself, which bind it indissolubly to its species, and should be led to regard their development and culture as a *necessary* part of its preparation for future life."

We are no less pleased with the following sentiments on the subject of the moral influences that should pervade a College.

"The great question is yet to be decided—*What influence our educated men will have on the moral destinies of this nation!* A question involving all those dear and mighty interests which bind us in hope to this and to a future world. With such a question pending, I tremble for the safety of my country, and blush for its reputation for sound philosophy, when I reflect that here an attempt has been made to break up the alliance between learning and religion, and to sever our literary institutions from the practical influence of a pure Christianity. I am happy to know that this *is not* to be the order of things in Hampden Sydney. I am not called to take the helm without a chart or compass. And I never shall embark on a voyage of such perils unless I can nail the Bible to the mast. We shall avoid all mere proselytism and the inculcation of minor sectarian peculiarities. But we shall *strenuously endeavor* so to develope, and discipline, and adapt to action the moral powers of youth, that, appreciating highly their own immortal interests, they shall go out hence on the highways of society a chosen band, clothed in the panoply of heaven to act as *the lifeguards* of the virtue, order, and common Christianity of their country."

The conclusion of Mr. Carroll's Address is full of fervid eloquence, rendered doubly interesting by a vein of that truest of all philosophy, the philosophy of the Christian. In the two last paragraphs sentiments are expressed, which at their delivery must have produced a strong sensation. Such indeed we learn from those present on the occasion, was their effect.

"It well becomes *me* to tread with modest and tremulous steps in a path consecrated by the luminous career of such men as the brothers Smith, an Alexander, a Hoge, and a Cushing. "There were giants in the earth in those days—mighty men, even men of renown." But they have gone, as we trust, to adorn higher spheres of usefulness and glory, and to shine in the firmament of God: whilst the radiance of their characters, still not lost to earth, lingers, like the setting sun-beams, on the high places of Hampden Sydney. They have *all* gone save one, at whose feet, as the Gamaliel of the Church, it has been my distinguished privilege to sit, and to whose masterly management of the young mind I am much indebted for whatever of mental furniture I possess. I enter upon my duties, however diffident, with the unblenching purpose of doing what I *can* to promote the best interests of the Institution over which I am called to preside. True, with a body and a mind partially wrecked by the arduous labors of past years and by successive attacks of prolonged illness, I cannot promise much. But I come to the performance of my new duties cheerfully, and with the frankness and integrity of a man in *sober earnest* to do what I can.

"Knowing and admiring, as I always have done, the noble generosity of the Virginian character, I throw myself unreservedly upon the clemency, and I expect the prompt, cordial, *efficient* cooperation of this honorable Board of Trustees. I do more. With a heart still bleeding under a recent and final separation from that beloved people, whose sympathies and prayers have been the solace of my past life for years, I throw myself upon the kindness of this privileged Christian community. Most gladly would I find a *home* in their affections. Most devoutly do I hope for and desire the sustaining influence of *their* sympathies and of *their* supplications to heaven in my behalf and in behalf of this Institution. Let all the pious and prayerful join with me today, in a renewed consecration of this College to God, under the deep conviction that "except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." With such for my allies, and God as my help, I shall enter on my labors with the assurance that the inspiriting motto—"*nil desperandum est*"—is far more applicable to Hampden Sydney than it was to the republic of Rome in the zenith of her glory."

## EULOGIES ON MARSHALL.

1. *Judge Story's Discourse.* 2. *Binney's Eulogium.*

We have received Mr. Binney's EULOGY pronounced at Philadelphia, and Judge Story's DISCOURSE in Boston, upon our great and lamented countryman, fellow-townsman, neighbor, and *friend*—for by all these names did a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances, including his own kind and prideless heart, entitle us to call him. We have read them both, with an interest *created* by long admiration and love for the subject, but rendered more intense by the beauties of the *manner*, in which the subject is displayed. We do not say, '*materiem superat opus.*' To *such* a material, no human skill could be incommensurately great: and Mr. Binney speaks with no less truth than modesty, in making it the consolation alike of the humblest, and of the most gifted eulogist, "that the case of this illustrious man is one, in which to *give with simplicity the record of his life*," is most nearly to copy "the great original;" and to attempt more, "i-

. . . . . 'with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye *of Heaven to garnish.*'"

But except Everett among the living, and Wirt and Ames among the departed of our countrymen, we doubt if any American, with the effusions of whose mind we are familiar, could have more closely rivalled by language the character and the actions attempted to be portrayed.

It is not our purpose now to review these two eulogies. A more extended notice of them, and of their great subject, we defer for our next number; in which we shall, perhaps, give also a few light personal reminiscences of Judge Marshall.

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## MINOR'S ADDRESS.

***An Address on Education, as connected with the Permanence of our Republican Institutions. Delivered before the Institute of Education of Hampden Sidney College, at its Anniversary Meeting, September the 24th, 1835, on the invitation of that Body. By Lucian Minor, Esq. of Louisa. Published by request of the Institute.***

We earnestly call the attention of the public at large, but more especially the attention of all good citizens of Virginia, to the Address with whose title this article is headed. It will be found entire in the columns of the Messenger—but its appearance, likewise, in pamphlet form, simultaneously with the issuing of the present number, affords us an opportunity of noticing it editorially without deviating from established rules.

Virginia is indebted to Mr. Minor—indebted for the seasonable application of his remarks, and doubly indebted for the brilliant eloquence, and impressive energy with which he has enforced them. We sincerely wish—nay, we even confidently hope, that words so full of warning, and at the same time so pregnant with truth, may succeed in stirring up something akin to action in the legislative halls of the land. Indeed there is no time to squander in speculation. The most lukewarm friend of the State must perceive—if he perceives any thing—that the glory of the Ancient Dominion is in a fainting—is in a dying condition. Her once great name is becoming, in the North, a bye-word for imbecility—all over the South, a type for "the things that *have*

*been.*" And tamely to ponder upon times gone by is not to meet the exigencies of times present or to come. Memory will not help us. The recollection of our former high estate will not benefit us. Let us act. While we have a resource let us make it of avail. Let us proceed, at once, to the establishment throughout the country, of *district schools*, upon a plan of organization similar to that of our New England friends. If then, in time, Virginia shall be regenerated—if she shall, hereafter, assume, as is just, that proud station from which her own supine and over-weening self-esteem has been the means of precipitating her, "it will all be owing," (we take pleasure in repeating the noble and prophetic words of Mr. Minor,) "it will all be owing, under Providence, to the hearkening to that voice—not loud, but solemn and earnest—which from the shrine of Reason and the tombs of buried commonwealths, reiterates and enforces the momentous precept—'ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE.'"

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## LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN.

*Legends of a Log Cabin. By a Western Man. New York: George Dearborn, Publisher.*

We have been much interested in this book in spite of some very glaring faults and absurdities with which it is besprinkled. The work is dedicated to Charles F. Hoffman, Esq. the author of *A Winter in the West*, (why will our writers persist in this piece of starched and antique affectation?) and consists of seven Tales, viz. *The Hunter's Vow, The Heiress of Brandsby, The Frenchman's Story, The Englishman's Story, The Yankee's Story, The Wyandot's Story, and the Minute Men.* The plot will be readily conceived. A heterogeneous company are assembled by accident, on a snowy night, in the Log Cabin of a Western hunter, and, *pour passer le temps*, amuse themselves in telling Stories.

The *Hunter's Vow* is, we think, the best of the series. A dreamy student who can never be induced to forsake his books for the more appropriate toils of a backwoods' existence, is suddenly aroused from his apathy by the murder of his old father by an Indian—a murder which takes place under the scholar's own eyes, and which might have been prevented but for his ignorance in the art of handling and loading a rifle. The entire change wrought in the boy's character is well managed. The *Heiress of Brandsby* is a tale neither so verisimilar, nor so well told. It details the love of a Virginian heiress for a Methodist of no very enticing character; and concludes by the utter subversion, through the means of all powerful love, of the lady's long cherished notions of aristocracy. The *Frenchman's Story* has appeared before in the American Monthly Magazine. It is a well imagined and well executed tale of the French Revolution. The fate of M. Girond "*who left town suddenly*," is related with that air of naked and unvarnished truth so apt to render even a silly narrative interesting. The *Englishman's Story* is a failure—full of such palpable folly that we have a difficulty in ascribing it to the same pen which wrote the other portions of the volume. The whole tale betrays a gross ignorance of law in general—and of English law in especial. The *Yankee's Story* is much better—but not very good. We have our doubts as to the genuine Yankeeism of the narrator. His language, at all events, savors but little of *Down East.* The *Wyandot's Story* is also good (this too has appeared in the American Monthly Magazine)—but we have fault to find, likewise, with the phraseology in this instance. No Indian, let Chateaubriand and others say what they please, ever indulged, for a half hour at a time, in the disjointed and hyperbolical humbug here attributed to the Wyandot. The *Minute Men* is the last of the series, and from its being told by the author himself, is, we suppose, considered by him the best. It is a tale of the year seventy-five—but, although interesting, we do not think it equal to either *The Frenchman's Story* or *The Hunter's Vow.* We recommend the volume to the attention of our readers. It is excellently gotten up.

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## TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

*Traits of American Life. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Editor of "The American Ladies' Magazine," and Author of "Northwood," "Flora's Interpreter," &c. &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey, and A. Hart.*

This volume is beautifully printed—and we are happy in being able to say, conscientiously, that its neat external appearance is its very least recommendation. We are, however, at a loss to understand the Preface—can it be that its ambiguity is intentional? "The Sketches and Stories here offered to the public"—says Mrs. Hale—"have not entirely the attraction of novelty to plead in their favor—but the author trusts that the sentiments inculcated, and principles illustrated, are such as will bear a reiteration." Does Mrs. H. mean to say that these stories have been published in any form before? (if so, she should have said it more explicitly)—or does she allude merely to novelty of manner or of matter? We think that some of these sketches are old acquaintances of ours.

The volume consists of fourteen different articles. The Lloyds—The Catholic Convert—The Silver Mine—Political Parties—A New Year's Story—Captain Glover's Daughter—The Fate of a Favorite—The Romance of Travelling—The Thanksgiving of the Heart—The Lottery Ticket—An Old Maid—Ladies' Fairs—The Mode—and The Mysterious Box. The Silver Mine is, perhaps, the best of the whole—but they are all written with grace and spirit, and form a volume of exceeding interest. Mrs. Hale has already attained a high rank among the female writers of America, and bids fair to attain a far higher.

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## WESTERN SKETCHES.

*Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West. By James Hall. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall.*

Mr. Hall has made himself extensively known by his Tales and Legends, as well as by his labors in the editorship of the *Western Monthly Magazine.* From his long residence in the West, and from his undoubted abilities as a writer, we should suppose he would be excellently qualified to write precisely such a book as he has written. His object in the present publication seems to be not so much the furnishing of topographical or statistical details, as the sketching of character and life in the West, *prior to the close of the late war.* To those who are at all acquainted with Mr. Hall, or with Mr. Hall's writings, it is superfluous to say that the book is well written. Wild romance and exciting adventure form its staple.

The policy of our government in regard to the Aborigines is detailed in the commencement of the first volume—the latter portion is occupied with the manners and customs of the French in the great valley of the Mississippi, and with the adventures of the white settlers on the Ohio. The second volume is more varied, and, we think, by far more interesting. It treats, among other things, of Burr's conspiracy—of the difficulties experienced in Mississippi navigation, and of the various military operations carried on in the wilderness of the North West. An Appendix, at the end of the book, embraces some papers relative to the first settlement of Kentucky—none of which have hitherto been published. We confidently recommend to our readers the Western Sketches of Mr. Hall, in the full anticipation of their finding in the book a fund both of information and amusement.

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## AMERICAN ALMANAC.

*The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year* 1836. *Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.*

This is the seventh number of this invaluable work. Its editor, from the first year of its publication, is understood to have been J. E. Worcester, Esq. the indefatigable author and compiler of a number of works requiring great industry, perseverance, and talent. Nearly twenty years ago he became known to the public by his Universal Gazetteer, a second edition of which, at the present time, we agree with the North American Review in thinking would be highly acceptable to the public. Mr. Worcester has also published a Gazetteer of the United States—The Elements of Geography—the Elements of History—The Historical Atlas—an Edition of Johnson's Dictionary, as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers—an Abridgment of the American Dictionary of Dr. Webster—and, lastly, A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names—all of them works of intrinsic merit.

The American Almanac has long had a well-established reputation, and Mr. Worcester is understood to have prepared, invariably, all of its valuable contents with the exception of the astronomical department. When we consider the great variety of topics treated of, and the extreme difficulty of procuring accurate information in relation to many of them, we must all admire the energy of the editor in having brought the work to its present high state of perfection and utility. We know of no publication of the kind more fully entitled to be called "A Repository of Useful Knowledge."

The Almanac for 1836 contains the usual Register of the General and State Governments, together with a vast amount of statistical and miscellaneous matter; but "it is more particularly characterized by an account of the principal Benevolent Institutions in the United States, and a view of the Ecclesiastical Statistics of the Religious Denominations."

We believe that no work of an equal extent in America contains as much important statistical information as the seven volumes of the American Almanac. We are happy to learn that complete sets of the publication can still be obtained.

## CLINTON BRADSHAW.

*Clinton Bradshaw; or The Adventures of a Lawyer. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*

We have no doubt this book will be a favorite with many readers—but for our own parts we do not like it. While the author aims at originality, and evidently fancies himself the pioneer of a new region in fictitious literature, he has, we think, unwittingly stumbled upon that very worst species of imitation, *the paraphrasical. Clinton Bradshaw, or the Adventures of a Lawyer*, is intended, we humbly conceive, as a *pendant*, in America, to *Henry Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, in England. There are, however, some little awkward discrepancies. When Pelham luxuriates in the drawing-room, and Bradshaw is obstreperous in the tavern, no ingenuity can sustain a parallel. The polished manners of the one are not equalled by even the self-polished pumps of the other. When the British hero is witty and *recherché*, the American fails to rival him by merely trying to be both. The exquisite's conversation is sentiment itself, and we have no stomach afterwards for the lawyer's sentiment and water.

"The plan of this novel," says a correspondent of a contemporary Magazine, for whose *editorial* opinions we have the highest respect, "is exceedingly simple, and the moral it unfolds, if not of the most elevated kind, is still useful and highly applicable to our existing state of society. It is the story of a young lawyer of limited means, and popular talents, whose ambition urges him to elevate himself by all the honorable methods in his power. His professional pursuits lead him among the coarsest criminals, while his political career brings him in contact with the venal and corrupt of all parties. But true alike to himself and the community of which he is a member, the stern principles of a republican, and the uncompromising spirit of a gentleman, are operative under all circumstances." These words we quote as affording, in a brief space, some idea of the plot of Clinton Bradshaw. We repeat, however, that we dislike the novel, considered *as a novel.* Some detached passages are very good. The chief excellence of the book consists in a certain Flemish caricaturing of vulgar habitudes and action. The whole puts us irresistibly in mind of *High Life below Stairs.* Its author is, we understand, a gentleman of Cincinnati.

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## ENGLISH ANNUALS.

*Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath for* 1836—a beautiful *souvenir.* The literary portion unusually good. The tale of *The Countess*, by Mrs. Norton, is the best article in the book. The embellishments are mostly of a high order. Plate No. 7—The Countess, engraved by H. T. Ryall, from an original painting by E. T. Parris, is exquisite indeed—unsurpassed by any plate within our knowledge.

*The Forget Me Not for* 1836, *edited by Shoberl*, is, perhaps, superior to the Winter's Wreath in pictorial, although slightly inferior in literary merit. *All* the engravings here are admirable.

*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for* 1836, *edited by L. E. L.* is, in typographical beauty, unrivalled.—The literary portion of the work is but *so so*, although written nearly altogether by L. E. L. These Annuals may all be obtained, in Richmond, at the bookstore of Mr. C. Hall.